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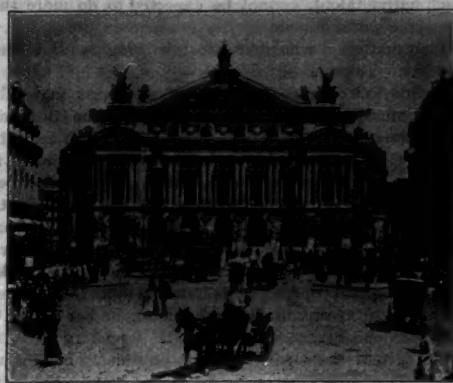
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PARIS, January 1, 1896.

THE OPÉRA COMIQUE DURING THE REVOLUTION.

La Révolution et l'Empire n'ont produit aucun poème qui mérite d'être nommé. Mais ils ont fait bien mieux; ils nous ont laissé la plus merveilleuse des épées en action.—RENAN.

THE Marseillaise, strangely enough, according to M. Pougin, was the cause of the first appeal to Napoleon by the Opéra Comique.

It seems that it was the tacit order of the day for the orchestras of the different theatres to play the Marseillaise before the raising of the curtain. Also it was frequently sung during the entrées by the audiences. But the young bloods of the town determined to keep things stirred up, no matter how. On hand everywhere, hissing and howling and whistling, they sought to drown the patriotic songs of their country in the Opéra Comique in 1796, as the tail end of their thin little procession sought to drown the music of the future in the Opéra in 1861.

The general of police therefore appealed to Bonaparte, the general in chief of the army, in Paris, to come to the rescue, and with zeal and firmness to insist on the carrying out of Directoire principles—in short, to make the boys behave.

Napoleon, however, was one of those people who decide that in order to do good to others he must first be good to himself. He was working for Napoleon at this time. If he put any "zeal and firmness" into the patriotic song measures they were evidently not his best, as a few weeks later dragoons were ordered stationed before the theatre doors, and these doors, with many others, were closed a few weeks later, in consequence of the "manifestations."

When opened again the Opéra Comique was thrown into line with a number of other places of amusement for a series of charitable performances on account of the "severe winter and other causes." The law of giving so much to the poor, lost sight of in measure since the commencement of the revolution, was resurrected; new plays, less patriotic and more artistic, were created, and once more Opéra Comique work trotted along tranquilly toward progress and perfection.

"Not for long," however, was the order of the day these times. Debt, the coming into fashion of inartistic, but attractive, spectacles, garden concerts, fireworks, balloon ascensions, Punch and Judy shows, and trained geese of all kinds, sapped the classic vitals. The theatre was closed, and men proclaimed "the death of opéra comique" where they had before as gleefully chanted the praises of Méhul and Grétry.

The few faithful were convoked again, however, to a re-opening, to celebrate the close of the Italian campaign, the treaty of Campo-Fornio, and the triumphant return of the man with his hand in a sling who was heading for the top rung.

Artists, composers, managers and receipts went way out on the reaction wave. A hysteria of devotion supervened and with more or less fluctuation, occasionally recurring sobs and throbs and sighs, and steady ebbs and flows of heavy waters, the monster storm died away for good.

Of course the Directoire régime had to be upset. The man who was forging ahead for the top rung had to have his say, and his do, or the top rung would not be reached. His dances of triumph on top often shook the slender structure below, regardless of delicate art plants at the base, and finally the ladder had to be cut from under him. In all of which public opinion, that dastardly and murky but powerful hand of Providence, had to thump and slash about in the dark for a time, hitting and missing its victims, lyric drama among the rest.

But with the final settling of power into the untried paths of Liberté, Égalité et Fraternité, the indestructible roots of musical progress took new hold, and the present proud and flourishing growth shot forth. Rivalry and tyranny of brother institutions both passed, and a distinctive individuality was developed. The beautiful Conservatoire had come as a sustaining sister, and the new government opened its arms to mother the poor battered art orphan, that had so hardly outlived the beatings of foster

parents and false relatives. The modern Opéra Comique was founded.

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL IN PARIS.

The Colonne Orchestra meets three times a week, and the rehearsal is never less than three hours in duration. New compositions have four hours each rehearsal at the very least. The Ninth Symphony had ten hours. The rules for attendance are rigorous in the extreme, and attention during preparation concentrated as essence.

With the small salaries paid French artists, the distances the men must live from rehearsing points, and the lack of conveyance in the city, the life of the orchestral member in Paris must be one of martyrdom. The poor fellows do not have enough time left even to give a few lessons to better their condition, and yet they manage to study and practice considerably, many of them to compose more or less; they make little kingdoms of their frugal family centres by their courtesy and refinement—and what artists they are! What a solo a Paris orchestra member can play!

Speaking of relative tempo in orchestral work, i.e., whether it is possible to arrive at absolute exactness as to the tempo intended by a composer, Mr. Colonne says to THE MUSICAL COURIER:

"Scientifically, yes, it is possible, but artistically it is not possible to arrive at exactness by mechanical means. No mechanism, the most perfect ever invented, or the most ingenious, can replace or represent the human soul in interpretation."

This being so, on what basis do critics hinge those diverging statements as to tempo which form two-thirds of the director analyses (?) of the day.

On what musical authority does a man write "Chef X's tempo on the G major concerto was the most correct I have ever heard." What happens to musical education when another man in the same town writes: "The G major was played many times too slow by Chef X"?

If a phlegmatic conductor may play a movement slow, and a nervous one may play it fast, what is there to prevent a nervous writer from seeing it one way, and a phlegmatic one from seeing it another?

Is it authority in musical education when a man writes, "Chef X's tempo pleases me best of any I have ever heard," or "I like Chef Y's reading of the concerto least of any"? If a man may interpret a symphony according to his personal temperament, how much nearer do readers come to truth when a man of a different temperament tells them it does not please him?

And where is standard all this time?

The erudite musician, M. Bourgault Ducoudray, says:

"It is possible, certainly, to mark mechanically the movement of a piece; that which it is impossible to indicate, however, are the ever varying fluctuations which move along in a composition as feeling in the mind. These the author can indicate only in the most vague manner.

"Right here rests the heavy responsibility of the chef d'orchestre. Unless gifted with the necessary tact, unless guided by the most intimate comprehension of the composition, unless impelled by a trained and intuitive personal of individual emotion, he cannot give to a work its true color, its life.

"For the high direction of a musical composition no mechanical device, however perfect, will suffice. There must be the presence of a soul!"

These views put the work of an orchestral director over an abyss of possibility that is absolutely appalling.

His interpretations may be wholly worthless, banal and untruthful, wholly based on tradition, or—inspired almost parallel with the composer. Think what it means!

Of course with word music it is different. By steeping in it one can almost focus thought at any distance, Punctuation marks, capitals, italics, even paragraphing, illuminate the words which carry evident meaning in themselves. And even then, the letter of your nearest, best known friend, especially if it has any feeling back of it, you must read again and again, and then you are not quite sure.

But the wordless symphonies, these inspired messages, subtle as the workings of the soul itself, important as the laws of conscience, and I suppose equally contorted often, what can be done with these things? It makes the heart throb and the brain dizzy. It is an unfathomable abyss, the bottom of which is Truth.

Mme. Marie Roze has joined the army of vocal teachers in Paris, having established a school in the Trinité quarter, of which a first-class theatre will be a feature.

A praiseworthy feature of the first matinée of the Marchesi concert class was the singing of admirably chosen ballads with their reasonable and fitting accompaniments, instead of the poor tortured operatic arias common to class-room exhibition. For instance, Der Nussbaum, by Schumann; Loreley, by Liszt; Canzonetta, by Meyer Holumund; Idylle, by Haydn; Bergerette, Wickerlin; Qui brûle d'Amour, Tchaikowsky; Ave Maria, Schubert; romanzas from Gioconda and Faust; Air d'Idoménée, by Mozart; Le Nil, by Leroux; Je t'aime, by Grieg, and, of course, Massenet and Chaminade ballads,

There were four Americans in the class—Miss Adelaide Hillhouse, Mrs. Isabelle Prior, Mrs. Torriani-Hutchinson, of New York, and Mrs. Alma Ribolla, of Cincinnati.

Miss Roudesbush, of New York, is engaged to sing a new rôle in Rouen next week. Miss Ethel Reid, of Philadelphia, is living in the home of Mme. Artot Padilla, of whom she takes lessons, and Miss Ruby Smith has made the same arrangement with her teacher, Madame Ziska. Sensible girls! Travel in Paris is no fun. Mr. Adolphe Beer, the teacher of Miss Hunt, is not only a singer in the Jewish temple here, but its cantor, too—a good one, with a splendid voice.

A new American pianist in town is Mr. Albert Lockwood, of Troy, N. Y., whose first lessons were had from Mr. Jeffrey in that city. In Europe some years, he has studied in the Leipzig Conservatory, and later with Leschetizky in Vienna. He swears by this teacher and upholds him in the face of all adverse comment. He is to give a recital here in January.

Nikit's mamma this morning handed over 7,000 francs to that young lady's dressmaker for two—just two—supplemental frocks to be worn in Manon this season. Of art, not corsettes, were the two scraps of pink and mauve satin that went into the big trunk marked for Cologne. Every rosebud was historic; the hand painting worthy of the Louvre, the embroidery of the Cluny Musée, the innocent simplicity, just the kind to suit a St. Sulpice monk, the whole fit for a glass case.

The pianist Ernst Loebner, whom Dr. Carl Reinecke, of Leipzig, calls one of the best Schumann interpreters, gave a concert in the Salle Pleyel recently, in which he played works of Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin; also of Waldemar Bargiel.

People unite here in saying that Mlle. Bréval, who was obliged to renounce Frédégonde, has ruined her vocal cords by singing Wagner. Many on this world are less reasonable.

"For heaven's sake, do not sing those stupid English ballads," said a Frenchman to an American student last evening. "There is no harmony whatever in them; they will ruin your sense of composition."

Mrs. Governor Sprague is a woman who does not swallow things whole as she hears them. She generally thinks them over as they go down. When she heard this remark she added an interesting thought:

"It seems to me," she said, "that there is much injustice done the so-called English songs. We must remember that most of them come to us as translations, already killed, many of them, in the process. Why? Because the sounds of words have as much importance, musically, as their meanings.

"A man writes a certain interval for an open vowel and it expresses love; you want to embrace the person who sings it. Place a closed tone with the same interval and it expresses the filing of saws or katzenjammer echoes; you feel like killing the singer! I doubt if Tosti would ever have been inspired by a 'Gud bye-e-e tu zumme-r-r-r-r'!"

This idea was forcibly accented here a week or two ago in a concert. A German woman of the Germanest Germans sang in its purest and most undiluted "krisch krasch krosch" Wagner's Dreams. Although the French ear winced under the cobblestone diction, yet so all-powerful was the mysterious and masterful music that this was swept out of sight, and a perfect ovation rewarded the singer. To propitiate still further the audience the foreigner sang as an encore the same song in French!

'Pon my word, it is a wonder they did not kill her!

Miss Minnie Morgan, a young Canadian studying in Paris, sang the recitative and air from Gluck's Iphigénie on Tauride at the d'Harcourt concert on Sunday. She was warmly received by the audience.

An organ recital was given in Christ Church here this week under the direction of Mr. Georges MacMaster. The program contained standard names as composers and executants, among the latter Mr. MacMaster as organist and Madame MacMaster as soprano.

Here comes, all the way from Seattle, Wash., an invitation to attend a modern organ concert at the Plymouth Congregational Church, with graceful eulogies on the French masters Widor, Gigout, Guilmant, De la Tombelle and Saint-Saëns. For instance:

Camille Saint-Saëns, organist and composer, one of the most interesting figures in modern musical life. He is called one of the four greatest living composers. His organ works are noted for brilliancy and effectiveness.

Alex. Guilmant, one of the greatest living organists, styled "Modern Master of Fugue," organist of L'Église Trinité, Paris. His Marche funèbre et Chant séraphique was played at the organ inauguration at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris.

Ch. M. Widor, organist of St. Sulpice, Paris, ranks high as organist and composer, &c.

Eugène Gigout, well-known and admired organist of to-day in Paris.

Baron de la Tombelle, an amateur Parisian organist and composer of rare distinction, &c.

Milles remerciements.

Sibyl Sanderson's first appearance in Rigoletto this week

at the Opéra and the first of *La Jacquerie* at the Opéra Comique. Christmas, I believe, too, and a New Year, or something like that!

JANUARY 5, 1896.

LES MIETTES—NO ONE CAN DESCRIBE A VOICE.

The success of Miss Sibyl Sanderson in her first appearance as *Gilda* in *Rigoletto* was a sincere success. She was listened to with deepest attention, applauded and recalled with real enthusiasm, and the comments of subscribers throughout the house were unanimously flattering. Comment was universal as to the wonderful improvement in her voice since her return from America.

"She will end as dramatic soprano if she keeps on that way," declared M. Gailhard, satisfied.

As best proof of Parisian satisfaction, the entire performance was encored on her account. By request *Rigoletto* was announced for the following Monday evening in place of *Aida*, as planned for. The audience, always most brilliant on Friday evening at the Opéra, was unusually imposing, and there were few empty seats as the curtain rose on the second act.

The three simple costumes worn by the singer were simple as needle, thread and cloth could possibly make them. There was not a turn, a fold or a line in them from beginning to end that the eye could afford to miss. A more dainty, winsome, tempting little lassie than Miss Rigoletto in the third act of Verdi's tragic drama would be extremely difficult to find, even if worth while looking for.

Miss Sanderson's voice is not what is termed in stereotyped parlance "a big voice." It is sincerely to be hoped that its fortunate owner may never be induced to ruin it on Wagnerian interpretation by essaying the howling series; but, by all that is musical, her voice as *Gilda* was a ravishing one last night.

A prominent American singing teacher who had heard her here some years ago said: "Her voice is eminently improved since I heard it, especially in the middle register." People in the house who heard her in New York last season said they could scarcely have known it as the same voice. "Her voice is brilliant, true and even," said another. "It has what I call an expressive quality," said another. "What a relief to hear singing," said yet another. "without either howling or scooping."

For my own part, I am so excessively notional about singing that I hesitate about uttering an idea in regard to it. It I should say anything it would be that Sibyl Sanderson's was the first feminine voice in the Paris Opéra House in two years that gave me real musical pleasure. There is a droll idea that no two people taste alike; that salt, for instance, or sugar do not produce the same sensation of sweetness or saltiness on any two people. It must be the same way with singing, as the same voice which seems enchanting to one may be dismal and tedious to another. In this way only can the unending discussion as to the value of certain voices be explained, or the unaccountable "très biens" of teachers for pupils whose voices are like—nothing agreeable.

Once in a while a voice strikes the human chord on the keynote, as in the case of Patti or Melba, and the beauty is uncontested. These two are, I believe, the only modern female voices about which there is no dispute. It is not how high a voice goes or how low that makes its power, but what it does while it is going.

That a voice creates illusion is the main thing. Not one in fifty does it. Just "singing" is nothing. All those people "sing." So far as I am concerned, Miss Sanderson's voice carried the illusion of the *Rigoletto* story without a break from beginning to end. But, as I said before, that says nothing. That the illusion was allowed to remain unbroken by the intense attention of a large houseful of people who had heard the story hundreds of times is more eloquent and also more convincing. It does not seem that the question of "big" or "little" should enter

into the idea of voice value, except as to its becomingness to the subject to be expressed. A horn or 'cello represents the Händel largo solo better than a violin could, but what could a 'cello do with other strains equally noble that are wholly different?

Miss Sanderson's voice represented the flower-like youth of *Rigoletto* in all the changing hues from care-free joy to tragic death. This neither of the two Valkyries, who as *Madeleine* and *Johanna* threw her voice into such distinct relief, could possibly have done. Again, another notion which I have, which may be wholly wrong, is that it does not require a big, round, heavy voice to "fill" a hall, or that such a voice necessarily does fill a hall because it is big, &c. It is not a question of the more the voice the further it goes or the more space it fills. Half of those big voices seem to flounder around over their own shadows beside the footlights, and because they are heavy many imagine they are filling the hall. The strain that it costs to hear what is said, and the unconscious fatigue of going forward to meet this class of voice more than half way, ought to prove this fact against those conventional statements that stand for truth. Who ever imagined that Sarasate strains did not fill a hall as well as those of a Hollman? Miss Sanderson's light, electric tones penetrated every crevice of the Opera House. So could Clementine De Vere's-Sapiro's, Marcella Pregi's or Patti's.

There is more damage done to-day to voices through the endeavor to meet the necessities of the new music by artificial widening of the size than by any other of the false processes. A few sensible women do not put glove stretchers and lasts down their throats, thank heaven!

I wonder if it must not be said, after all, that an Italian opera like *Rigoletto*, with all its lovely rhythm, melody and phrasing, its soft glows, tender flashes and sunset harmonies, is not better in accord with this France than are the North race grafts of music legend.

Is it just imagination that people and plot, music, language, style and singing, audience and acting, all work in together with a more perfect fitness than in the case of the imported Wagner drama? It is not a question of putting on the stage. The décor is always the very best part. But the expression is, what is the matter? It is like the question of accent in an unacquired language. French actors move through the flat-footed German thought with a boulevard air in spite of all. The women have a corseted look impossible to ancient goddesses. *Frida* and her dames evidently have been up among Bon Marché laces. And the language! Who ever invented opera translation, anyway? And after all, and with all the charm and warmth, the sunset colors and the dancing rhythms at the close of this Italian opera, one of the best of its kind, one cannot but exclaim: What strides music has made! What growth has taken place! What power has come! What an intellectuality has entered into the sentiment of this divine art of harmony! And what is going to be the outcome of it all?

Speaking on this subject of home and foreign music a French writer comes to the conclusion that there is in France a steady and obstinate effort on the part of managers to mount home productions, and on the part of the public an equally obstinate exhibition of preference for those of foreign manufacture. He supports his theory by the following figures: Since 1800, 107 home and 82 foreign authors have been played at the Opéra. In that time the foreign pieces have been given 8,149 times, the home ones but 5,934 times, or the stranger works, although 27 less than the home compositions, have achieved 2,215 more representations. The public being final appeal, directors cannot but follow the leading.

The reason for this unpatriotic taste of course is another question. It must be borne in mind that in these figures several other countries are ranged against one, and that France, although very powerful artistically and possessing

much native talent, cannot be expected to do more than the whole world outside.

What matters it who does most, so long as all do their best?

In this line France is to be congratulated that Mlle. Judic's mussy literature was snubbed by the Berliners. If the same record could come from America in regard to Yvette Guilbert it would be better still for France, for America, and for modern civilization. France has been badly enough represented by its novels and its operettas, without having things made worse by such low bred stupidities as these last. I never shall forget my surprise on coming here expecting to find Paris in an illusion skirt dancing around *opéra bouffe*, and to find her, instead, clothed sensibly and in her right mind, on her knees before Bach and Beethoven.

The fifth of the Opéra concerts on Sunday has for program: *Temps de Guerre*, by Le Borne, conducted by the composer; fragments from *Le Duc de Ferrare*, by Marty, also personally conducted; *Nuit de Noël*, by Pierné, likewise directed by himself; and of the masters, recitative and air from *Iphigénie en Tauride*, and the second act of Spontini's *La Vestale*.

The Conservatoire gives Brahms' symphony in D; choruses from *Elijah*; Saint-Saëns' concerto in B minor, with Sarasate the violinist; Palestina's *Gloria Patri*, and Schumann's overture to *Geneviève*.

By a curious coincidence two grafted operas made their début in Paris this same week; operas commenced by authors who are dead and finished by those living; one at the Opéra, one at the Opéra Comique, both comparative successes — *Frédégonde*, Guiraud-Saint-Saëns; *La Jacquerie*, Lalo-Coquard.

Attention has been so intensely centred on the "lines of demarcation" that but little else is thought of about them yet. The lines of demarcation are so plain as to be almost jerky more than once in the latter, although many flowers are strewn along the way. The former has bad luck in the way of interpretation through changes in the singers, once more showing how dependent creators are upon others, and how important others may be when they are valuable.

This M. Xavier Leroux, who has written to Longfellow's *Evangeline*, now being played at Brussels, is the same of whom mention was made as composer of William Ratcliff some time ago. He is also finishing a lyric drama, *L'Épave*. He has followed more closely than is usual the original poem, both prologue and epilogue being included in the work.

André Messager's *Chevalier d'Harmenthal* is being rehearsed at the Opéra Comique. Mlle. Wyns is singing *Mignon* there and Delna *La Jacquerie*.

Among the gems of Christmas music given in Paris were the ancient *Messe des Rois* Mages; Gounod's *Sainte Cécile* mass; fragments from Lesueur's *Oratorio de Noël*; fragments of Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Haydn's sacred writings; Gounod's seventh mass; mass by Adolphe Adam; fragments from Vash, Pilot, Hochstetter, and Samuel Rousseau's solemn mass. Beethoven's mass in C, with chorus, orchestra and solos, was given at St. Médard, under the direction of M. Richard Mandl. M. Masson being maître de chapelle; and César Franck's mass with orchestra was given at St. Mandé, where M. Ribet is maître de chapelle.

The "try-try-again" theory has once more been vindicated in connection with the Bach *Défi de Phœbus et Pan*, recently given by the Lamoureux orchestra. It seems that it was in this work, some thirteen years ago, that the now favorite tenor Van Dyck made a fiasco début, after which the press and "other fiends" were unanimous in advising him to seek some more congenial field of occupation, and Victor Wilder alone, the author of the French words, bade him keep on and succeed.

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balls of the Opéra. One of them, composed of 150 men and directed by two composers, will be the "leader." Métra, Arban, Strauss and Farbach music will be played.

Among the artists promised for the remaining concerts of the Breitner Philharmonic Society are Mmes. Renée Richard, Blanche Marchesi and Dettelbach, and MM. Pugno and Diemer. The concerts grow in interest and excellence, and are so well established that M. Breitner once planned to accept an offer to go to America in the spring, but feeling the responsibility too heavy, he decided to postpone it until next year.

A young singer at the Casino at Nice last week, after having made a successful debut, jumped out of the chamber window in the night, killing herself instantly. Now, if that thing is going to become a fad! Poor girl! How little anybody knows what was in her heart in the midst of her "brilliant début." How little anybody knows what is going on in anybody's mind behind those footlights; least of all the papers which say the most. And how people realize this who do know inside facts. What a parody the newspaper "authority" sounds in such cases!

The Society of Authors, Composers, and Publishers of France is in high spirits, the receipts being some 60,000 francs ahead of last year. Much praise is given M. Victor Souchon, the director, for his wise and able administration.

At the last meeting the writers of sacred music complained seriously of the use of their compositions in church ceremonials for which they received no substantial recognition, and an arrangement was made by which the injustice should not occur. M. Paul Henrion, the only surviving member of the original founders of the society, was prevented by illness from being present at the last meeting.

Details of the conception, workings, and results of this excellent organization were given in consecutive numbers of last year's MUSICAL COURIER. I would commend them earnestly to thoughtful people, who should by all means and where necessary go and do likewise. This is one movement which ought to be international. Oh, for international art measures! Let cut-throat commerce take care of herself if she wants to. Art and artists should be looked after by national concert.

FRANCO-AMERICAN.

Mrs. Clarence Eddy, now in Paris, is a woman who drops many a nugget of wisdom in the course of conversation.

Speaking about the wisdom of obligatory education for music teachers, normal school certificates, &c., she said something so apropos the other day that it must go to you to think over.

"Well, now," she said in her own unique way, "I don't know how much good that would do, at least in the matter of tone production, which is such a subtle subject. We have all that with doctors, for example. They are supposed not to practice till they know it all, then have their diplomas, certificates, &c., galore; and just look how they go round killing people, letting them die, or seeming generally as helpless as the invalids themselves!"

Well, that is all so, Mrs. Eddy; but I suppose after all that the death rate is much lower in general than over than it would be if Thomas, Richard and Henry were allowed to hang out their shingles without let or hindrance, just as music teachers are. I suppose, also, that very training of doctors has pushed on the science of medicine and led to all the miraculous discoveries of latter days. Doctors would no doubt kill fewer people and save more life if medical students did not, in common with all other reformers on earth, confine themselves to the study of *cure* rather than *prevention*.

Doctors would save more life if they studied the laws of life and health and taught people how to observe them. If children were taught how to care for their voices there would be less curing of adults to do, and if teachers were compelled to study together, and to study from a common standpoint the laws of music, discoveries would be arrived at in the vocal realm that are not dreamed of under the present desultory and disordered condition.

Give us normal music schools, with all that the word implies, and let all work from a common standard with individual intelligence.

ONDRIČEK, DE VERE-SAPIO, ZEISLER.

THE

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AND

LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

M. Henri Falcke has returned from a successful concert tour in Germany, where he was feted and praised for his touch and his interpretations. He played the Rubinstein concerto, Des Abends of Schumann, and a Chopin fantaisie; also a Moszkowski tarantelle.

Juliani held a charming musical matinée this week in his studio, rue de Milan, before a choice and interested audience. Miles, Garrigues, Lafitte, Stelle, Tannot, Rigaud, Fébrer, France and Lane sang well, showing progress, and others more recent gave promise of good things to come. Miss Kimberly, a newcomer, disclosed a fine contralto organ. Professionals added to the entertainment and a tea followed.

Many people write asking the address of M. Bertin, who teaches stage action in the Salle Pleyel. It is 41 rue des Martyrs, and may always be found with other Paris cards on page 3 of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

M. Leon Délafossé, the French pianist, received enthusiastic applause last evening at a soirée given by the Countess Castellane. Miss Rose Ettinger won the same merited recognition at the house of Dr. Gowin Middleton, and Mr. Humphrey, of St. Louis, the tenor, and Mr. Lockwood, a pianist, from Troy, N. Y., performed likewise in Paris parlors.

At a Christmas musicale given by Mr. Cyril Dwight Edwards Clarke there were present many interesting Americans and others; for instance, Mr. Ernest Thompson, author of books on birds and animals; Mr. Forsyth, professor of music in Indianapolis, and three of his pupils, just now in Paris; Mrs. Governor Sprague, Rhode Island; Miss Hawthorne, daughter of Mr. Julian Hawthorne; Mrs. Sumner I. Clarke and Miss Virginia Clarke, of Peoria, Ill.; Signor Aramaeas, Grand Opera, London; Mr. Sydney Thompson, London; Mrs. and Miss Brimson, of New York; Mrs. Swain, née Reed; Miss Kimberly, of Cleveland; Miss Ellen G. Cohen, the American sculptor; Miss Maud Francis, Mrs. Gillespie, née Gilmore, of Toronto, Canada, &c. Much charming music was played and sung. Mr. Clarke has one of the most promising voices in Paris, and is, perhaps, one of the best fitted by birth for a successful stage career.

M. Trabadelo is receiving congratulations on all sides on account of the improvement in Miss Sanderson's voice. The improvement in the medium tones is specially commented upon.

Patti is to sing here in pantomime next week; that is, she will represent a nightingale in the pantomime. Miss Sanderson will probably appear on the same program. It is to be a charity performance.

Massenet is to be promoted to the grade of commander, M. Théo. Dubois to that of officer. Nobody could possibly be more delighted than FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Miss Marie Geselschap.

ONE of the most interesting and individual artists now in the United States is Miss Marie Geselschap. Her name is, perhaps, less familiar to the public than many others, because of her sensitive nature, which, shrinking from all advertisement and noisy notice, is only equalled by her striking musical talent, her ability and unusual qualities of mind, and her true modesty and sincere and self-sacrificing devotion to all that is noble, beautiful and good. The proud independence with which she maintains her artistic convictions presses undauntedly forward to a legitimate career and distinguishes her from many of her contemporaries.

One cannot but appreciate this quality in Miss Geselschap at a time when the majority of musicians seem bent only upon the attainment of material advantages, and when success in musical art seems too often dependent upon unscrupulous business dealings which would do doubtful credit even to a sharp tradesman.

From all this Miss Geselschap is free. Unaffected as a child, she attracts by her warm and honest devotion to her art, by the firmness of her character; by her freedom from servility and diplomacy.

Although so finished a musician, Miss Geselschap is still very young and is endowed with all the charms of personal

beauty. In addition to her intellectual endowments she has that magnetism which all must feel who come under her spell. Her artistic quality is such that had it found expression in poetry, painting or histrionic art it would still have placed her among the most exceptional artists of our day, for Miss Geselschap possesses above all individuality.

This pianist first saw the light of day almost as far from these shores as did Mme. Melba; she was born in Batavia, Java. Her father, a man of great learning, had spent some years in the East Indies engaged in Sanscrit studies. On her mother's side Miss Geselschap descended from an ancient patrician family of Holland. When Mario had attained her tenth year the family returned to Europe, and after traveling in Italy, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, settled in Wiesbaden, with every prospect of long years of peaceful retirement. That any one of the three daughters would ever choose a profession did not enter into the plans of the parents, although little Marie's musical talent had often called forth the prophecy that she would one day become a great artist.

Circumstances changed, a business crisis in Java occasioned the ruin of thousands of families. To the Geselschap family came heavy losses, and in addition to this misfortune came the sudden death of the beloved father. His great culture and high position had made it possible for him to give his daughters an education otherwise unattainable in Germany except by women of the highest aristocracy.

It was all the harder for these carefully nurtured daughters to accustom themselves to a new way of life. The manner in which Marie grappled with the difficulties of the situation is worthy of admiration. Although it was her deepest and most intense wish to become a musician, it was not at the time to be thought of. Her mother, bound down by aristocratic prejudices, condemned in the most peremptory manner the plans of the daughter for a public career. She obliged her daughter to attend the state normal school in preparation for the government examinations. What Marie suffered at this time is indescribable. The priceless years of her girlhood passed by without her being able to give the desired time to her music. Before she was eighteen years old she had passed the examinations brilliantly.

By the intercession of musical friends her mother was moved to give her consent to a brief stay in Berlin for the purpose of musical study. Miss Geselschap came under the instruction of Xaver Scharwenka, and she succeeded in overcoming her mother's objections, so she was able to remain in Berlin three years, but she was allowed to entertain no hope of appearing in public or attempting to make her way as an artist.

The daughter tried to be obedient, but when a brilliant offer came from Copenhagen she traveled thither secretly and played without the knowledge of her family, and with the most phenomenal success. Her desire to play was now so intense that when, after an appearance in the Philharmonic concerts in Berlin, her mother's relatives determined to prevent her further appearance, the young girl decided to try her fortune in the United States under the protection of relatives of her father living there.

In this country she played with brilliant success in several cities, and with prominent organizations, among others with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Anton Seidl and his orchestra, in New York; the Kneisel Quartet, Quartet Brodsky, recitals at Wellesley College, and nearly all the large cities in the United States.

Last season Miss Geselschap went to Europe and made her London début. She played at the house of the Dutch Ambassador, to an audience made up of the English aristocracy, artists and musicians. Among the latter were Alma Tadema, the Goldsmids, the Henschels, all of whom were charmed with her playing. Miss Geselschap's recital in Steinway Hall was an unexpectedly great success.

This artist commands an extensive repertory, embracing the piano literature from Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Brahms and Liszt.

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ROME, December 18, 1895.

WITH all his studies of church and state, his gift of tongues and his marvelous knowledge of what is going on from one end to another of the world, Pope Leo XIII. has time for some indulgence, limited, per *forza*—but all the more keenly enjoyed for that—in art and in music. Hardly a week passes without at least two or three visits of the marvelous man legend and history will know as the "White Pope" to the beautiful ateliers of the Vatican mosaic fabrique, or rather to the private atelier which is the heart of them all. There he sits in a great gold and crimson easy chair like a throne, before an immense round table covered with black African marble, on which, as on the adjoining walls, the gems of this matchless art fabrique are placed for His Holiness' inspection; exquisite little things, worth far more than their weight in gold, are among them; bijoux so fine and so delicate that I have found it almost difficult to believe they really were small creations instead of paintings, until I had given them the closest scrutiny.

The Sovereign Pontiff has immense patience in hunting out the end to a difficult question—be it in diplomacy, science, art or music—and immense satisfaction in attaining it; that is why he is giving so much time just now to the study of some strange, musty, yellow parchments that purport to be the real ancient Hebrew anthems which were sung "to harp and sackbut," and which he has requested one of his "cunning musicians" to prepare for piano interpretation before him. There is tremendous interest in these old Hebrew documents, for it is thought that, if they are really proved genuine, in them may be found the key to many a strange and mystic saying; so everyone is waiting for the moment when, if indeed they stand the scholarly scrutiny that is being centred on them, and after they have been submitted to His Holiness, they or their story may be given to a favored part of the musical world, which in its turn may diffuse portions, at least, more broadly. Where did they come from? The depths of the Vatican Library, some treasure chest of Cividale, the Orient? Who found them? That is something for discussion later.

The masses of the Symphony Giuseppe Martucci, professor of the famous Academy of Bologna, has just added to the notable compositions of this epoch, are sounded everywhere; Marchetti, Parisotti pronounce it, as Anfossi did in his warm, poetic critique, *La Sinfonia Umana*. Indeed, it is by this name Martucci's symphony is far more widely known than as the Symphony in Re *Nimore*. "It is," said Anfossi, "a great summing up of the evolution of symphonic movement, from its first sweet and delicious foreshadowings until now." * * * The voice of humanity is in it. * * * It is not descriptive, as is Beethoven many times; neither is it decorative, as Haydn nearly always is. * * * It is a breath and a sigh; it is a caress and an embrace; the sigh gives birth to fear, the embrace electrifies. First it is the cry of a humanity that suffers, then it is the grand arm of that same humanity opening to embrace; hence it is a poem—a poem of sorrow and of love together."

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The form of the symphony, from its composer's own devotion to the highest classic models, is thoroughly classic. Anfossi's judgment is as thoroughly Italian as is the music itself, and I may as well say here that the Italian plane of criticism, both from the strictly and purely classic forms of Italian technic and from the deep true sentimentality, the warm poetic requirement of Italian nature, is the most difficult and exacting plane of criticism that exists. True, carried away by an overplus of sentiment and of brilliant coloring, errors are not only sometimes born, but the music in which they exist is applauded; that is, by those who allow warmth of sentiment to overbalance purity of line and contour. But the cultivated Italian critic has an absolutely perfect ideal by which he judges lines that are pure, classic, faultless in construction, exquisite in tone and tint; majestic in length and breadth and soul; high as the hills, translucent as the mists that clothe them; vibrant, full, lifting up and out of self, like the music of that great aeolian harp whose chords are the swaying tops and branches of the magnificent Italian trees, and whose fitful, changeable, perfect master is the Italian wind that sweeps over them from the snow-crowned Alps and the lovely islands of Lugano, the orange and citron groves of Sicily and the Italian Riviera, and the oleander gardens of the lakes.

How can anyone even think of this great aeolian harp, on which Italy's matchless melody is always sounding, without remembering at the same time Goethe's *Mignon*!

Kennst du das Land do dü Citronen blüh'n?
Im dunklen Land die Gold Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrtle still und hoch der Lorbeer steht.

It is all in Martucci's symphony, not only in the pleasant, peaceful, perfect days, but in the hours of tempest and of terror, and then in the glorious passing of the dark, threatening clouds. So, you see, I do not quite agree with Anfossi; that is, I go a little farther than he goes. The general line of his criticism, though, I assent to perfectly. It is, in its entirety, as Anfossi said, a *symphony of life*, but of life lived in Italy, and the judgment is from the Italian plane of criticism, though it seems that in this case it is a judgment in which even colder critics must coincide.

* * *

A magnificent *Dies Irae*, the composition of the scholarly and eloquent musical writer Professor Luigi Torchì, was given the other day by the Philharmonic Society of Bologna, on the day set apart for tributes to the commemoration of deceased members of the society, through the performance of a *Messe Funèbre*. Confining itself to the strident traditions of sacred music, it was exceedingly simple and at the same time profoundly stirring.

* * *

A new quintet, directed by Luigi Gulli, a young Roman pianist of brilliant promise, is to make its débüt this season. It is full of talent, though markedly and in every way a young orchestra; as such it makes no pretense to rivalry with such an organization as the Queen's Quintet, whose members are, in fact, warm espousers of its cause and greatly interested in its success. Its first violin is, musically speaking, the great-great-grandchild of Pinelli, the exceedingly able head of the Orchestra Romana, whose pupil nearly every Roman orchestrarian and nearly every stringed instrumentalist who has come upon the Roman musical stage within the last twenty years or so has been at some time or another.

* * *

The Pinelli concerts (for it is Pinelli who is the soul of the Orchestra Romana concerts) will be the first of the season, that is, of the *real* season. They will open on the 28th, and, all hopes to the contrary notwithstanding, in the Sala Dante, which is certainly too small and too inconvenient to do such an organization justice or even half-justice. For those concerts in which the organ is intro-

duced the sala at Santa Cecilia will be used. Here is the program of the first concert:

Ouverture dell' opera *L'Italiana in Londra*, executed the first time in Rome, at the Valle, in 1779. . . . Cimarosa Concerto in sol magg. for three violins, three violas, three violoncellos and contrabasso, executed entirely by stringed instruments. . . . J. S. Bach Fifth Sinfonia in re magg. (op. 107), (Reformation), composed in 1830. . . . Mendelssohn

* * *

The Santa Cecilia historic concerts will be inaugurated in the middle of January with Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*, with organ, orchestra and voices. For every one of these concerts there is some such grand work as this, each illustrative of a different epoch and a different land. They are the finest and most effective object lessons I have ever heard. It would be difficult for another society than Santa Cecilia to take them in hand, not only from the thousand and one requisites for the perfect carrying out of such a plan (and it must be, as it is, carried out perfectly if it would attain or even approach its object), but from the difficulty of a less splendidly dowered treasure house of musical gems to produce the exceedingly rare and varied scores that are required. These concerts are, indeed, a great and fascinating factor in the teaching of Santa Cecilia, not only to her own pupils, but to the public at large, and they are fully appreciated.

* * *

Roberto Stagno has taken Giovanni Giannetti's *Padre Maurizio*, but it is not yet fully decided just when and where he will present it. Giannetti has finished the *Madonneta* for Sonzogno (it is a charming little genre picture, of which I will tell you more another time), and he is at this moment busily at work on a new three act opera which he has named *Matrina*. He is one of the busiest and most fruitful of writers, strongly original and with just a tiny dash, enough, of mysticism interwoven with what he so firmly believes in—real realism—to make the result fascinating. There are chords, and phrases, too, that sometimes make one think strongly of Wagner, though Giannetti has never been what might properly be called a Wagner student.

* * *

"Mascagni will never accept the directorship at Pesaro, nor any other directorship! Fancy Mascagni as a director!" have exclaimed the musical wiseacres (?) all along the line. But Mascagni has accepted it, and is inaugurating his work in such a way as bids sure to add both fame and riches to his already rich and famous Liceo, the Rossini. It is some time since I said: "We do not half know what Mascagni is capable of; I doubt if he really knows yet himself." I may add now that I think we shall begin to know right soon, and that Pesaro is one of the steps to our knowing.

* * *

Wagner's famous publishers, the Messrs. Schött, whose recognition and whose name set the sign royal on the works of any new composer, the chief publishers of Liszt as well as of Wagner, and the publishers of Sgambati, have just issued three of Francesco Bajardi's charming compositions, a delicious *Chant d'Amour*, a bright gavot and some of those dainty and characteristic *Album Leaves* of which I told *THE MUSICAL COURIER*'s readers before writing of this very gifted young maestro, who is a maestro in the truest sense of the word. A nocturne he has intrusted to Ricordi for publication will be presented at one of the author's own concerts in Rome next month.

* * *

The Maestro Collina's *La Fornarina* has come to a standstill for the moment; he can find no tenor adapted to the rôle of *Raffaello* and "he will not have the opera presented until the proper interpreter of *Raffaello*" materializes. Whether it is that the composer, carried away

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with the beauty of the story, allowed his fancy to fly into altogether too exalted regions for any mortal tenor to follow, or whether, from real affection for the character, he is hypercritical in his choice of an interpreter, who can tell; until indeed the opera is presented? and then again, how can it be presented without the tenor? I really hope, though, that the maestro will be fortunate enough to find a *Rafaello* soon, for the public is waiting. La Formarina, as told by him, is really a charming story, and in the main, at least, it is exquisitely set.

* * *

Speaking of Collina makes me think of the Nazionale and of the Signorina Stehle, who sang there early in the season. She kept herself as hidden during her engagement as though she were a royal princess or a Patti at the very least. A deluge of reporters for Italian and foreign journals beset the theatre for her address, each wanting to "speak a good word" for the fair singer, who though not by any means young (she "was in New York long ago"), is, as one of the most fascinated of these young aspirants for journalistic honors said, "like a piece of Dresden china!" (Now, Dresden china is very beautiful in its way, but it seems to me this was rather a doubtful compliment when one compares the doll-like monotony of "Dresden china" to the sparkle and life one should see in a prima donna. Indeed, I'm inclined to think the Dresden china part referred more to the Stehle's dress than to herself, for she certainly is an adept in the art of dressing.) Be that as it may, all these frantic efforts (all the more frantic from pique and for curiosity's sake) were unavailing. "She has no need of reclam! She is sufficiently well known," said one of her self-appointed guardians. Happy Stehle! What words of meaning are in these words, "no need of reclam!" If what some cultured critics who have traveled long and far, and whose fortunes finally led them to the Nazionale, is true La Stehle certainly "has no need of reclam!" The charmed swains went again after all this, too, to theatro, to hotel, everywhere they thought the fair Stehle might be, but she had "silently folded her tents," and, like the Arabs, "as silently glided away"—to Milan and to the Del Verme, where she will be seen in the coming season.

* * *

La Ferrani, a sweet and beautiful young Turinese singer, who created the rôle of *Manon di Puccini*, is far different from that. She not only appreciates the power of the press, but she appreciates and profits by honest criticism. She is altogether one of those rare, sympathetic characters—magnetic as Duse sometimes—just fitted to the interpretation of Puccini's rôles, forgetting herself in her art, glowing, flashing, melting, stirring with the changes of the story. There is perfect accord between the rhythm of the music and La Ferrani's interpretation of it, too. She is a slight, delicate creature, with great, expressive eyes, and a dowry of exquisite grace as well as of extraordinary dramatic powers. She, too, knows how to dress to perfection, and she has a voice that is as "simpatica" as herself, and sweet and rich, and that grows sweeter and richer every time one hears her. During the season that has just ended she has been winning perfect ovations at the beautiful and critical Comunale at Bologna.

* * *

A charming little child, *un piccolo amore* for beauty and grace, has been carrying by storm all the cities of Europe that have heard him and his mandolin. Venero d'Annunzio is the name of this little one; he is the son of the famous author of *L'Innocente*, *Il Piacere*, *Il Trionfo della Morte*, and *La Vergine delle Rocce*—Gabrielle d'Annunzio, who loves the Abruzzi Hills and the study of the Abruzzi character so—and of his wife, Donna Maria Annunzio, Duchessa di Galese, daughter of the Duke of Attempo.

The wonderful progress the little one has made has been altogether the result of natural inclination, and his daily study hours with his beloved teacher, Prof. Giulio Tartaglia,

are among the happiest of his life. When he is before an audience he plays and plays, forgetting the audience itself, which always packs the house at the mere mention of his name, until his master is obliged to go up and lift him from the low chair where he has established himself à la Turk that he may the better hold his mandolin.

He gave his first concert with his gifted teacher in Sala Umberto I about a year and a half ago, when he was only four and a half years of age, and after only four months of regular study. The announcement of the concert called together a crowd of unbelievers, who became converts to the child's marvelous talent before the concert ended; among them was Sgambati.

A young prima donna was there (she had been the vocalist of the occasion), in the fascination of the child's

study than to measurements and numbers, and at twelve years of age (he is still very young) appeared as a concertist at the Sala Palestina, offering and executing a program that became the admiring theme of press and conversation for many days.

To acquire greater agility with the mandolin he became a student of the violin at Santa Cecilia. This finished, he devoted himself entirely to his beloved instrument, and from that time on to the development of a new system for its study, which he has perfected and by which he teaches all his pupils now, little d'Annunzio among them. It is by the use of this system that he produces the smooth and beautiful violin effect that is his specialty, and that entirely does away with the disagreeable picking sound of the penna, while it adds indescribably to the sweetness of the melody. He has also modified the ponticello of the mandolin, so as to make the manipulation much easier and much more graceful.

A few days ago Dr. Steinbach, director of music at the Grand Ducal Court of Saxony, came to Rome especially to hear Professor Tartaglia, returning to his royal patrons full of enthusiasm, not only for Professor Tartaglia's own exquisite mandolin readings of difficult music, but of his skill as a teacher and an exponent of the mandolin's sweet power. I believe Professor Tartaglia and his wonderful little pupil will go to our own republic soon, and then I will tell you many other interesting things about them.

I have something of the greatest importance and of the deepest and most vital and widespread musical interest between Italy and our republic to announce through THE MUSICAL COURIER to all of our republic's ambitious musicians and musical students in my next.

THEO. TRACY.

Will Play in Schleiz.—Fritz Spahr will play in Schleiz during this month.

Paganini.—The death is announced of the Baron Achille Paganini, son of the great violinist, at his home near Parma.

Donizetti.—The designs for the monument to Donizetti are on exhibition at Bergamo. They are sixty in number, and some are very good and interesting.

Mader.—Raoul Mader, lately appointed Capellmeister at the Royal Opera, Budapest, has written an opera, *Tokay Wine*, which will probably be produced in that city for the first time.

Love Haunted.—Col. Richard Henry Savage's poem *Love Haunted*, which has been set to music by Sebastian B. Schlesinger, has now been arranged with violoncello obbligato, published by J. H. Schroeder, 12 E. Sixteenth street.

The Carnival Season in Italy.—The carnival season in Italy began December 27. Fifty-eight theatres are open, at nine of which Carmen is announced. Seven new works will be produced, namely, at La Scala, Milan, André Chenier, by Umberto Giordano; Zanetto (*Le Passant*) by Mascagni; at the Dal Verme, Milan, La Cortigiana, by A. Scontrino; at the Argentina, Rome, La Bohème, Puccini; at Florence, Un Dramma in Vendemmia, by V. Fornais; at Placentia, Aida, by Romaniello, and at Como, Waldeflores, by C. Cordara. At the Argentina the season opened with Walküre, admirably mounted.

Schubert Centenary.—A grand exhibition of portraits, manuscript scores, and other relics of Franz Schubert will be opened in Vienna in celebration of the 100th birthday of the short lived composer. Musical festivals will be held, and it is hoped that the Imperial Opera will revive his comic opera, *Der häusliche Krieg*, the libretto of which is based on the Lysistrata of Aristophanes and treats of a strike of the ladies of the Crusaders. A medal bearing the master's likeness will be struck off, and a statue, executed a quarter of a century ago by Kundmann, will be placed in the public gardens of the city.



**VENERO D'ANNUNZIO AND
PROF. GIULIO TARTAGLIA.**

music and presence she remained absolutely fascinated until he ceased playing, although she knew that another and a very important audience was waiting at quite the other extreme of the city for her own appearance.

When little Venero and Professor Tartaglia made their Vienna début (last July), Crown Princess Stephanie was moved to tears by the little one's marvelous grace and execution, and, remaining for personal presentation to them both after the concert, she thanked and congratulated them again and again.

The little one has nearly forty compositions in his repertory, and is especially fond of Verdi, Schubert, Gillet, Gounod and Mascagni, playing everything from memory.

In the middle of February he goes with Professor Tartaglia to Berlin and Hamburg, where they have signed a thirty concert contract. Signor Tartaglia himself deserves more than a passing mention, not only for his delightful and sympathetic handling of that sweet and characteristic instrument the mandolin, but for his extraordinary success as a teacher. Like another distinguished mandolinist, of whom not only Italy but many another European country knows well, he was sent to study for the engineer's profession at the Scuola Tecnica, but he became so interested in the mandolin that he gave far more time to its

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GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W., LINKE STRASSE 17, December 24, 1895.

THIS is the day before Christmas, so, like a good non-Christian, I want to get my work out of the way, that I may be able to celebrate the holidays. Moreover, the sooner done the quicker mended; and, as I have not so very much to write about, the approaching holidays having cast their pleasant shadows upon the deluge of concerts and making it temporarily subside, I hope to be through before the candles are lit on the hirsorous German evergreen trees. So let me begin by wishing you all a very merry Christmas and an exceedingly happy new year. The wish will reach your eye in print a few days *post festum*; but, as it is sincere and well meant, I hope you will accept it nevertheless.

A week ago to-day I was to have run down to Stettin, where on that eventful night both the Lavins appeared "as guests" in Lucia. It was the occasion of William's first appearance on any operatic stage, and I should have liked to be present above all other things, but fate in the shape of unavoidable business engagements decreed otherwise. The sweet voiced tenor preferred to try it on the Stettin dogs, and in the company of his angelic and accustomed partner, Mary Howe, before he would venture upon the boards of the Berlin Royal Opera House, where he is to make his début in all probability in January next. Well, the Stettin dogs barked bravely in the most howling manner, and they had the artistic couple before the curtain half a dozen times after each act, the applause being strongest in the scene after the duet, the sextet, Lucia's mad scene, with the high E, and Edgardo's suicidal monologue of the last act.

Before I quote what the official critics had to say on the subject of their guests, I am going to commit an almost inexcusable piece of indiscretion by letting you know what Mary wrote to me privately about William, and what William had to say on the subject of his wife on the occasion in question. The tenor says:

"Well, my début passed off well; Mamie was in magnificent shape and had tremendous success all during the evening, not alone after the mad scene. After our duet we were recalled three times, and so it was all during the evening. I was not at all nervous. To-morrow night is the Faust performance and we will probably repeat it on Sunday. They want us to come back after New Year's and sing Traviata and The Barber."

"My début started off in real prima donna style, for while I was out singing about Lucia's having left earth and taken the Schnellzug for heaven some one made himself a Christmas present of my pocketbook containing about 100 marks. There is nothing like being born lucky!"

Here is what Mary Howethinks of her husband's operatic début: "Billy is awfully modest about his début. He sang beautifully, looked well and acted well for the first time. I am sure no one would think he was singing on the operatic stage for the first time. He was most enthusiastically received throughout the opera and had six hearty recalls at

the close of his last aria. He can believe that he had a most successful début."

Now let us see how all this compares with what the critics have to say on the subject. Says the *Neue Stettiner Zeitung*: "The audience which gathered at the opera last night to hear the American guests, Mary Howe and William Lavin, will scarcely have anticipated the exquisite enjoyment which awaited them, and must have been all the more surprised to have been witnesses of a very rare musical event. After the scale by which we North Germans are wont to measure the art of *bel canto* it must be acknowledged that Miss Howe is the most perfect vocalist which Stettin has heard in the last decade. And this is saying a good deal if it be remembered what proud names have appeared on our concert programs and opera house bills. The opera was Donizetti's Lucia, which is only put on whenever some celebrity wants to show herself off to best advantage in the title part. In the same rôle Mile. Prevosti has achieved great success here; it is unavoidable therefore to draw a parallel between these two artists, and the result can be gathered in the few words, that while Prevosti is the greater actress, Miss Howe is the greater singer. She possesses the sweet charm of a perfectly even, silvery, clear voice, with an almost unlimited altitude; her technical surety and gracefulness are fascinating; in purity of intonation she surpasses the orchestra; no tone refuses to speak, and even the highest of all are of absolute purity of pitch; every trill is perfect, the staccati, the runs, which are like strings of pearls emanating from her orifice, especially the chromatic ones, are, even in the most rapid tempo, of a most astounding beauty, each interval clear and naturally speaking, just as if it were produced on some instrument. To all these qualities is joined a perfectly steady tone. After this one can imagine what impression the different arias, especially the mad scene, made upon the listeners. William Lavin's voice sounds very pleasing and shows excellent schooling, strengthened by a most pronounced musical talent. To judge of the musical climax reached by this couple one only had to listen to the duet of the first act and in it especially the episode in which the theme of the second part is repeated *unisono*. Whoever has not heard the perfect harmony of these soulful octaves would think such a thing impossible. In the finale of the last act Mr. Lavin was equally great as actor and singer, and he succeeded in deeply touching the hearts of all those who were present."

Equally enthusiastic is the judgment of the *Stettiner Abendzeitung*, the *Ostsee Zeitung*, the *Pommersche Reichspost*, and the *Stettiner Zeitung*.

Faust was given on Thursday night in French, and was an equally great success, the house being crowded and enthusiastic applause prevailing throughout. The Sunday night repetition of Lucia, which our artists sang in Italian, showed a sold out house, and by telegram I am informed that there were no less than thirteen recalls. Oh, lucky unlucky number!

It's a good thing that now, when everybody here is mad at Grover Cleveland and the United States because stocks have fallen off some 40 per cent., stock in American artists is on the daily rising list.

My not going to Stettin gave me a chance to hear here last Tuesday night two pianists about one of whom I wrote in my last week's budget, and am now glad that I reserved final judgment for a second hearing. I mean Leonard Borwick, the English pianist, and pupil of Clara Schumann.

On account of a concert at the Philharmonie, about which I shall have something to say later on. I missed the Schumann Symphonic Studies, but Tappert, with whom I chanced to sit during the Borwick recital in Bechstein Hall, told me, and in fact he wrote, that these difficult and musically deep variations were played in most admirable style. The same I cannot say of the Chopin B flat minor sonatas

which I heard, and which was performed in a somewhat cumbersome and perfunctory manner, even the hyper-transcendent last movement which was no longer the rustling of night winds over a lonely grave, but the rumbling and jarring of an American limited express over a not over evenly parallel track of Goliath rails.

The funeral march, which is in itself an irritatingly slow movement, Mr. Borwick took so slowly that the sense of rhythm was almost lost. Granting even that it ought not to be performed like an ordinary funeral march, and leaving so wide a scope to the imagination as calling the movement a *Spaziergang eines Einsamen*, yet withal the fact that it is and was meant for a march must not be lost sight of. Tappert, who also complains of this mistake of Borwick's, recalls in this connection Rubinstein's device of getting over the natural lassitude of this march by letting the funeral cortège come on from a distance, beginning very pianissimo, and after the melodious trio marching the funeral train off again in a gradual decrescendo. I remember well Rubinstein's interpretation, but I always thought this conception of the funeral march a cheap Turkish Patrol trick, employed, as Rubinstein otherwise very rarely did, *ad captandum*.

However I am wandering away from my subject. Borwick in the following group of smaller pieces began to grow upon me, and before he closed his interesting program I was almost as enthusiastic over the English pianist with the quiet reserve and powerful tone as well as pliable touch as were most of his not over numerous listeners.

He performed the big E minor prelude and fugue op. 35, No. 1, his model of form, by Mendelssohn, in most clearly phrased and cleanly executed style. Then came the three Domenico Scarlatti pieces, which Joseffy as well as Rosenblatt delighted in playing, and which Borwick played as delightfully as did or still do these two musicians of the keyboard, in not only these pretty pieces of the father of modern piano technic, Domenico Scarlatti, but in all works which demand technic and style.

Style was also what distinguished Borwick's reproduction of Saint-Saëns' quaint caprice on themes from Gluck's Alceste ballet. Next on the program were Paderewski's A major theme and variations, op. 16, No. 3, which are as beautiful as they are clever and musically. Borwick had evidently heard them from the composer, for he tried to perform them in the master pianist's most inimitable manner, and I must confess that he very nearly succeeded, especially in the A minor canon variation, which greatly reminded me of Paderewski's own and very best playing. I was quite curious to know what my neighbor Tappert thought of these variations, for he is well known to harbor little sympathy for Paderewski as either a composer or a pianist. I was watching the old growler intently, when, lo and behold, presently came the well-known snort which he emits as soon as a composition or performance begins to interest him. Still, then one does not know yet whether it interests him pleasantly or unpleasantly until he shakes his lion mane negatively or affirmatively, and in the latter case he also emits a contrabass tone of the key in which the piece that pleases him stands. Right in the midst of the aforementioned canon Tappert bobbed his head up and down once or twice and emitted a short 32 foot A in a soft pianissimo; then I knew that Paderewski the composer had won a victory! When I went out of the hall with the old man I wanted to make sure, and introducing the subject with the carefulness with which you approach the employment of a chord of the fourth sixth, I hesitatingly asked, "Well, what do you think of Paderewski as a composer now?"

"I think that you are right," he simply said, and marched off.

When I bought the *Kleine Journal* with his criticism I found that Tappert, as he rarely does, made amends for old sins, and acknowledged that after all there was something in that Polish composer, Paderewski. I hope that some day

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we'll live to see Tappert finding something likewise in the Polish pianist Paderewski.

Apropos of the subject of Paderewski's compositions I want to mention that Dr. Otto Neitzel, the Cologne music critic, pedagogue and pianist, recently made a tremendous hit with Paderewski's Polish Fantasy at Gladbach, a success which I had predicted and continue to predict for any first-class pianist who has the courage, technic, versatility of touch, poetry of conception and, above all, the unselfishness to play this fine creation of a brother pianist.

I cannot close my Borwick criticism without mentioning a prelude in C sharp minor, op. 8 No. 2, by Rachmaninow, which he performed very beautifully. The composer's name was so far unknown to me, but this prelude interested and fascinated me most intensely, on account of its peculiar dark crimson, melancholy, characteristically Russian harmonies.

The other pianist whom I heard at the Philharmonie was Georg Liebling, who was the soloist at one of the regular popular concerts. After the Philharmonic orchestra had opened proceedings with a dashing performance of Mozart's Don Giovanni overture, under Professor Mannstaedt's direction, the youngest of the four Liebling brother pianists gave a reading of Beethoven's Emperor concerto which was not very imperial. In fact I had anticipated much more than was given on this occasion, and not even technically did Georg Liebling fulfill the composer's demands. The adagio was lacking in feeling and tone, and the rondo was played in anything but brilliant or even decisive and rhythmically pregnant manner. Mr. Liebling seems to be retrograding.

The program further contained, of piano soli, an octave study by the soloist and Liszt's Hexameron. The orchestra was down on the housebill for a Haydn symphony, Philipp Scherzenka's symphonic poem, Frühlingswogen, and a Slavonic March by Dvorák.

On Wednesday night the sixth evening of the Wagner cycle took place at the Royal Opera House. It was Tristan and Isolde and the occasion was memorable through the fact that Heinrich Vogl, of Munich, appeared as guest in the male title rôle. It is only a few weeks since I expressed the idea that it was about time for Vogl to withdraw from public singing. I wrote this after a more than mediocre vocal recital in which the once glorious tenor showed beyond the shadow of doubt that his organ is no longer fresh and satisfying enough for the concert platform. But as for the operatic stage, I must confess, after last Wednesday's performance, he is not only still potent, but even surprisingly good.

The world has not had many Tristans, and since Niemann, the greatest of them all, retired, I know of very few satisfactory ones, except possibly Jean de Reszké, whom, however, I have never had the good fortune to hear in the part. Vogl's delivery and entire conception are very noble and dignified, albeit he frequently is lacking in the grand heroic element. Still even in that he is not entirely disappointing, like, for instance, Alvaro. The peculiarly soft but very clear and distinct pronunciation of the text is remarkable and artistic, especially the way he begins his phrases and gradually assumes stronger accents. Of course he saves himself for his climaxes, and although these latter at times sound a bit artificial, for the very reason that they are too carefully prepared, yet he is able to reach them, and that in itself is a feat.

If in the furious love scene of the second act, with its three climaxes, he failed to satisfy hot imaginations in at least two of them (especially histrionically), in the triple death struggle of the last act he was surprisingly realistic and touchingly truthful in acting, and his singing was superb. Of course he was much applauded, and the calls before the curtain, to which he as guest was allowed to respond, were many.

The same honors were amply deserved and surely also meant for our home Isolde, Frau Sucher. She had an exceptionally good evening, and what that means in the case of her Isolde only those will understand who heard

her at Bayreuth in 1886. Last season when you heard her in New York she was not only not at her best, but according to all reports she must have been in the very worst of condition, which is easily explained through the fact that she left here at the fag end of a long and exhausting operatic season, and that mal de mer and want of acclimation in the New World played havoc with the remnants of her voice. The queenly pose and gestures, however, as well as the poetry of her dramatic conception and the verve with which she assumes the character of the hapless heroine, should have been recognized at their full value also in New York. Why Frau Sucher should have failed there so completely I am at a loss to understand.

The Tristan performance in general was on the same high plane, the only one who vocally was unsatisfactory being Fraenkel in the short part of Melot. Frau Goetz was excellent as Brangäne, and of course very beautiful, in fact more prepossessing than Isolde, which for the drama is a disadvantage, though for the spectator it is gain. Bets was the same reliable old Kurwenal as of yore, and Moedlinger as King Marke was surprisingly sonorous, pathetic and good.

Altogether it was a splendid performance all through, in which unstinted praise is due also to the artists of the Royal Orchestra, and above all to Dr. Muck's careful and yet spirited guidance.

Vogl will appear here further as Loge in Rheingold, Siegfried in Siegfried and in the Götterdämmerung; the latter music drama, however, will not be produced until Monday, the 80th inst.

Only one more musical entertainment remains to be mentioned before the holidays grant a much needed and much valued short vacation to the busy reviewer. It was a charity concert which had been arranged at the Philharmonie last Wednesday night by a patriotic organization which calls itself the National Thanks Society, and which works for the laudable purpose of assisting the war veterans and the widows and orphans of the fallen in 1864, 1866 and 1870-71.

It is pleasant to be able to report that the large hall was well filled, despite the high price of admission, and that great enthusiasm prevailed. The program was a very mixed affair, but its many offerings were mostly of an artistically satisfying nature. Criticism, of course, is out of order on such an occasion, but thanks are due Prof. Heinrich Barth for his fine pianistic performances of the F sharp minor Polonaise by Chopin, and the transcriptions of the nocturne and scherzo from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music; also to the singing of Miss Egli, Miss Galfy, Messra Sommer and Moedlinger, the latter of whom, however, was not very lucky in his selections, Moericke's more than mediocre ballad Der Ritterhöhe Furcht und Tadel and Goltermann's Einfröhlicher Sang. Chamber Musician Exner played a Tchaikowsky melody and a Godard tarantella for violin; Miss Lindner, from the Royal Comedy, spoke a prologue written for the occasion by Wildenbruch, and the Teachers' male chorus, under Prof. Felix Schmidt's direction, as well as the Kosleck brass choir, under their veteran conductor, gave much applauded ensemble performances.

Mr. Boise's fifth lecture on music at the American Girls' Club defined the technical resources of our art as they now exist after ages of evolution. "These resources are the forms, means and modes gradually developed by our line of period makers," he said, "and which are now at the disposal of well equipped musicians. I cannot understand how those who are attracted by good music can be satisfied until they have acquired a certain degree of capacity for analysis—at least so much as will enable them to follow the development of themes, the broader rhythmic pulsations (the elements of form) and the combinations of instrumental tone qualities."

The lecturer treated form, melody, harmony, counterpoint and polyphony from the amateur's standpoint, leaving instrumentation for his sixth lecture. When I say that these subjects were treated from an amateur's standpoint,

I mean that Mr. Boise avoided technicalities and adopted a colloquial form of explanation.

Form is symmetrical adjustment, with metre as its fundamental principle. Intuitive form feeling is never adequate; therefore learners are obliged to base their outlines, and often their details, on classical models. Ripe musicians adapt form to their material and schemes.

A regard for poise and balance must be observed in all forms, from the small sixteen measure song to the broadest sonata, and the difficulty of the task naturally increases more than proportionately to the extension of our schemes. It is quite easy to mold a perfect sphere an eighth of an inch in diameter, but it is quite a different matter to mold one eight times as large. Learning to express one's thoughts musically is much like acquiring a language; we must become so familiar with its vocabulary, grammar and idioms that our thoughts follow its forms before we can make them entirely intelligible. Composing a symphony is analogous to writing an epic in a foreign language.

The lecturer calls melody the soul of music, for which the other elements furnish a material body. "Melody is a succession of tones that has significance to cultivated ears, because it's own outline and the harmonic texture which it implies conform to the rules of symmetrical adjustment."

"Harmony teaches the simultaneous use of tones of differing pitch, and of successions of such combinations. We make these combinations of tones more or less euphonious to suit our pleasure (from the natural major chord to the most complex and dissonant relationship) and then, in writing successions of chords, interweave the harmonic strands so that each voice may gain independent significance through characteristic progression, and that we may at the same time secure unity."

Mr. Boise then defined the character of single and of double counterpoint, and then passed on to polyphony, which he calls many voiced melody, because in that style of writing all voices are endowed with melodic flow.

"There are two kinds of polyphony, which we shall call respectively homogeneous and heterogeneous. The first named results from the development of a single theme and the fugue is its fullest realization. The second consists in the simultaneous use of several melodies, each with its distinctive character." This latter style of polyphony can have significance only when the composer is enabled to make such an episode the culmination of his musical scheme, the spontaneous convergence of its diverse elements."

From the above extracts you will readily perceive that Mr. Boise's lectures are not only highly interesting but also, and this is the main point, exceedingly instructive. He frequently gives you new ideas, and his definitions of things musical are as original as they are bold and *sutrefend*. The lectures are listened to by a weekly increasing number of American musical students and amateurs.

At the Beethoven evening of the Cologne Guérzenich Society, under Professor Wuelner's direction, Emil Sauer made a tremendous hit with the Beethoven E flat concerto, which he played on a sonorous Bach grand piano. Among the other soloists of the evening Miss Johanna Hoefken is praised in the Cologne *Gazette* for the "sonority and laudatory surety" with which she sang the alto solo in Beethoven's C major mass. The same lady also met with much success at a recent concert of the Bonn Church Choral Society and of the Cologne Male Chorus Organization.

For once in my life I was superlatively good, that is if the superlative of good in English is still best. It was last Saturday, when I was best man at the wedding of an old friend of mine, which took place at Goerlitz. It was his second offense, as Wilson would say, and I hope he won't have occasion to recall the saying of my old chum, Max Lube, of New York: "The man who marries a second time doesn't deserve a divorce from his first wife."

Elsa Kutscherra, whom you will remember from last season's Damrosch opera in German, scored a sensational success at the Châtelet classic concerts under Colonne's

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direction at Paris on the 8th and 15th inst. The *Figaro* says that her interpretation of Wagner's *Träume* in the vernacular will remain unforgotten in Paris, and all the other papers of the French capital are full of her praise. The popular dramatic soprano is at present touring in Holland and Belgium, and will, in January, return to Paris to sing in *Goetterdämmerung* under Colonne's direction during the Strakosch stagione.

Anton Foerster, the Leipzig pianist, made a hit with two piano recitals he recently gave at Vienna, at the Boesendorfer Saal. His Pittsburgh, Pa., namesake, A. M. Foerster, writes me a pleasant letter, receipt of which is herewith acknowledged, with the assurance that instructions will be followed to the best of the receiver's limited abilities.

I further acknowledge receipt of fifty marks for the Bülow monument fund, sent me by Mme. Anna Lankow, the New York contralto and vocal teacher. The same I have forwarded to Burgomaster Senator R. Petersen, of Hamburg, president of the committee for the Bülow monument.

It is sad to have to add to this receipt the news that Mme. Lankow lost yesterday her father, Caspar Lankow, who died at Bonn, at the age of 74, of apoplexy. Only a few months ago Mme. Lankow lost her mother, and the second bereavement will fall upon her all the harder as it comes entirely unexpected, Mr. Caspar Lankow having only a few years ago celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his office as teacher at the Bonn High School, and as up to the very last day of his life he was in the very best of health.

Carl Goldmark has taken the finished score of his new opera, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, to Director Jahn, of Vienna, where the première of the work is to take place in February next.

I have always been interested in women composers, but the only one of any importance I met up to last week was Mlle. Chaminade, of Paris, who is really original and has ideas worth putting on paper; moreover, she knows exceedingly well how to put them on paper. Now, however, I know a second one, for I had a few days ago a visit from Adele Lewing, who showed me some piano pieces and Lieder which are remarkably promising. You know Miss Lewing as a pianist from her performances in the United States. As a creative artist the lady bids fair to outrival her well-earned reputation as a reproductive artist. Miss Lewing will, after New Year, go back to Vienna, where she is finishing her pianistic studies with Leschetizky, and her education as a composer with Robert Fuchs.

O. F.

Mme. Caperton to Hastreiter.

"I WISH to thank Mme. Helene Hastreiter in the name of our maestro G. B. Lamperti, of Dresden, and in the cause of art, for her public recognition of his influence over her success.

"Is it not significant that no pupil who has studied under the direction of G. B. Lamperti and has received his approval has ever been a failure? As honest and true in his private life as he is in his devotion to art, no one can accuse him of holding out hopes to pupils that cannot be realized.

"Mme. Hastreiter is acknowledged by the maestro, as she is by all the critics in Europe, to be the finest contralto on the operatic stage, and no student of vocal music should fail to hear her as often as possible. With a glorious voice, a commanding stage presence, and a perfect method over which she has gained absolute control, there can be no better example of the faithful work of the maestro than is presented by his highly valued and renowned pupil, Mme. J.-elene Hastreiter.

"RATCLIFFE CAPERTON,
Representative and assistant of
the maestro, G. B. LAMPERTI."



BOSTON, Mass., January 12, 1896.

A CONCERT was given at the Boston Theatre on January 5 by the Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin and Paderewski. The orchestra played Beethoven's Leonore overture No. 3; Suite, Namouna, Lalo; Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2; Liszt-Muller-Bergmann; overture, William Tell. Miss Franklin sang the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria (violin obligato, Mr. T. Adamowski) and Gounod's Repentir. Mr. Paderewski played with the orchestra his Polish fantasy and two solo pieces, Hark, Hark, the Lark, Schubert-Liszt, and a waltz of Chopin.

This concert was in aid of the family of Mr. Goldstein, formerly the leader of the double basses of the Symphony Orchestra. This accomplished virtuoso, excellent musician and estimable man some time ago hurt the back of his head by a fall. It was thought that he recovered. Soon there were symptoms of insanity. His mania took the form of belief in his own immense wealth. He wished to give large sums to his friends. He offered to introduce Mrs. Paur as a pianist to New York under the most favorable conditions. The unfortunate man is now in the McLean Asylum and there is no prospect of his return to reason.

There was a very large audience, in fact the theatre was crowded. The orchestra, with Mr. C. M. Loeffler as concert master, played exceedingly well. Paderewski, who contributed his services at no slight inconvenience, was most warmly applauded.

Mr. Campanari, formerly a member of the orchestra, had volunteered to sing at the concert, but he was under contract with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau to appear at the Metropolitan the 8th. Miss Franklin consented kindly, and at short notice, to take his place. She was recalled several times after her selections.

* * *
The first concert of the Boston String Quartet was given in Association Hall January 7. The program was as follows:

Quartet, G major, op. 64, No. 2..... Haydn
Piano quartet, C major..... Foote
Quartet, E minor, op. 59, No. 2..... Beethoven

This club is made up of these capable musicians: Mr. Isidor Schnitzler, first violin; Mr. Jacques Hoffman, second violin; Mr. Carl Barleben, viola; Mr. Fritz Giese, 'cello.

Under ordinary circumstances the announcement of the formation of a new string quartet is not hailed with joy by the public at large and by those who, in the discharge of a duty, are obliged to go to concerts. For an ideal string quartet is a plant of slower growth than confidence. There is the thought of untunefulness and scratching, and, above all, the mistaken reverence that leads many players to observe all the repeats in the chamber music of the "great masters."

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews said this month in the course of remarks on chamber music and quartet clubs: "The day for Mozart and Haydn has practically passed. We could have one of their works (not too long) as a middle number, but to give it a place of honor is not the way to make chamber

music felt in its true aspect as the expression of some of the strongest and most intimate ideas which the entire literature of fine poetry embraces."

Mr. Mathews also says that the musicians who undertake to play such music are "influenced by early admiration, or by what they have been told they ought to feel, or by what they imagine the imperfectly taught public still feels for them; so that the music does not take hold of and fully engage the interpreters. They play it as something easy and their hearts do not enter into it, and they fail of making an effect with it. Meanwhile the audience, belonging to this hardworking nineteenth century, presently perceives that while the music is sweet it is also innocent and does not engage the heart of the players. They conclude, therefore, that they do not like chamber music, which is probably true."

These remarks of Mr. Mathews are frank, in a measure courageous; they stimulate thought; but I cannot say Amen with all my heart.

Haydn and Mozart wrote many pot-boilers. They wrote—and not infrequently—music according to formula and in perfunctory spirit. They that first heard this chamber music were men and women of another generation. Refinement, coarseness, beauty, strength, these are in a sense things of fashion. Mozart and Haydn often wrote for the fashion of their day. Are there not composers in 1896 who are doing the same thing?

But the complete works of any man are apt to be a bore and a disappointment to the discriminating admirer. Victor Hugo may have accepted Shakespeare in bulk; does anybody this first month of the new year? The mere fact that a great man signs his name to a page is no real voucher for the worth of that page. Thomas Hardy wrote those remarkable books: *The Return of the Native*, *The Woodlanders*, *Tess, Jude the Obscure*. Alas! he also wrote *The Hand of Ethelberta* and the *Laodicean*. Even Sir Richard Burton wrote dreary stuff. Perhaps the name of Sappho is imperishable because we know only fragments of her poems.

Unfortunately there are musicians, as well as critics, who reverence slavishly great names. Therefore they persist in playing dull works of the masters.

Mr. Mahtews is too sweeping in his assertion that musicians seldom play chamber music of Mozart or Haydn because they like it; just as his talk about the "hardworking nineteenth century" and its indifference to the "innocence" of this music seems to me unfounded. Time and time again, after a piece of modern chamber music in which the composer pants in his heart after color, and tries to rival the orchestra in tonal effects, music that shrieks with the dissonance of this age, have I seen an audience soothed and refreshed, and put in good humor by a slow movement of Mozart or an allegro of Haydn.

The great charm of the chamber music of these two men, those of Mozart especially, is its unconscious, unearthly serenity. Admit that it is sometimes purely architectural. On the other hand, how often is it free from dross, disturbing passion, doubt, perplexity?

Were it only for the sake of contrast, much of the chamber music of Haydn and Mozart should be thrown into Time's dust bin. At a concert lately given at Paris these pieces were played: Piano trio, op. 15, Smetana; sonata for piano and violin, op. 18, Fauré; elegy for violin and piano, Glazounoff; piano quintet, Jadassohn. No doubt the program was too long. But after Smetana, Fauré, Glazounoff, would not a movement from either of the men of Vienna have refreshed agreeably the hearer?

What is the chief joy of a dinner? Surely not the cutting out of fresh linen and the donning of evening dress. It is not soup, or game, or salad even with chives and a dash of garlic, or the consciousness of the nearness of sweet muliebry, or the sage talk of the learned, or the flippancy of the parasite, or the maundering of the man that will not sink the ship. It is not wine, or cordial, or cheese, or coffee, or tobacco. It is the unpretentious, thirst quenching, brain

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clearing glass of beer taken on the way home, or even poured at home from a bottle properly cooled by the thoughtful Mary. I pity that man who has never known in the middle of a feast this joy of expectation; the knowledge that restoring malt is looking for the approach of the jaded guests.

But why should all the movements of any quartet or trio or quintet be played as though in obedience to some municipal law? At first performance, yes. The composer has a right to ask this. If, for instance, the Boston String Quartet had only omitted the finale of the Haydn quartet, the music and the performance would have been an unmixed delight. Lord, the dullness of seven finales out of ten!

Now, the performance Tuesday evening of the two string quartets was a constant surprise and joy. Surprise at such admirable ensemble at a first concert; joy, on account of precision that was never rigid; beauty of tone that was never finical, never sentimental; rhythmic feeling that was controlled by sanity; the subordination that only true artists pay one to another. It was a great pleasure to hear Mr. Giese again in a position where, when he is at his best, he need fear no rival. Rich in its melancholy is the viola of Mr. Barleben. Mr. Hoffman, the second violinist, was never obsequious to the first violin, as is, alas, the habit in some quartets. And Mr. Schnitzler deserves the highest praise for his display of artistry.

Mr. Foote's quartet has been played here before. As a whole it is one of the most interesting works of this industrious composer. I hope, however, that in the future the Boston String Quartet will not go out of its way to coddle parochial talent or kowtow to it. The returns for such devotion are generally disappointing, socially, musically and pecuniarily. Gentlemen, let us hear some of the new chamber music of the fierce Russians and the immoral Frenchmen. They will furnish a stranger contrast to the works of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven.

Miss Antoinette Szumowska, pianist, and Mr. Franz Ondricek, violinist, gave a concert in Music Hall the afternoon of the 8th. The program was as follows: Mr. Ondricek played Ernst's F sharp minor concerto, Romanze of Wagner, his own fantaisie on airs from Smetana's Bartered Bride, and Paganini's Witches' Dance. Miss Szumowska played with Mr. Ondricek Beethoven's C minor sonata and these solo pieces: Schumann's Carneval, nocturne and étude of Chopin, Paderewski's menuet and the Paganini-Liszt Campanella. Mr. Luckstone was the accompanist.

Mr. Ondricek made a bolder and deeper impression Wednesday than at the Symphony concert when he played the Beethoven concerto. Wednesday he displayed an uncommonly large tone (large without coarseness), a warm and at times glowing temperament, and remarkable virtuosity. By his maestria he almost made the cheap and horrid tune in the difficult concerto of Ernst endurable. Free from trick in appearance or attitude, he surmounted all manner of technical obstacles with quiet authority. His phrasing, however, sometimes led one to suspect whether his nature is thoroughly musical; for he would then miss the meaning of a pivotal note, give undue importance to that comparatively of little value, and make little distinction in his sentences between the marks of punctuation. He was applauded warmly by an audience that should have been larger. Recalled at the end of the concert, he played Schumann's Abendlied.

Miss Szumowska, who last year was a pallid and interesting reflection of Paderewski's feminine nature—for Paderewski as a pianist is androgynous—has since then gained in superficial strength and lost in feminine charm. There were charming passages in the sonatas and in the Carneval, but the latter was frequently disfigured by affection in rhythm and dynamic contrasts. Although the technic of Miss Szumowska is fluent, it was not flawless.

Wednesday. The group of pieces was played without especial charm or distinction. She was recalled and added a number to the long program.

Mr. Harry Fay, pianist, assisted by Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg, violinist, of New York, and Mr. Leo Schultz, cellist, gave a concert in Bumstead Hall the 10th. This was the program:

Sonata, op. 90, No. 1 (piano and violin).....	Dussek
Unruhe-Zweifel, op. 22.....	Nicodé
Barcarolle, op. 50.....	Rubinstein
Thème varié, op. 16.....	Paderewski
Dumky Trio, op. 90.....	Dvorak

(First time in Boston.)

I like to think of Dussek studying Latin and Greek at a Jesuit college, and afterward as a pianist protected by a captain of artillery. I like to think of him at the age of twenty-nine kidnapped by an amorous Princess of the North who bore her prey to some retreat near the Danish frontier. I like to think of him in his last years, so fat that he had contracted the habit of spending the day in bed. But I like his music only in moderation. To hear it is like going into the country to visit an old aunt. The old-fashioned house and the old-fashioned garden and the cookery remembered from boyhood are all at first delightful; the next day you find business calls you to the city.

I believe there are at least eighty of these sonatas for piano, "with the accompaniment of a violin." Mr. Fay took this old style title too seriously, and Mr. Lichtenberg's air was too often an obligato to Mr. Fay's enlarged and obtrusive accompaniment. Then Mr. Fay persisted in having the cover of the grand piano up throughout the concert. Yet there were charming moments in this performance, and Mr. Lichtenberg was always a delight. What a beautiful, distinguished tone! What ease of polished technic! What a genuine artist! Would that he lived here; would that he might give us frequently such joy!

The Dvorak trio seemed to me an amorphous thing. At first the melancholy was agreeable; soon it became monotonous; at last it bored. Then this eternal seesaw between complaint and mad hilarity, as objectionable and wearisome as the speech of a drunkard vibrating between repentance and one more bottle. The movements all seemed alike. The last ended as though some indignant listener had shaken Dvorak by the shoulders and upset his inkstand. The trio was played exquisitely, so far as Messrs. Lichtenberg and Schultz were concerned, and Mr. Fay appeared to his marked advantage.

Mr. Fay's playing of the piano piece does not call for extended comment. His tone was often hard, his technic was not always fluent.

This was the program of the eleventh Symphony concert:

Symphony, No. 6, B minor, Pathétique.....	Tchaikovsky
Scotch Fantasia, for violin.....	Bruch
Concert aria, Armida (MS.).....	Miss Lang
(First time.)	

Overture to The Corsair.....

Berlioz

(First time.)

It is hard to write in discriminating words about the superb performance of the noble symphony of Tchaikovsky. The work was first produced here in December, 1894. The third movement then seemed comparatively trivial. Last night it seemed to have more significance. Is it not possible that the composer wished to contrast strongly the intrinsic vulgarity of earthly glory and the terrible solemnity of death?

They say, you know, that Tchaikovsky did not die of cholera; that tired of the joys and the sorrows of life he poisoned himself; and so this requiem was written for himself. This third movement, then, may be as fraught with meaning as the first, the second and the last: the first with

its mixture of heart-breaking tragedy, in which sensuousness necessarily enters; the second with its mastery of the perplexing rhythm of life and the obstinate pedal which sounds through strains of gaiety, and constantly reminds the dancer of the dance of Death; and the final elegy, the sonorous burial chant of humanity. It seems to me that no one since Beethoven has in absolute music so wrung the heart and fired the imagination as has Tchaikovsky in this marvelous symphony.

The bringing out of the Corsair overture was an act of doubtful reverence. It is the weak work of a strong man. If one of the less familiar pieces of Berlioz was needed, why not the King Lear overture?

Mr. Adamowski gave a thoroughly delightful performance of Bruch's fantasia. His tone in cantabile was pure and warm and tender, free from sentimentalism and exaggeration of any kind, and in bravura his technique was amply adequate. It was indeed an admirable performance.

Miss Lang chose as the text of her aria for soprano with orchestra the lament of Armida (Tasso's Jerusalem, Canto IV.—stanzas 70-73). The aria is undramatic, and at the same time without appealing melody. There is neither centre nor climax. The instrumentation is labored, thick, noisy. I do not see why Mr. Paur allowed it a hearing at a Symphony concert. Miss Franklin did with it what she could, and she displayed purity of tone and technical proficiency.

PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON MUSIC NOTES.

BOSTON, January 11, 1895.

Among the music recently published by Arthur P. Schmidt is An Irish Love Song, by Margaret Ruthven Lang, a jolly little Irish melody. At the Symphony concert this week Miss Gertrude Franklin will sing an aria by Miss Lang, perhaps one of the most ambitious things she has written.

Arthur P. Schmidt has also published two sacred songs by Frank Lynes; also etudes for the piano by the same author.

The concert given on Sunday evening last for the benefit of the family of Mr. Goldstein, a former member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, netted a handsome sum, a check for \$9,900 having been sent to them on Tuesday.

In order to be present at this concert Mr. Paderewski was obliged to spend two nights in sleeping cars. He played in New York on Saturday evening, taking the midnight train for this city. After the concert Sunday evening he left on the midnight train for Syracuse, where he had a concert on Monday evening. His kindness was much appreciated by all who were interested in the success of the concert.

On March 30 the Kneisel Quartet will give an extra concert in Association Hall, when Paderewski will be the soloist.

The only song recital that Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel will give in Boston will be on March 31 in Music Hall.

Joseffy will be the soloist at the Thursday evening Symphony concert in Cambridge, and also at the Friday afternoon rehearsal and Saturday evening concert in Music Hall.

In spite of the storm there was a large audience in Association Hall on the evening of the first concert by the Boston String Quartet. The Mason & Hamlin piano was the one used and among the audience were two representatives of that firm.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke has accepted the position of soprano at the Central Church, corner Newbury and Berkeley streets. The year begins on the first of April. Miss Clarke has resigned from the church in Worcester where she has sung for the past two years.

Miss Edith Castle left for Indiana on Wednesday and will sing at Terre Haute January 14 at a concert. On her

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return she will probably sing in Indianapolis. Last week she sang at the Second Church.

The Virgil Practice Clavier has recently opened an agency in Providence, R. I., Mr. H. S. Wilder being the sole representative for Eastern Massachusetts and the State of Rhode Island. January 15 they will give a recital, with Miss Florence Traub, Miss Hyacinth Williams and Miss Stella Neumark, pupils of the New York school, as soloists.

Miss Louisa K. Goosman has done some very successful concert work since her appearance as *Marguerite* in the performance of *Faust* given by Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard's pupils at Union Hall last November. Miss Goosman has also made a very successful appearance as *Josephine* in *Pinafore* at Portland recently. She is to sing this month in Worcester, Plymouth and Cambridge, after which she will leave Boston for a seven weeks' concert tour in the West.

Miss Laura Webster's second musicale, given at the residence of Mrs. E. C. Jones, New Bedford, Mass., on Monday evening, January 6, was a most brilliant success. The artists appearing on the occasion were Miss Lillian Shattuck, Miss Jennie Daniell, Miss Laura Webster, Mrs. Anne Gilbreth-Cross, Mr. H. A. Greene and Miss Harriet A. Shaw. The program began with Schubert's charming *Joellen* quintet and a more finished rendering could not have been desired. Miss Shattuck's leading was masterful and her phrasing most artistic. Miss Daniell's viola playing was particularly musical and satisfactory. Miss Webster always plays with rare taste and finish and with perfect intonation, and her work in the quartet was no exception. The difficult and rather trying piano part was brilliantly and ably sustained by Mrs. Cross. The smoothness, finish and certainty of the ensemble were most perfect. Miss Webster's solos were eagerly looked for and she played with splendid breadth of tone and artistic finish the *andante* from the Davidoff *A minor concerto* and with delightful abandon Popper's Spanish Dance. After a persistent and enthusiastic recall she responded with Thorne's *Simple Aven*—given exquisitely. Miss Shaw's harp solos were highly enjoyable, and the playing of one of her own compositions, *Sohnsucht*, called forth an enthusiastic demand for an encore, to which she graciously responded, writes a correspondent who was present at the concert. Miss Webster is to be congratulated upon the success of these musicales.

Mrs. Chandler W. Smith was the soloist at the Riverdale Casino, Brookline, January 7.

Mrs. Richard Blackmore sang at the Charlestown Club, at their second ladies' night, January 8.

Mrs. Alma Norton Brackett has engagements for concerts in February that will be announced later.

Mr. Lyman Brackett is organist at the Franklin Street Church, Somerville.

February 2, at the Händel and Haydn concert, when Verdi's requiem will be given, four of the soloists of the Damrosch Opera Company will sing.

At the next concert of the Apollo Club Ondricek will be the soloist.

The Fiedler Trio played at Melrose, January 3, a very successful concert.

The students of the advanced classes will give a recital at the New England Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening.

A concert in aid of the Industrial School for Crippled and Deformed Children was given at the residence of Mrs. Herbert M. Sears, 287 Commonwealth avenue, this week. Miss Sears played several piano solos, Mr. Josef Adamowski delighted his hearers with his violin playing, Mr. Elliot Hubbard sang two songs and Mr. Clayton Johns handled the piano with his usual skill. Mr. A. W. Nickerson sang selections from Neidlinger, Rotoli, Gustave de Suede and Nevin, and Mrs. Stoddard gave some charming songs. Everyone was enthusiastic over Mr. Sargent's singing.

Mrs. S. B. Field and Miss Snelling were the accompanists.

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About 300 attended the benefit, and a goodly sum was realized.

The music was in the central hall of the Sears' new house, which can easily seat 300 people. At one end is an immense Sienna marble mantel and fireplace, with splendid chimney corner settles of the marble. The walls are hung with rare old tapestries, and at the opposite end the staircase winds up to the gallery above, out of which open the dining room, drawing rooms, library, &c.

An organ recital was given at the Unitarian Church, Arlington, this week by Mr. Joshua Phippin. An attractive program was presented.

Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, accompanied by Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, sang Chadwick's *Thou Art So Like a Flower*, Goring Thomas' *Winds in the Trees*, Hatton's *Hark! Hark! the Lark*, and Bishop's *Should He Upbraid, at the Dorchester Club* this week.

Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau announce the following repertory for the first week of their grand opera season at Mechanics Building, beginning Monday, February 17: Monday, *Faust*, with Mmes. Melba, Scalchi, the De Reszkes and Victor Maurel; Tuesday, *Carmen*, with Calvé, Saville, Lubert and Ancona; Wednesday, *Lucia*, with Melba, and Carmen, with Calvé; Thursday, *Les Huguenots*; Friday, *Tristan and Isolde* (in German), with Jean d' Reszke, Kaschman, Marie Brema and Nordica; Saturday matinée, Carmen, with Calvé; Saturday night, *Falstaff*, with Victor Maurel in the title character. On Sunday evening, February 23, a grand sacred concert will be given.

Mr. J. C. Bartlett will be the soloist at the concert Sunday afternoon, at the Boston Athletic Association, given by the Boston Instrumental Club.

Mrs. J. H. Long gave a small and delightfully informal musicale last Wednesday afternoon for one of her former pupils, Miss Laura Burnham, who has been studying abroad for the last two years.

The Grace Church choir, of Newton, gave its sixth annual concert in Eliot Hall, Newton, last Thursday night, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Harry Brooks Day was organist and director, and the soloists were Masters William F. Clapp and William D. Poole.

Mrs. Charles F. Avery and Mrs. J. Edward Hollis have arranged a benefit concert for Bessie Bell Collier, the child violinist, to be held at the Newton Club House next Thursday evening. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker and Miss Gertrude Edmonds have tendered their services, and so have also the tenor and basso of the Arlington Street Quartet.

The Weber Quartet will leave Boston to-morrow for a trip through New York State, returning January 25. Until that date they have an engagement booked for every evening.

The Harvard glee and banjo clubs are to furnish the entertainment next Wednesday at the Riverdale Casino at Brookline.

Paderewski entertained his countrywoman, Madame Modjeska, at supper Sunday.

The Ladies' Schubert Quartet will sing for the Seamen's Friend Society Monday afternoon.

The first one of this winter's series of free concerts will be at Wells Memorial Hall at 4:30 Sunday afternoons. Last year ten of these concerts were given under the auspices of the South End Musical Union, many well known musicians contributing their services from time to time. One of the interesting things in connection with these concerts, which were regularly attended last year by about four hundred people, to whom free music was a great pleasure, is that a chorus of thirty or forty voices of these attendants has been organized. These singers will give the last concert of the series this year themselves.

Miss Mary A. Stowell, pianist, will give a concert at Steinert Hall Wednesday evening, January 22, assisted by Miss Gertrude Auld, soprano, and the Eichberg string quartet. Miss Stowell was the first pupil of Eugen d'Albert, and is now teacher of piano at Wellesley College. Miss Gertrude Auld, who will appear for the first time in

Boston at this concert, is a Californian, who was a favorite pupil of Marchesi, and has lately made a hit in concerts in Paris and London.

Mr. Leon Van Vliet, the well-known 'cello soloist, played in Chicopee last Monday evening; Boston, Wednesday evening, and in Woonsocket Thursday evening. He is having a very busy season.

The Boston Instrumental Club gave a concert at the Algonquin Club last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Arthur W. Thayer, with his sixty lady musicians, will be heard at the Star Course concert next Monday night. Miss Lillian Chandler is the soloist.

The Fidelio Musical Club will meet in Palladio Hall, Roxbury, on January 16, when a miscellaneous program will be given.

Miss Lucie A. Tucker, the contralto, will sing in Worcester Sunday, and next Thursday evening in Cliftondale.

The Verdi Quartet sang at the banquet of the New England Paper Box Manufacturers' Association on Wednesday evening, and on Friday evening at Town Hall, Stoughton, for the Columbia Club.

The Adamowski Quartet appeared in Newport last Thursday evening.

Mr. Ernst Perabo will be one of the attractions at the fourth Chickering invitation musicale in New York on January 21.

The first of the Brookline and Jamaica Plain musicales was held at Mrs. Robert M. Morse's on Tuesday. The second is on January 21 at the home of Mrs. A. David Weld.

Miss Lilian Carlsmith's friends in Boston, as well as the public who know her only through her singing, will be interested to know that she comes to Boston this week with Francis Wilson's opera company, at the Tremont.

Miss Myra Pond, one of Mr. Lang's best pupils, will give a piano recital at Mrs. C. U. Thomas' on Monday at 11 o'clock in the morning.

At Miss Longfellow's musicale in Cambridge Thursday evening Mr. Molé and Mr. Pourtau of the Symphony Orchestra played and Miss Hall sang.

Miss Edith Howe, the niece of Mrs. Virginia Howe, of South Boston, who played the second harp with Mr. Schuecker in the symphony concerts last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, is a pupil of Mr. Schuecker, only nineteen years of age.

Miss Gertrude Auld, the new Californian high soprano, who, as a protégée of Lady Dufferin, was introduced to success in concert in Paris and London, will make her début in Boston at a concert to be given January 22 at Steinert Hall. Miss Mary Stowell, who was the first pupil of Eugen d'Albert, and is now teacher of piano at Wellesley College, will play.

The second recital of the children's classes was given at the New England Conservatory of Music on Saturday at 3 p. m. The twelve numbers from Bertini, Kullak, Taubert and others were interspersed with general exercises.

Yvette Guilbert will give but one performance in Boston, at Music Hall, Friday evening, January 17. The sale of seats begins Monday morning, January 18. Mile. Guilbert will be assisted by a regular concert company, and the programme will be made of operatic and ballad selections sung by Miss Amy Hartly, soprano; Miss Louise Engel, contralto; Mr. Warwick Ganor, baritone; and Mr. Orlando Harley, tenor. Guilbert will sing nine numbers, as follows: Part First. A—Les Ingénues; B—La Soularde; C—Linger Longer, Loo. Part Second. A—C'a fait toujours plaisir; B—La Pierreuse; C—La Lisette de Béranger. Part Third. A—A La Villette; B—Les Vierges; C—Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back.

The sale of season tickets for the Damrosch Opera Company's season of German opera began at 9 a. m. Monday at the Boston Theatre. At a very early hour, despite the intense cold, a number of applicants were in line, and before the hour of opening a double file of would-be purchasers had been formed, which extended out from the lobby of the theatre into Washington street. There



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were ladies as well as gentlemen in the line; the regular opera audience element was notably present and the speculator notably absent. All day the demand for tickets continued, and the German opera season is now an assured success.

Mr. Adolph Carpé gave a piano recital at the New England Conservatory of Music Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. The program included numbers by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Beethoven and Schumann. The analytical remarks were by Mr. Percy Goetschius.

On Sunday evening, January 26, at the Boston Theatre, the choir of St. James' Church, augmented to 300 voices, will sing Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm, arranged for female voices, also Bocherini's suite for string instruments, and a motet by Palestrina. The vocalists will be assisted by most of the Symphony Orchestra, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mr. Ricketson and Mr. Thomas E. Clifford, the baritone of the choir, and a noted basso whose name is not given. Sig. Augusto Rotoli will be the conductor.

Mr. Heinrich Schnecker, the harpist, has been very busy during the past few weeks. He has played for the Algonquin Club, the Union Club of Providence, Mr. Parker's musicale at Franklin, Mass., the Massachusetts General Hospital, Arlington Street Church, at Emil Tiffaro's concert, the Old South Church and other places. During the present month he is engaged for Mr. Morse's musicale at Jamaica Plain, Madame de Angelis' musicale, the Algonquin Club, and at Manchester, N. H., South Framingham, Nashua, N. H., and Baltimore, Md.

Miss Helen Apollonio, the ten year old cornetist, played at Haverhill Opera House, Friday, January 10.

A handsome oil painting was presented to Mr. Francis E. Woodward by his choir at the Every Day Church Christmas evening.

The engagement of Dr. H. H. Haskell, son of Col. E. B. Haskell, of Auburndale, and Miss Marion Munger, of Portland, Me., a niece of Miss Clara Munger, has been announced.

The musicale this week in Miss Marianna Guild's series is at Mrs. Charles Marsh's, on Commonwealth avenue, at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon.

Miss Lucie A. Tucker, the well-known contralto, sang at the residence of Mrs. Charles U. Thomas in this city last Sunday evening for the Y. M. C. A. of Chelsea.

Miss Brema, of the Grand Opera Company, and Mr. Victor Harris, who came over from New York for Mrs. Montgomery Sears' musicale on Friday, were at the Brunswick during their stay.

Anita Riotte-Simmons.

REMARKABLY flattering notices continue to pour in concerning Anita Riotte-Simmons (the pupil of Mme. Florenza d'Arona who made such a successful débüt this season), and it seems safe to predict a great future for this young artist. The following are from notices of recent concerts:

The Madrigal Society, of Bloomfield, N. J., opened its fifth season on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Anita-Riotte Simmons will be remembered by many as appearing with the Mozart Club two seasons ago. But how changed! She now has a voice wonderfully flexible and delightfully soft and clear in the upper register. Her first entrance brought an encore, to which she responded with *Comin' Thro' the Rye*, which she was compelled to repeat. The gem of the evening was the aria *Sweet Bird*, by Händel, with flute obligato. The clear trill of the flute, followed by the bird-like notes of Mrs. Simmons, created genuine enthusiasm.—*Bloomfield Record*, December 20.

Mrs. Simmons made a great success. She sang the solos in the cantata and *Liberty*, and aroused great admiration by her intensity of expression and dramatic fire. Her sole number, *Les Filles de Cadix*, was also encored, and in Händel's *Sweet Bird*, with flute obligato, the audience simply went into raptures and demanded a repetition.—*Newark Sunday Call*, December 22.

THE LADIES' CHORAL CLUB.

A large and brilliant audience assembled in the Essex Lyceum on Tuesday evening at the first concert of the Ladies' Choral Club, opening its sixth season.

Grieg's beautiful dramatic piece was most effectively sung. * * * But the principal interest is in the soprano solo, that of the wandering and homeless maiden who seeks the peaceful shelter of the convent. Mrs. Simmons took this part at very short notice, having been notified so late as Sunday last. She sang it with grand and even thrilling effect. The phrases are not much varied, but Mrs. Simmons invested each one with its own meaning, and gradually rose to a height of dramatic intensity which carried away the entire audience, so that the enthusiastic applause at the close was plainly for her. She came out again and sang *Comin' Thro' the Rye*.—*The Call*, December 23.

Joncières' Lancelot.—The opera *Lancelot*, by Victorine Joncières, just accepted by the Paris Opéra, is based on Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. The figure of *Elaine*, soprano, makes a touching contrast with the violent, passionate character of *Guinevere*, mezzo soprano. The chief masculine roles are *Lancelot*, tenor; *Arthur*, baritone; and *Alain of Dinan*, basso.



Music in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, January 11, 1896.

IT was only last week when I said that no money could pay for the vigor, dash and go obtaining in some performances, and that the stage sprites deserved all the credit for such unusually round and smooth achievements; but the more I see of our artists the stronger grows my disbelief in ghosts, and the more I am convinced that after all there is but one absolutely certain way to accomplish something—work, work, work!

And these people must have worked earnestly and honestly, or else they could not have given as exquisite and flawless a performance of Rossini's *William Tell* as they did on Wednesday. From whatever point of view that performance is judged it was excellent, and if I enumerate the merits of Messrs. De Backer, *William Tell*, Prevost, Arnold, Malzac, *Fürst*, and Mlle. Loventz, *Matilda*, it is only to state that the general excellence of the performance has not made the public insensible to the deserts of each individual artist.

It was a night of enthusiasm all around, of boundless applause, which began with an encore to the overture, and did not end until the curtain fell after the last act. Mr. Hinrichs would do well to repeat the opera, for on that Wednesday night he surely dismissed a large house full of enthusiastic advertisers.

On Monday was *Faust*, with Nevada as *Marguerite*, instead of Mlle. Loventz, who had sung it before. I remember to have remarked about the latter that her *Marguerite* was a trifle Frenchy, but Nevada's *Marguerite* was simply no *Marguerite* at all. As a matter of course she sang the jewel song very well, but that could not make up for the total absence of any definite conception of the whole part. Nevada commands a large number of stage manoeuvres, which only by their cleverness escape to be classed as "gags," but all the "stage business" in the world cannot form a substitute for artistic conception and definiteness of characterization. Her *Marguerite* was a continuous mingling of *Mignon*, *Rosina*, *Dinorah*, and the only traits conspicuously absent were the coyness and simplicity of *Marguerite*. That laugh at the death of *Valentine*, supposed to illustrate her suddenly growing insane, was especially *mal russe*.

A very similar lack of conception was noticeable in Miss Tracey's *Santuzza* on Thursday night; it seemed as if her sole aim was to look pretty, as irrespective of the dramatic requirements of the moment as her singing was of purity of intonation whenever she went above G; all this is very puzzling, for Miss Tracey has a fine voice, a fine stage presence (this perhaps too much so for her little *Turridu-Michelena*) and a certain *chic* of movement, which clearly indicates artistic tendencies. As I do not like to assume that she ventured upon the stage with only half a training of voice and acting, what is it that makes her so unsatisfactory? I give it up.

It was rather unfortunate for her that Mme. Koert-Krohnold, who created *Santuzza* in this country and originated a wonderfully strong type in it, had to appear right after her as *Nedda*, which she also created here, in *Pagliacci*. It was very refreshing to see a woman who knew what she wanted to do, who had a mind firmly made up, and who—which is not highly enough to be praised—knew to desist from any and all stage business that could in the least blur the picture she held in her imagination; her *Nedda* was cast in one mold, not wanting in freedom and spontaneity, but coherent in all its parts, a fine artistic creation.

The appearance of Miss Tracey in a socially prominent box immediately after having finished her *Santuzza*, and while her sister artist was at work on the stage, was not only a breach of unwritten theatrical law (which is, by the way, a written law in France, Italy and Germany), but also a piece of exceedingly bad taste for which there is no valid excuse.

In *Cavalleria Rusticana* all the other parts were well given; the little part of *Lola*, well sung and acted by Miss Fleming, *Alfio* as fine as ever by Del Puente, *Turridu* by Michelena according to his lights, and *Mamma Lucia* by Miss Synderberg.

In *Pagliacci*, however, everybody was new, except

Nedda and *Sylvio*, in which part Mr. Averill has so much improved as to entitle him to great praise. The duet in the first act was an artistic feat long to be remembered. Monsieur Prevost had learned his *Canio* in three days, and sang and acted it very beautifully indeed; Del Puente's *Tenio* is not quite equal to some of his characters, but, nevertheless, on his own artistic plane, and Sig. Pirola earned a most deserved applause for his serenade as *Harlequin*.

It remains only to remember one actor who displayed such tendency to "getting rattled" as to totally disqualify him for the stage. The fact that he had nothing to say or sing was by no means a guarantee he would not do it, for the danger of a vocal outbreak was imminent, to judge from his general recalcitrant, seditious and sedentary deportment; it was the donkey who pulled the cart with *Canio* and *Nedda* on the stage and then struck for higher wages or something by persistently sitting and finally lying down. It created quite a little amusement, but the other actors were too much for him, for in less than a minute his extempore was forgotten and they had recaptured the audience, who showered applause after applause upon them throughout the performance.

CONSTANTIN V. STERNBERG.

A Plea for Washington.

"WASHINGTON at last deserves to be heard from."

This startling announcement was made by the Washington correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER in a recent issue, and naturally it has given rise to this question:

What have all the exceptionally fine musicians of Washington been doing for several years that the appearance of the correspondent in concert is deemed the only musical feature of that city worthy of mention in THE MUSICAL COURIER?

Washington has received its share of attention, I am told, from all the celebrated musicians. Paderewski, Ysaye and the Boston Symphony Orchestra have been properly received and their work commented upon, but it is for the local musical life of each city that we wait expectantly. That Washington has such a life is certain, but that no one takes interest enough in it to comment upon it for the sake of art is equally evident.

Where is there another city of the same size that supports two symphony orchestras? The Georgetown Orchestra is amateur, in a way, but does good work. The Washington Symphony Orchestra, under the directorship of Hermann Rakemann, is composed of Washington's best musicians under the leadership of Washington's finest violinist. As a proof of their power we need only call to mind the masterly way in which they accompanied *The Messiah*, recently given by the Choral Society under the able director, Harry C. Sherman, Mus. Doc.

There are many singing societies in Washington and a number of fine vocal soloists, but musicians, more than any other artists, require encouragement, and it is quite natural that dissatisfaction should be felt when small musical affairs are mentioned as the only result worthy of notice in a city so well equipped musically as Washington. No true art can live where petty jealousies are encouraged, and it never detracts from the glory of one musician to acknowledge the power of another.

As these are the days of reform let us hope that Washington's correspondent to THE MUSICAL COURIER will take the hint.

A WASHINGTONIAN.

Raoul Pugno.—M. R. Pugno lately gave a piano recital at Lyons, at which he played pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Händel, Chopin, Schumann and Liszt, as well as some pieces of his own composition.



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THE NEW SOCIETY.

THE Seidl Society of Brooklyn exists no longer. Last Friday its title was changed to that of the Brooklyn Symphony Society, and Mr. Anton Seidl is not its conductor. We questioned some time ago the wisdom of Mr. Seidl's action in throwing overboard a society named after him and one that was so potent in the field of music. His excuse that the Metropolitan Opera House absorbs all of his attention is after all his own affair. That he was seriously jeopardizing the existence of such a valuable organization as the Seidl Society did not seem to bother him, so the society acted for itself and promptly.

Theodore Thomas, whose name in this country stands for all that is associated with the cause of good music, a pioneer of the classics, a worker for Wagner when that great master's name spelled ridicule, Mr. Thomas, stronger and younger than ever, is engaged by the Brooklyn Symphony Society to conduct concerts under its auspices next March at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

This means much for Mr. Thomas, who was for so many years conductor of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. It means that Mr. Thomas may return to this city—that Mr. Thomas may once more be at the head of the Philharmonic Society, and, if he so wills, a power in the land.

We have frankly criticised Mr. Thomas' mistakes in the past. We have done the same in the case of Mr. Seidl. Mr. Seidl will, of course, not be the conductor of the Brighton Beach concerts, and his labor for years thrown away. The old Seidl Society had no counterpart on earth. It was organized by Mrs. Laura Langford for artistic purposes only, and it has ever adhered to its high standard. With Mr. Thomas' return new life will be infused into it. As a concert conductor pure and simple Mr. Thomas has no rival on this continent. A higher ideal in the performance of symphonic music is sure to result. This city as well as Brooklyn is in need of the change. Our Philharmonic Society is going from bad to worse; the Symphony Society Orchestra is now a peripatetic organization, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, despite its leader, Mr. Paur, is walking off with all the laurels; money it does not make, but that is the fault of the conductor, who is unpopular with the musical public.

Who can tell what this spring's election in the Philharmonic Society will bring forth? One thing, however, seems certain: Mr. Theodore Thomas' visit to New York will prove that the old affection for him burns brighter than ever and that he is needed just now in New York as well as in Brooklyn.

OPERATIC REFORM.

SOME years ago lovers of opera hailed with rapture promises of reform. No more operas à l'Italienne, with librettos of unintelligible plots, constructed to give an air for the prima donna, an air for the tenor, an inevitable *duo d'amore* and a sextet to ring down the curtain. No more music written to display some basso's Formès-like profundities, or some soprano's Ilma di Murska skyrockets, with as much coloratura as could be worked in for some Zerlina-like soubrette. Above all, no more stars to monopolize the stage "when only one is shining in the sky." All this was to be changed. The opera was to be a unity in which libretto, score and interpreters should each keep their proper proportion; opera was to be one whole and perfect chrysolite, a work of art, to be executed, listened to and judged as a whole. But we now ask in our plaintive vernacular, "Where are we at?"

We have still the same operas, week after week and season after season. Instead of the names of Donizetti, Bellini and Meyerbeer we are doomed to hear Gounod, Thomas and the early Meyerbeer-influenced Wagner, while Verdi holds his ground, and is always with us. The librettos are as puzzling conundrums as ever. Goethe would not recognize his *Faust* and Shakespeare would have a fit at his *Hamlet* favoring us with a brindisi, and Wagner's texts—although they are to the other books as Hyperion to a Satyr—are they in themselves attractive? At any rate, as we hear Wagner's works, they like the others are under the baneful influence of the stars. Impresarii seem less than ever inclined to blame the might of stars and angels. We have stars male and stars female, stars rising and, alas! stars setting, and still have choirs of virgins "melting not with Vesta's fires," as they gaze, without listening, on the romantic form of De Reszke or sigh vainly at

the graces of the sweet Narcissus of the day, Pol Plançon. Indeed, we have seen a return to bygone days and fragments of an opera given to exhibit the star, only in place of Emma Abbott and the mad scene in Lucia we have Calvé—powers eternal, such names mingled!—and the mad scene in Hamlet. At the bottom nothing is changed; like life *L'opéra est quotidienne!*

And where are the novelties that were promised to our weary souls? We have not heard that charming piece, *Le Roi d'Ys*, nor the very successful *Le Cid*, nor even the effective, if sensational, *L'Attaque du Moulin*, and others that have been produced with favorable reception in Berlin, Vienna, London and elsewhere. Are we so dependent that we cannot be trusted to express our judgment on any work unless it comes to our shores with the stamp of universal European approval? The only new piece at our Metropolitan Opera House thus far has been *La Navarraise*, a melodrama, saved only by the extraordinary genius of the incomparable Calvé, and fragments of a futile trifle *Le Pecheur des Perles*, thirty-three years old. At Daly's we saw a slaughter of the innocents in his production of *Hänsel und Gretel*; and yet it would not have been beneath the dignity of our first lyric stage to have produced this pretty fairy tale, which was given forty-eight times in 1894 in Berlin, as well as the Greek volksmärchen of *Philemon and Baucis* or the Italian gory drama of *I Pagliacci*. In the present state of affairs, when nothing but hackneyed works can obtain a hearing with us, it is idle to expect that the "New World will redress the balance of the Old" in the case of many works of merit which local taste or local prejudices have deprived of popularity at home. It is still more an idle dream to expect the first production of a new opera. Not that we want composers, but that we want the courage to give the unknown one a chance to show what stuff he is made of. Could not New York, if it had been really musical, really disposed to foster and encourage art, have had the *première* of *Vineta* by the former conductor of our *Liederkranz*?

THE PUDOR EXHIBITION.

HINRICH PUDOR has published a catalogue for his own exhibition (*Einer-Austellung*), to which he has prefixed this preface, explaining why he is compelled to make an exhibition of himself:

"I wish people to know me; I wish people to know what I am. I have not only musical feeling, not only poetic feeling, but in addition to ears I have also eyes, taste, a sense of all senses and many other gifts of nature. I cannot, therefore, exhibit myself merely as a musician or as a poet; I must present myself also as a painter, as a sculptor, as an architect, as a creator of artistic works."

Some men are born musicians, some sculptors, some painters; but all these who use only one sense, are they not like men who use only one arm—cripples? Are these men who stunt their other faculties not criminals? Are they not like men who cash one check out of a hundred in their possession—fools? Pudor therefore holds it to be his duty to cultivate all the faculties which nature and his parents have given him. Whether he may be able to cultivate all his faculties is, he confesses, another question, for these faculties are infinite, his lifetime short. Here is the tragedy. But as it is his duty to cultivate his faculties, it is his duty to exhibit them when cultivated. "Cultivated faculties that are not exhibited are like trees that bloom and bloom and bear no fruit."

This, it will be seen, is merely another way of saying that "Art is long and time is fleeting," and that the man who hides his talent is an unprofitable servant, two truths which it is good to repeat when we hear of poets who write and musicians who compose, but who profess to be so refined that they will not exhibit their works to a world that, in their fastidious conceit, they deem unfit to appreciate them. There is much subject for reflection in what he says of artistic work: "I have, for example, a sense for color. I cultivate this sense for color. I am so filled with rapture, so inspired with the glories of color in the world, that I must express it, I must exhibit it. Hence the artist does not represent the outer world, but the inner world; the essential of all art is the inner world displayed by aid of the outer world."

Another obvious truth; that technic and form and expression are in themselves nothing unless there is something to express, some feeling or some idea behind them. The great mathematician Euler, who

had studied profoundly acoustical and musical theories, once, it was said, wrote a fugue. A committee of musicians sat upon it and pronounced it perfect, but when it was performed they just shuddered and fled. There was nothing in it.

Pudor repudiates the charge of vanity; he is anything but vain, in fact he is very modest. He claims no credit for the conditions that have made him what he is; all the more therefore is he bound to appreciate the faculties due to such conditions. He gives examples of his creative power only to show what nature has done and how she has done it. To-day it is of the utmost importance to show men that they are not only manifolds but harmoniously endowed by nature, and he writes: "I claim to be the first who not only teaches harmonious humanity (*Menschthum*), but also lives it." Pudor seems, when he calls himself the first, to have forgotten Goethe, whose life was devoted to teaching and living a harmonious, many-sided life. Perhaps, too, he overlooked Richard Wagner, whose pre-eminence is due to the fact that he was not merely the musician, the dramatist, the scenic artist, the incisive writer, but all these combined with many-sided culture.

Then Pudor has visions of the future. "The question of the sale of works of art will be solved"—he takes his example from painting—"when colored photography is a success. Then true copies of a picture can be made, the copies sold and the original preserved in the artist's studio. Then we shall have more *Einer-Ausstellungen*, perhaps an international convention may be formed to gather all the works of famous artists at their birthplace in a special *Einer-Ausstellung*. Thus a Dürer museum in Nuremberg, a Titian museum in Venice. I love London, but a Dürer museum in London is a piece of nonsense. I love America, but a Titian in New York is a monstrosity (*Unding*). Oh, the poverty of our language! Who dares write *Unthing*? "If I succeed in erecting the projected art temple for the reception of my works in my second father city—a statue temple, a picture gallery, a graphic hall, a hall for art works—the sphere of art enjoyment and art study will gain much."

The next paragraph is decidedly amusing: "On the other hand it cannot be denied that a man so richly blessed and so profusely endowed by nature and so profusely creative must also live profusely (*verschwenderisch*). I shall be able to show what I can perform when I dispose of material means that even in the most remote degree correspond to my intellectual means. Here, too, harmony would be desirable." True, O Pudor, but where are the means, the rocks, the spondulix, to come from? Echo answers, Where? Here we are, spendthrifts in pen, ink and paper, but the public will only pay us 10 cents a copy. Woe is us!

Finally, Pudor in his Aphorisms for a Second Pudor Exhibition exclaims: "The most dangerous thing, practically speaking, to-day is for a richly endowed man to say that he is richly endowed. I know that I should materially be better off if I acted modestly; is it then despicable if I, in spite of all, do not hold with the vulgarians of whom Shakespeare speaks?" Go on, Pudor, and prosper; blow your own horn and advertise yourself, for great is advertising and it prevails!

ABSORPTION BY AN ELECT.

THE days are with us when qualifications of remarkable excellence in the world of music are threatened with a casting into irretrievable shade by the glamorous light of some two or three individuals of supreme accomplishment in separate paths of musical art.

Alas! no other groove of art presents to us in this same way as does music the absorption of interest by one successful individual to the practical extinction of a large number of truly gifted artists. The public has learned to whet its gorge on a fad and satisfy itself that what it hears from one vaunted source is the very last and completest word to be uttered in this same channel of art. A lionized pianist fills every gap and claims for his time all the piano-hearing clientèle there may be. The vaunted violinist does the same thing. So does the star tenor or soprano, the man and woman most in vogue at the opera. Or it may be a contralto, baritone or bass, or a cellist, or any other vocal or instrumental artist vaunted and adulated for the nonce.

These individuals resemble much the shark who needs for his huge size all the water available in whatever section of the ocean he chooses to abide,

and who swallows down easily fish of smaller growth, but often very rare meat of whom the good fishers in water never have chance to hear. They don't always set out to do this by design. It is the public which converts them into sharks, and a shark once a shark cannot allow other fish to swim and be nice meat for the cautious, judicious angler's hook, so he swallows them all down and gives no epicureans in fish meat a chance to test their ofttime fine and dainty flavor. The huge and plashing presence of the shark absorbs sufficiently all the piscatorial interest there may exist.

Now the suggestion is not put forward that artists gain their reputation on anything but sterling, superior merit. If a man finds himself in a position of musical supremacy he has indisputably done the work which deserves to place him there. The fact in question is that, while no man finds himself in a position which he has not legitimately earned, a large number of men find themselves out of that position who might honorably occupy it if they had but a chance. The pernicious system, however, of absorption by stars causes these same useful and skillful members of an artistic profession to commonly fall into a painfully ignored desuetude.

No one man or woman has ever been recorded to unite within himself or herself all the virtues of any one single art. They may claim pre-eminence on a rare combination of gifts, but it would be super-artistic, as well as superhuman, to assume that everything desirable in piano playing may be concentrated in one pianist, or that all the perfected details in any one style of singing may be discovered with any one exponent of any one particular school.

There is an immensity to be learned and enjoyed outside what the very greatest luminaries can show us. These shining lights are created ordinarily—and justly created—for a remarkable, sympathetic union of the main qualities which constitute great art. Others possess these qualities united in a lesser degree, but they often possess in addition some one or two qualities perfected separately in greater degree, but which the blindness of the star system prevents from being acknowledged. Just as much as we have minor poets, who, however, as indicated, do not find their merits obliterated by major lights, we have also so-called minor pianists. Often enough these so-esteemed minor pianists might be major ones if fortuitous chance hit the head of the nail of their career at the right moment. Many a good artist who might have made the world ring is despoiled of his chances by precedent, for the world has only room for a few large echoing successes at a time, and who comes first gets the place in music as in many another station of life. So they suffer.

But they should suffer less than a fatuous, absorbed public allow them to suffer, for they have many virtues to unfold, many specific qualities developed in a high degree which can be found wanting in the performances of our prescribed luminaries. And in the condensation of qualities they are frequently marked artists, although without opportunity to impress it on the public. In separate matters of detail each one is sure to have compassed something of value to which it would well pay us to listen.

From Bach to Chopin is a step. Among pianists some play both schools, with all the steps between, exceedingly well. A pianist who is not a genre pianist like Pachmann, but who with a superb technic and rich born temperament can cover the field from early classic piano playing to the very latest romantic sonorous utterance, is naturally acclaimed a great pianist. But there can be many corners, even many heights, to which his talent may not pervade. In view of his elasticity of grasp, this may be forgotten in his general approval, but it should not be forgotten that many enforcedly obscure pianists—at least comparatively obscure—have light to throw in various ways on places that he has missed.

Which all resolves itself into a plea for mediocrity—mediocrity when things are taken in one individual as a whole, but which may be superiority in separate instances. It is not unnatural that a big star whose claim to reputation rests on a basis of rare artistic combination should gather the largest of the music-loving public of his school. But what is to become of the army of excellent artists whom superlative genius—to say nothing of the merits of chance—has not placed in the single stellar absorbent place. They possess more power to educate and to please than three-fourths of a musical public can understand; but even for the elect among the musically they have numerous illuminate touches and specific

points of intelligent reading which escape the constituted prophets.

It is well to appreciate great genius where the world has already set its seal, but it would be rather better, it seems, to discover genius at first hand sometimes, and lay a label on merits which certainly do exist, but are unnoticed, and need only the support of an intelligent public to flourish and prosper.

There should be room for the planet and the satellites. The satellites occasionally might take the place of the planets. That is a matter of the throwing of dice. Who gets the place in the rattle keeps it. But what a benefit for art and artists wilfully obscured if only the public judged for itself and estimated all virtue wherever found at its proper worth.

ALL IN ONE EVENING.

WE have from time to time in different portions of this paper, and even in its editorial columns, drawn attention to the mistaken habit so strongly in vogue with New York musicians of giving too many entertainments on one evening. The concert columns of last season were punctuated with comments on this evil and at the opening of the present season the note of warning was struck in an admonitory article which pointed out in detail the ill consequences of this old-time custom, and cautioned musicians against an entry upon the same during the season 1895-6.

But all to no purpose. The vigor with which the old habit is renewed, the apparent impossibility it seems to be for musicians to discover that there can be any but one evening or occasionally two in a week upon which to sing or play in public is more patent than ever. The record this season up to the present averages about eight concerts weekly. Of these eight the average will be found to have transpired at the rate of five on one evening and three on another. If only halls could be provided for the entire eight to take place on one evening, there seems little doubt but that they would do so. Each man's idea seems to be that since So-and-So gives his concert on Tuesday, Tuesday is necessarily concert day and the only day on which his concert can take place. He hears that two or three others have also decided on Tuesday, which makes it much more important and desirable. Wednesday would on no account do, for nobody is giving a concert on Wednesday. The day is vacant. From the persistency with which one single date is pursued, this would appear to be the prevailing mode of reasoning.

Now, apart from the desire to draw an audience—and New York concert goers are not in such plethoric number that a second or third concert on the same evening may not exhaust them—there is the desire and necessity with the majority of these concert givers to be critically heard and considered. At the present rate, while many empty hours fall to the critic's hands, the habit of half a dozen concerts taking place at the same moment makes it an impossibility to hear more than a fraction of each affair, and dispossesses him of all power to do any justice to any one separately. It further afflicts him with a race-about flurry which is as uncomfortable for his physical well-being as it is productive of impoverished fractional results for the persons in whose cause it is made.

How artists who are usually long-headed in their projections of every detail, commercial as well as artistic, can be so blind to their own interests is mysterious. They give concerts to be heard, most often to be criticised and written about, if possible, and yet at the same time they pursue a systematic plan of frustrating their own purposes in advance which seems incredibly stupid. How can they possibly be heard? How can people hear what goes on in Carnegie, Chickering, Mendelssohn and Liederkrantz halls at the same time? It is an extremely easy matter to find out in advance exactly what concerts are to take place and avoid the clash, with its consequent compulsory neglect.

It will come to this if they do not look out. People with an opinion to give will refuse to be hustled in this unnecessary fashion from one point to another without opportunity to do themselves or their subject justice in the attempt. There are some occasions when a number of concerts are obliged to be given on one evening, but they are in the minority. What we allude to are the numerous evenings filled by New York resident musicians, who might quite as well choose one date as another, and which are followed by vacant evenings of dead silence and inactivity.

This is a word to the wise, and if ignored further let the concert givers take the consequences.



THE QUEST OF THE ELUSIVE.

I TOLD Michael to look sharply to his horse. It was growing dusky; a few bits of torn clouds, unresolved modulations of nebulous lace, trembled over the pink pit in the west, wherein had sunk the sun, and one evening star, silver pointed, told the tale of another spent day.

Michael was surly, I was impatient, and the groom, who lagged in the rear, whistled softly, but I knew that both men were tired and hungry, and so were the horses. The road, hard and free of dust, echoed the resilient hoof-falls of our beasts. The early evening was finely cool, for it was the month of September, and we had lost our way. Green fields on either side, and before us the path declined down a steep slope, that lost itself in huddled foliage.

Michael spoke up:

"We are astray. I knew this damnable excursion would lead to no good."

I gently chided him. "Pooh, you braggart! Even Arnold, who rides a brute a world too wide for him, has not uttered a complaint. Brave Michael, if her ladyship heard you now!"

His face grew hard as he muttered:

"Her ladyship! may all the saints in the calendar watch over her ladyship! But I wish she had never taken you at your hot headed word. Then we would not have launched upon this madcap adventure."

I grew stern. "Her ladyship, I bid you remember, my worthy man, is our mistress, and it ill behooves you to question her commands, especially in the presence of a groom."

Michael growled, and then the sudden turn in the road started our horses on a gallop and for a quarter of an hour we threshed our way ahead in the twilight. We had entered a small thicket when an ejaculation from Arnold—who had been riding abreast—brought us all up to a sharp standstill.

"There's a light," said the groom in a most tranquil manner, pointing his heavy crop stick to the left.

How we missed seeing the inn from the crest of the hill was strange. For a hundred yards away stood a low, red tiled house, lights burning downstairs, and an unmistakable air of hostelry for man and beast. We veered at once in our course, and in a few minutes were hallooing for the host or the hostler.

"Now I hope that you are satisfied, my friend," I said exultantly to Michael, who only grunted as he swung off his animal. Arnold followed, and soon we were chatting with an amiable old man in a white cap and apron, who had run out of the house when we shouted.

"Amboise?" he answered me when I told him of our destination. "Amboise; why, sirrah, you are a good five leagues from Amboise! Step within and remain here for the night. I have plenty of convenience for you and your suite."

I glanced at Michael, but he was busily employed in loosening his pistols from the holster, and Arnold, in company with a lame man, led the horses to the stable. There was little use in vain regrets. The other had the start of the half day, and surely we could go no further that night. I gritted my teeth and an oath as the little fat landlord led us into the house.

In half an hour we were smoking our pipes before a lively fire—the night had grown chilly—and enjoying silently recollections of a round of beef and several bottles of fortifying burgundy.

Our groom had gone to bed, and I soon saw that I could get nothing out of Michael for the present. He stared moodily into the fire, and I noticed that his pistols were handy. The host came in and asked my

permission to join us. He felt, he explained, lonely, for he was a widower, and his only son was away in the world somewhere. I was very glad to ease myself with some gossip. My heart was not quite at peace with this expedition of ours. I knew what her ladyship asked of us was much, so much that only a bold spirit and a thirst for the unknown could pardon the folly of the chase.

I bade the innkeeper to take a seat at the fire and soon we fell to chatting like ladies' maids. He was a Norman and curious as a cat. He opened his inquiries delicately.

"You have ridden far and fast to-day, my sir. Your horses were all but done for. Yet there is no cloud of war in the sky and you are too far from Paris to be honorable envoys. I hope you like our country?"

I dodged his tentative attempt at prying by asking him a question myself.

"You don't seem to have many guests, good host? Yet do I hardly wonder at it. You are all but swallowed up in the green and too far from the main traveled road."

The little man sighed and said in sad accents: "Too true, yet the Scarlet Dragon was once a thriving place, a fine money breeding house. Before my son went away—"

I interrupted him. "Your son, what is he, and where is he now?"

The other became visibly agitated and puffed at his pipe some minutes before replying.

"Alas, worthy sir," he said at last in a lower key, "my son dare not return here for reasons I dare not divulge. Indeed this was no cheerful house for the boy. He had his ambitions and he left me to pursue them."

"What does he do, this youngster?" interrupted Michael, in his gruffest tones. The landlord started.

"Indeed, good sir, I could not tell you, for I know not myself."

"Humph!" grunted my sullen companion, but I observed his suspicious little eyes fixed persistently on the man of the inn.

I turned the talk, which had threatened to languish. The old man did not relish the questions about his son, and began deplored the poor crops. At this juncture an indefinable feeling that we were losing time in stopping at this lonely place came upon me. I am not superstitious, but I swear I felt ill at ease and confused in my plans.

On bended knee I had sworn to my lady that I would bring back to her unharmed the fugitive, and I would never return to her empty handed, confessing failure. Michael's queer behavior disconcerted me. From the outset of the chase he had turned sour and inaccessible, and now he was so surly, so ill tempered, that I feared he would pick a quarrel at the slightest provocation with our host.

With a strange sinking at the heart I asked about our horses.

"They will be attended to, my sirs; my servant is a good boy. He is handy, although he can't get about lively, for he was thrown in a turnip field from our only donkey."

I was in no mood for this sort of chatter and quizzed the fellow as to our beds.

"We must be off early in the morning, for we have important business to transact at Amboise before the sun sets to-morrow," I testily remarked.

"At Amboise—h'm, h'm! Well, I don't mind telling you that you can reach Amboise by stroke of noon; and so you have business at Amboise, eh?"

I saw Michael's brow lower at this wheedling little man's question, and answered rather hastily and imprudently:

"Yes, business, my good man, important business, as you will see when we return this road to-morrow night with the prize we are after."

Michael jumped up and cried "Damnation!" and I at once saw my mistake. The landlord's manner instantly altered. He looked at me triumphantly and said:

"Beds, beds! but, my honored sirs, I have no beds in the house. I forgot to tell you that no guest has been upstairs for years, for certain reasons. Indeed, sirs, I am so embarrassed! I should have told you at once I only have a day trade. My regular customers would not dare to stop here over night, for the house"—here a cunning, even sinister, look spread over the fellow's fat face—"the house bears an evil reputation."

Michael started and crossed himself, but not I. I suspected some deep devilry afloat, and determined to discover it.

"So ho! Haunted, eh? Well, ghosts and old women's stories shan't make me budge until dawn. Go fetch more wine and open it here, mine host of the Scarlet Dragon," I roared. The little man was nonplussed, hesitated a moment and then trotted off. I saw that Michael was at last aroused.

"What diabolical fooling is this? If the place is haunted, I'm off."

"I'm damned if I am," I said, quite bravely, and more wine appeared. We both sat down.

The air had become nipping, and the blaze on the hearth was reassuring. Besides, the wind had grown querulous, and I didn't fancy a ride at midnight, even though my lady's quest was an urgent one.

Michael held his peace as the wine was poured out, and I insisted on the landlord drinking with us. We finished two bottles, and I sent for more. I foresaw that sleep was out of the question, and so determined to make a night of it.

"Touching upon this ghost," I began, when the other bade me in God's name not to jest. There were some things, he said, not to be broached in honest, Christian company.

"A fig for your scruples!" I cried, emptying my glass; my head was hot, and I felt bold. "A fig, I say, for your bogie man nonsense! Tell me at what time doth this phantom choose to show itself?" The landlord shivered and drew his seat closer to the fire.

"Oh, sir, do not jest! What I tell you is no matter for rude laughter. Begging your pardon for my offer, if you will be patient I will relate to you the story, and how my misfortune came from this awful visitant."

Even Michael seemed placated, and after I nodded my head in token of assent the landlord related to us the story of

THE HAUNTED HARPSICHORD.

Once upon a time, sirs, when the great and good Louis, sixteenth of his name, was King of France, this domain was the property of the Duc of Langlois. The duc was proud and rich, and prouder and haughty was his duchesse, who was born Berri. Ah! they were mighty folk then, before the revolution came, with its sharp axes to clip off their heads. This inn was the stable of the château, which stood off yonder in the woods. Alas! nothing remains of it to-day but a few blackened foundations, for it was burned to the earth by the red devils in '93. But at the time I speak of the château was a big, rich palace, full of gay folk; all the nobility came there, and the Duchess ruled the land.

She was crazy for music, and to such lengths did she go in her madness that she even invited as her guests celebrated composers and singers. The duc was old fashioned and hated these crazy people who lived only to hum and strum. He would have none of them, and quarrels with his duchesse were of daily occurrence. Indeed, ills so bad did it become that he swore he would leave the house if Messire Gluck, or Messire Piccini, or any of the other strolling vagabonds—so the duc called them—entered his château. And he kept his word, did the duc. The Chevalier Gluck, a fine, shapely man, was invited down by the duchesse and amused her and her guests by playing his wonderful tunes on the beautiful harpsichord in the great salon.

The duc would have none of this nonsense and went to Paris, where he amused himself gambling and throwing gold into his mistresses' laps. The duchesse kept right on, and then the gossips of the neighborhood began to wag their busy tongues. The lady of the château was getting very fine pleasure from the company of the handsome Austrian chevalier. It was whispered that the Queen, Marie Antoinette, had looked with favorable eyes upon the composer, and, furthermore, had lent him certain money to further his schemes for reforming the stage.

Reform, forsooth! all he cared for was the company of the duchesse, and he vowed that he could make better music at the château than up in noisy Paris. On a fine afternoon it is said that it was no uncommon sight to see the Chevalier all togged up in his bravest court costume, sword and all, sitting at his harpsichord playing ravishing music. This was out in the pretty little parc back of the château, and the duchess would sit at Gluck's side and pour out champagne for him. All this may have been idle talk, but at last the duc got wind of the rumors, and one night he surprised the pair playing a duo on the harpsichord, and stabbed them both dead.

Since then the château was burned down, but the place has been haunted. I myself, good gentlemen,

have heard ghostly music, and I swear to you—

"Oh, my God, listen, listen!"

"What damnable nonsense!" blurted out Michael. I cautioned silence, and we all listened. The old man had slid off his chair, and his face was chalky white. Michael's ugly mouth was half opened in his black beard, and I confess that I felt rather chilly.

Music, faint, tinkling we certainly heard. It came with the wind in little sobs, and then silence would settle about us.

"It's the Chevalier Gluck, and he is playing to his duchesse out in the fields. See, I will open the door and show you," whispered the fat landlord.

He went slowly to the door and we followed him breathlessly. The door was pushed open and we peered out. The wind was still high and the moon rode among rolling boulders of yellow, fleecy clouds.

"There, there over yonder, look; Mother of Christ, look at the ghost!" and the old man pointed a shaking hand.

Just then the moonlight was blackened by a big cloud, and we heard the tinkling music of a harpsichord again, but could see naught. The sounds were plainer now, and presently resolved into the rhythmic accents of a gavotte. But it seemed far away and oh, so plaintive!

"Hark," said Michael in a hoarse voice. "That's the gavotte from Pagliacci. Listen! Don't you remember it?"

"Pshaw!" I said roughly, for my nerves were all astir. "It's the Alceste music of Gluck."

"Look, look, gentlemen!" called our host, and as the moon glowed again in the blue we saw at the edge of the forest a white figure; saw it, I swear, although it vanished at once and the music ceased. I started to follow, but Michael and the old man seized my arms, the door was closed with a crash, and we found ourselves staring blankly into the fire, and all feeling a bit shaken up.

It was Michael's turn to speak. "You may do what you please, but I stay here for the night, no sleep for me," and he placed his pistols on his knee.

I looked at the landlord and I thought I saw an expression of disappointment on his face, but I was not sure. He made some excuse about being tired and went out of the room. We spent the rest of the night in gloomy silence. We did not speak five words, for I saw that conversation only irritated my companion.

At dawn we went out into the sweet air and I called loudly for Arnold, who looked sleepy and out of sorts when he appeared. The fat old man came to see us off and smilingly accepted the gold I put into his hand for our night's reckoning.

"Au revoir, my old friend," I said as I pressed the unnecessary spur into my horse's flank. "Au revoir, and look out for the ghost of the gallant Chevalier Gluck. Tell him, with my compliments, not to play such latter day tunes as the gavotte from I Pagliacci."

"Oh, I'll tell him, you may be sure," said he quite dryly.

We saluted and dashed down the road to Amboise, where we hoped to capture our rare prize.

We had ridden about a mile when a dog attempted to cross our path. We all but ran the poor brute down.

"Why, it's lame!" exclaimed Arnold.

"Oh, if it were but a lame man, instead of a dog!" fervently said the groom, who was in the secret of our quest.

A horrid oath rang out on the smoky morning air. Michael, his wicked eyes bulging fiercely, his thick neck swollen with rage, was cursing like the army in Flanders, as related by Uncle Toby.

"Lame man! why, damn it, that hostler was lame! Oh, fooled, by God! cheated, fooled, swindled and tricked by that dirty scamp and scullion of the inn! Oh, we've been nicely swindled by an old wives' tale of a ghost!"

I stared in sheer amazement at Michael, wondering if the strangely spent night had upset his reason. He could only splutter out between his awful curses:

"Gluck, the rascal, the ghost, the man we're after! That harpsichord—the lying knave—that tune—I swear it wasn't Gluck—oh, the rascal has escaped again! The ghost story—the villain was told to scare us out of the house—to put us off the track. A thousand devils chase the scamp!" And Michael let his head drop on the pommel of his saddle as he fairly groaned in the bitterness of defeat.

I had just begun a dignified rebuke, for Michael's language was inexcusable, when it flashed upon me that we had been indeed duped.

"Ah," I cried in my fury, "of course we were taken in! Of course his son was the lame hostler, the very prize we expected to bag! Oh Lord! what will we say to my lady? We are precious sharp! I ought to have known better. That stuff he told us! Langlois, pshaw, Berri—pouf! A Berri never married a Langlois and I might have remembered that Gluck wasn't assassinated by a jealous duc. What shall we do?"

We all stood in the middle of the road, gazing stupidly at the lame dog that gave us the clue. Then Arnold timidly said:

"Hadn't we better go back to the inn?"

Instantly our horses' heads were turned and we galloped madly back on our old tracks. Not a word was uttered until we reined up in front of the lonely house, which looked more haunted by daylight than it did the night before.

"What did I tell you?" suddenly cried Michael.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Over there, you blind bat!" he said, coarsely and impatiently, and pulling out his pistol he fired twice, thrice and a low melodious sound followed the reports of his weapon. When the smoke cleared away I saw that he had fired at an old harpsichord which stood against a tree, facing the house.

"The ghost!" we yelled, and then we laughed consummately. But the shots that hit the old-fashioned instrument had a greater result. The old fat man appeared on the edge of the forest and he waved a large napkin as a flag of truce. With him was the lame hostler.

"Mercy, gentlemen, mercy, we beseech you!" he cried, and we soon surrounded both and bound them securely.

"You will pay dearly for the trick you put upon us, my man," said Michael grimly, and, walking our horses, we went by easy stages toward the castle, towing our prisoners along.

When I fetched the lame man to my lady her face glowed with joy, and her Parisian eyes grew brilliant with victory.

"So you tried to escape?" she cruelly asked of the poor cowering wretch. "You will never get another chance, I'll warrant me. Go, let the servants put you to work in the large music room first. Begin with the grands, then follow with the uprights. Thank you, gentlemen both, for the courage and finesse you dis-

played in this desperate quest. I'll see that you are both suitably rewarded." I fancied that Michael regarded me sardonically, but he held his peace about the night's adventures.

We had indeed reason to feel flattered at the success of the dangerous expedition, for had we not captured, more by sheer good luck than strategy, the one piano tuner in all France?

Third Philharmonic Concert.

THE third public rehearsal of the New York Philharmonic Society occurred last Friday afternoon. The regular concert was given in Carnegie Hall last Saturday evening. This was the program:

Dramatic overture, *Melpomene*.....G. W. Chadwick

First time by the Philharmonic Society.

Concerto for violin, E minor, op. 64.....Mendelssohn

Emile Sauret.

Dream Pantomime, from *Hänsel und Gretel*....E. Humperdinck

Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, A minor, op. 28. Saint-Saëns

Emile Sauret.

Symphony No. 4, G major, op. 88.....Dvorák

Mr. Seidl conducted and Mr. Sauret was the violinist.

A more accomplished violinist than Sauret we have not heard. He is not of the Ysaye genre, but his individuality is just as pronounced and his work most refreshing. He played the Mendelssohn concerto in a superlatively finished manner. It was not a broad nor a sensuous reading. Indeed, the slow movement was too much on miniature, and the phrasing, short-breathed and over accentuated, did not commend itself to us.

When the virtuoso played the Saint-Saëns number he was at his best. We have never heard it played before with such consummate elegance, such absolute mastery. The prelude was ethereal and the pianissimi ravishing in tone quality. There was plenty of nuance, whereas in the concerto the tone coloring was monochromatic. Sauret's tone is not large, nor is it commanding, by reason of its dynamic force, but it is pure, delicate, musical and full of distinction. Indeed, all he does is marked by distinction. He plays like a man of the world, not a pedagogue. He is bold, dashing, and his bow a resilient one. His left hand is wonderful in velocity passages, his double stopping most admirable, his staccato in rapid tempi, both up and down bow, really sensational. His finger work reminds one of Joseffy, so clear is the articulation and so crystalline. There is not much deep poetic feeling, but there is brilliancy, élan and unquestionable magnetism. Sauret's reception at both concerts was unmistakable. He scored a big success. Friday afternoon he played for encore a hair raising transcription of the sextet from Lucia, and at the evening concert a Paganini study. He did both with marvelous ease and complete absence of effort. We long to hear this artist in recital.

The Philharmonic band was at its best in the Humperdinck music, Mr. Seidl's power being well felt and the climax well controlled. Chadwick's finely felt and truly tragic overture was read with passion, but, as was the case with the symphony, roughly played. Details were obscure, and the usual coarse tone quality of string and brass was sorely in evidence. It is too bad. At the next concert Brema will sing Brunhilda's Immolation and some selected songs, and Tchaikowsky's first symphony will be heard for the first time here. The dates are February 7 and 8.

A Book for Singers.—Dr. Garnault has published at Paris a work, "A practical and theoretic course of physiology, hygiene and therapeutics for the singing and speaking voice." It is described as more complete than any work on the subject that has appeared, and is equally valuable to the doctor, the singer or the speaker who wishes to preserve his organs and make the best use of them. Ladies will be interested to know that he makes an elaborate study of the corset.

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BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
15 ARGYLL STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, W.,
LONDON, January 8, 1866.

MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW sails for home on the Paris to-day, after a period of study in London under Signor Randegger, interrupted by several months of rest at different places on the Continent. I had the pleasure of hearing her sing the other evening, and she still possesses those phenomenal qualities which have distinguished her so far, and further study has given her increased command of expression in interpretation. Her phrasing was excellent, and her facial expression most appropriate to the song.

One would hardly believe that she could have such wonderfully resonant and low notes and also such an extreme high register. Miss Yaw has made no public appearance here, although she has been importuned to do so many times, but the large circle of friends that have become very much attached to her through her charming personality and modest, unassuming manner are looking forward to hearing her next year.

Mrs. Katharine Fisk, the American contralto, of whom I have often spoken, made her first appearance with the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall on New Year's Day in a grand performance of The Messiah under Sir Joseph Barnby. It may be well for the information of some of my readers to state that this great hall is capable of seating some 10,000 people, and on this occasion it was filled to overflowing by a large and appreciative audience. Mrs. Fisk at the outset was evidently suffering from nervousness, but in He Shall Feed His Flock and He Was Despised she made a grand success. After the former the audience broke out into applause, drowning Albani's opening notes. At the conclusion of the number the noted prima donna was rewarded with good clap, but when Mrs. Fisk rose to bow she was greeted with a burst of enthusiasm, which Albani, by the way, soprano-like, took all to herself.

Mme. Albani, who will be accompanied by Mr. N. Vert, will make her American tour early this year, and my readers will then judge for themselves concerning her qualities. Mr. Ben Davies was a great favorite, as usual, and of Mr. Santley's singing we need not speak. This is the only concert calling for mention in the present letter.

The most important feature of the past week has been the conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians at Edinburgh, of which I shall speak next week.

Signora Eleonora Duse has been meeting with great success in Copenhagen and Stockholm. After a rest she will sail for New York on the 27th inst. At the last performance that she gave in Stockholm the King presented her with a beautiful bouquet of camellias. She also received numerous other floral gifts.

Miss Marie Van Zandt, the American soprano, who is now in Paris, has just signed engagements in Brussels, Nice and Bucharest, from which last named town she may

possibly go to Russia, where also she has been invited to sing.

Mr. Watkin-Mills has organized a grand afternoon concert for February 15 at Battersea Town Hall. On the list of patronesses are the Duchess of Teck, Duchess of Albany and a host of titled ladies. Among the artists to assist are Miss Esther Pallister and Miss Regina de Sales.

Following the example of Madame Renée Richard, who is now so popular in Paris, Madame Marie Rose has had a small theatre erected at her studio in the Rue de la Victoire so that her operatic pupils may have the advantage of practical stage tuition.

A beautiful picture of the Columbian Quartet that appeared at the ballad concert in St. James' Hall recently appeared in *St. Paul's* last week.

The Mottl concerts for the year have now been fixed for Tuesday, April 28, and Thursdays, May 14 and June 11. There is also a possibility of an extra concert for the return of Herr Levi if his health will permit of his taking the journey here.

Dr. Joachim has found time during the busy autumn season to compose a new overture which is intended for performance at the anniversary of the Berlin Singakademie. This institution was founded in 1791 by Fasch, cymbalist to Frederick the Great, although it did not commence its regular public performances until 1801, while its present hall was not built till 1827. It was here that the revival of Bach's St. Matthew Passion under Mendelssohn took place in 1829.

At the Tonic Sol-fa Festival at Crystal Palace next July one day (July 11) will be given over to Welsh singing. Some dozen choirs from Wales have already accepted the invitation to sing, and probably it will grow to a large Welsh demonstration of their achievement in choral work.

Ffrangcon-Davies, who has been having such a busy season, has just been engaged for the Cincinnati Festival next May. We have already announced his engagement for the New York Philharmonic Society and the Apollo Club under Theodore Thomas at Chicago. At the latter concert he will sing with Mrs. Vanderveer-Green and Mr. Ben Davies. I take pleasure in quoting from the Birmingham *Daily Post* regarding his singing in the Elijah before the Wolverhampton Festival Choral Society on December 28: "Of Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies' share in the performance it is impossible to speak in terms too warm. Dramatic power, religious fervor, intensity of feeling and a strong individuality combine to make his presentation of this music the greatest now available. Specially impressive was his delivery of the numerous devotional and prayerful passages. In the brief O Thou That Makest this was particularly noticeable, and followed by the impassioned Let Them Now Descend, the effect was almost startling. Is Not His Word? was perhaps taken a shade slower than usual; but in his hands the result was to put almost a new complexion on the number—a complexion, at any rate, too often lost sight of—viz., the greatness of its objective import. To enumerate his successes would be to descant on all the numbers of his part, and we will only repeat that Mr. Davies leaves his mark on each of them, and admirably maintains the greatness of the character and the best traditions which surround it."

Among the chief choral novelties of the year I might mention Dr. Hubert Parry's Invocation to Music, Dr. Stanford's Bard and Mr. Cowen's Transfiguration. Dr. Parry's King Saul and Mr. Henschel's Stabat Mater were heard for the first time in London. Among other choral novelties were Mr. Barratt's Death of Cuthullin, Mr. Somervell's Forsaken Merman, Mr. David Jenkins' Psalm of Life, Mr. Lee Williams' Dedication, Mr. Arnott's Ballad of Carmilian, Dr. Ennis' Psalm 46, Mr. Arnott's Young Lochinvar, Mr. Walther's Pied Piper and Mr. C. Macpherson's By the Waters of Babylon, while M. Tiné's St. Francis was given at the Cardiff Festival in its entirety under the composer's direction.

The list of musicians who have passed away this year includes Sir Charles Hallé, Carrodus, Henry Lazarus, John George Calcott, Ridley Prentice, Edward Solomon, Oberthür, Mrs. German Reed, W. S. Rockstro, Lady Goss, Alfred Broughton, Henry Lambert, Dr. Root.

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A Discord of Pianists.

A BREACH of the peace was threatened in front of the establishment of a well-known piano firm in Fifth avenue Friday morning. The disputants were Prof. William C. Rehm, a friend of Slivinski (Paderewski's rival), and Prof. Titus d'Ernesti, also a famous pianist.

No blows were exchanged, but a large crowd assembled, and in musical circles rumors were rife last night that the incident would lead to a duel.

The disagreement between Professors Rehm and d'Ernesti seems to grow out of the fact that they were both unhappily placed in the position of being "one day too late for the fair," the fair in question being that at Atlanta, Ga.

As everybody knows, the fair closed December 31. Messrs. d'Ernesti and Rehm, after obtaining railroad passes southward through the kindly offices of a well-known piano firm, hoped to give their concerts before the curtain was finally dropped on the great cotton exposition. They did not get there in time.

It was not until January 2 that they were able to show what they could do in the way of playing simultaneously upon two pianos. The concert was not a success. Every body to whom dead-head tickets had been issued put in an appearance, but the paying audience was ridiculously small. There was scarcely enough cash in hand to pay for the suppers of the two New York pianists.

Professor d'Ernesti immediately began to upbraid his younger associate, who, it appears, had for several years taught music in Atlanta, and was supposed to have a "pull" with the populace in that city. Professor Rehm soothed his older companion by telling him that the situation was not really quite so black as it looked, since the eminent firm of piano makers upon whose instruments they had played had promised a certain cash sum for the playing upon the same.

D'Ernesti said: "All right; have them send the check to my address in New York, and I will divide with you."

Professor Rehm agreed and indorsed a letter of d'Ernesti's to the firm in question, in which he consented that the bonus should be sent to the latter.

Then the two disappointed pianists began the long journey back to Gotham.

Just before they started, however, Professor Rehm discovered that Professor d'Ernesti had been giving him what is known in sporting parlance as "the double cross." D'Ernesti had been telling the people of Atlanta that he was the really great musician of the two, and had been inviting guests to dine with him at the hotel, at the same time charging half of the cost of their dinners to his partner.

Professor Rehm lost no time in telegraphing to the piano firm from which the bonus was due not to pay any attention to his indorsement of d'Ernesti's application for the money.

On reaching New York and failing to find the money awaiting him d'Ernesti telephoned to the piano firm for an explanation. He was promptly informed by telegraph of Professor Rehm's action.

Then he girded himself up with wrath and visited Professor Rehm at his residence, No. 230 East Thirteenth street. The latter was giving piano lessons to two young ladies.

D'Ernesti, it is said, so far forgot himself as to use very violent language in the presence of these young ladies, and Professor Rehm promptly threw him into the street.

The musicians met again yesterday morning at the New York warerooms of the piano maker in question. That Solomon-like person compromised by splitting the promised bonus and handing one-half to each.

It was after this that the warlike talk was indulged in in Fifth avenue. Professor Rehm is young and active. Professor d'Ernesti is middle-aged, but experienced. A duel may follow.—*World*.

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CHICAGO, January 11, 1898.

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY has demonstrated that he is an artist of high rank. He had many difficulties to overcome, but he played well a program which opened with the prelude and fugue by Bach-Liszt. Bristling with difficulties, Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Paganini he surmounted with perfect ease, but Chopin is the composer with whom Godowsky is most in sympathy, and he gave an especially interesting interpretation of the third scherzo (C sharp minor), which evinced his thorough understanding of the art of phrasing and also his knowledge of the meaning of legato. The tremendously difficult A flat polonaise, op. 58, was played superbly, also the same composer's valse in D flat, arranged in double thirds by Moritz Rosenthal. It requires grand technic and perfect command, consequently few pianists attempt it. Mr. Godowsky plays double thirds splendidly, but still Chopin doctored loses much of the wonderful charm, even though there be an evanescent effect gained. In addition to the foregoing the program included Schumann's Sonata, op. 11 (F sharp minor), and Liszt's Waldestrauschen and the same master's Tannhauser Fantaisie.

The question usually asked about an artist is, "With whom did he study?" Regarding Leopold Godowsky, the question is in the inverse ratio and would be, "Who will be fortunate enough to study with him?" Favored, indeed, are those who obtain the benefit of his tuition; and the Chicago Conservatory is to be congratulated upon having secured his exclusive services. Under the auspices of the conservatory's directorate Mr. Godowsky is now giving a series of eight recitals, to which the students have the advantages of being admitted free, and the general public can attend for the small sum of fifty cents. The general public fails to grasp the opportunity, however, as it invariably follows the press, and Godowsky being now a local artist but scant attention is paid him by the newspapers. The great dailies ostensibly labor for advancement and enlightenment in musical as in other matters; but here is a great artist dwelling with us who, because peculiarly deficient in the art of self-advertisement, and lacking the preliminary puff, is allowed to be passed over with merely a slight reference to his achievements, or is given a five-line notice tinged with that faint praise which in his case happily cannot damn. The future possibilities of Leopold Godowsky are great, and time alone can show if he will be content to remain only a local artist. His is the music which refines and leads to higher ideals, and his artistic work is productive of genuine delight.

After a most enjoyable and successful trip abroad William H. Sherwood and his charming wife returned to this city for a brief rest before again starting on a concert tour of the States. On Thursday in last week a delightful reception and musicale were given in their honor, at which about 100 guests assembled. A capital program was arranged by the committee of the Sherwood Club, which promoted the entertainment, and was admirably carried out, after which Mr. Sherwood played in his own inimitation.

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ble manner Saint-Saëns' arrangement of Beethoven's chorus of dancing dervishes, Chopin's B flat minor scherzo, and Liszt's étude in D flat, Dance of Gnomes and polonaise in E. He also made a short address which added much to everyone's enjoyment. Altogether the affair was most successful and redounded much to the credit of the club. It is carrying on its usual good work and now has some very talented, musician members. At the last meeting officers were elected and the plan adopted of holding regular morning rehearsals. Sherwood himself will be absent for an indefinite period as the concert bookings extend already over three months.

Here is a story given for what it is worth. A certain pianist, at one time residing at the Lexington Hotel in this city, but who was lately seen on board the steamship Paris, accompanied by his wonderful dog, was offered a contract by a leading piano firm for a period of three years to "push" their pianos exclusively. This did not satisfy the musician, who stood high in social circles, and he insisted that the contract be made for a term of five years. To this the firm in question assented, but it being noised abroad another wealthier and mightier firm not only defrayed his expenses, indemnified him against loss from any lucrative engagements, but presented him with a handsome bonus for important business, recalling him to his native land. So this honorable gentleman broke his contract, cancelled all engagements and sailed away to his fatherland, where no doubt part of the questionably acquired honorarium will be utilized for the purpose of buying a valiant discharge from the army—when the war comes.

A younger edition of Sarasate, both personally and in his method of playing, such is Achille Rivarde, who gave his first concert in Central Music Hall on Thursday to a crowded audience. We have had so many violinists, all more or less noted, here of late that this French artist's appearance was awaited with considerable interest. It can be said at once that he made a profound success, and my opinion is that no finer playing has been heard here since Sarasate visited Chicago. This talented violinist possesses perfect command of his instrument and produces an exquisite tone, as was more particularly exemplified in Mendelssohn's violin concerto, the andante movement serving especially to reveal his powers of expression. Absolute purity of tone and fine technic distinguished Svendsen's Romanze, and Sarasate's Spanish Dances called forth great enthusiasm, and encores were demanded, to which Rivarde responded.

The Grieg sonata for piano and violin, with which the concert opened, was unfortunately marred by the violent interpretation of the piano part, and possibly accounted for the violinist's very apparent nervousness. Ernst's Airs Hongrois, delightfully played with dash, spirit and poetic fire, concluded Rivarde's share of the program. His colleague, Aimé Lachaume, mistakes pounding for playing. Shades of Chopin! his idea of the exquisite first ballade is funny; as for Liszt's second rhapsodie, the less said about its interpretation at the hands of M. Lachaume the better. As an accompanist, however, he displays excellent judgment and taste. The other soloist of the evening, a local, amateurish, semi-professional church singer by name, Mrs. Clara J. Trimble, narrowly escaped a fiasco over Liszt's Lorelei, but the floral offerings of a fervid friend no doubt compensated for the coolness of the audience. A little French chansonette of Chaminade received a better interpretation, but all her work was wanting in finish and refinement. How is it we never can have a concert nearly uniform in excellence? Of course it cannot be entirely of Rivarde's standard, but, again, it need not be so glaringly dissimilar.

The Chicago Orchestra, under Theodore Thomas' direction, is meeting with great success in the different towns visited during its present tour. However, Chicago will welcome her own again on Friday afternoon, January 17.

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The Heroic Symphony.

A WORK of art requires no explanation. But the very title Beethoven gave the Heroic Symphony provokes question, and there have been many endeavors to explain it. Wagner tried less to explain its meaning than to explain it away. Chained to his one idea, he asserted that Beethoven's hero was not a military hero, but a young man of complete spiritual and physical endowment, who passed from mere brute delight in life and his strength through tragic suffering to a high spiritual satisfaction in love; that is to say, he asserted that Beethoven's hero was Parsifal or Siegfried.

Now this much of Wagner's theory is true, that Beethoven would not worship a mere human butcher any more than he would worship a pork butcher as a hero. On the other hand, Beethoven's hero was undoubtedly a military hero, Napoleon Bonaparte. We know that the symphony was originally dedicated to Napoleon, that the dedication was altered when Napoleon (as Beethoven thought) turned traitor and became emperor; we know that when the news of his death came Beethoven casually remarked that he had already composed the music for that event.

Of what parts, then, of Napoleon's career do the first and last two movements tell? These are questions which can never be answered; and, mere curiosity apart, it so happens that it matters little whether they are answered or not answered, so long as they are not answered altogether wrongly. For whatever events Beethoven might at any moment have in his mind, he never tried to depict them, but only to communicate the emotion they aroused. He himself said as much. It is in the expression of human emotion he is supreme, and to feel aright the emotions of the Heroic Symphony we need only have our minds clear of a story which Beethoven did not and could not have had in his mind.—*Saturday Review*.

Goudimel's Psalms.—M. Henry Expert has just published one hundred and fifty psalms of David, music by Goudimel, the Protestant composer, who was killed in the Saint Bartholomew massacre, 1572. The words are by Marot and Theodore Beza. This work is part of a series of publications entitled *Maitres musiciens de la Renaissance Française*.

Fritz Spahr.—If we begin the biography of an American artist by counting up a great many illustrious men who have been born in America, we do this principally to shake the many prejudices which exist in Germany against the land of dollars. Of course, America has received her sons from the Old World, and with them the foundation of her present culture; but it cannot be disputed that they have long ago become independent of the Old World. The institutions of the country on the other side of the ocean have made most of the prejudices existing in the Old World impossible. We have now, as the result of the mixing of so many nations, the energetic American, who has all the good sides of his mother country and none of her weaknesses.

"For those who pretend that America has produced no great men, we would only like to mention George Washington, Henry Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, George Bancroft, Andrew White, Henry Clay, James Stuart, Thomas Jackson, Henry Sheridan, Abraham Lincoln, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Edward Bellamy, Morse, Howe, Edison, Edwin Booth, and many more could we mention. In connection with these men we mention the name of Fritz Spahr.

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BROOKLYN, January 13, 1896.

WELL, you have heard the news before this about the ex-Seidl Society. It is the Symphony Society now. And it is to be an incorporated body, with a lawyer for counsel, and other modern improvements. And Mr. Seidl may either cast ashes upon his sackcloth or he may caper gleefully in the privacy of his apartments, according as he feels about it. I am secretly disposed to think that he will caper.

The society is nearly seven years old, and has arrived at the age of discretion. It has given, during its life, 315 concerts, several lectures and recitals, and a few dinners and picnics, and has also taken much mercy on the children of the tenements and homes, and has carried them to Coney Island to have a good time. It has popularized music of high grade among people who had, up to the time this society began its missionary efforts, believed that music consisted in gutter bands and hand organs. It has spent \$200,000 on its entertainments and instructions, and it has reason to hold a pretty good opinion of itself. Perhaps a peace will be patched with Mr. Seidl in the far future, but it does not look like it at present, for the first act of the new society is to engage Theodore Thomas for concerts in March.

He was coming here then, anyway, but not under guarantee, and I believe was to give us only one concert; but the statement now is distinctly "concerts." And Theodore can look forward to a reception that will warm the very cockles of his heart, if he wears cockles. Theodore is more of a Brooklynite than the young folks know. He was not merely the purveyor of concerts for many years to the Philharmonic Society, but was a Brooklyn man and led an orchestra in one of the theatres—the Park, I believe. He was a good leader of a little orchestra, and the nightly confronting of bad and otherwise plays toughened him so that he was able to do subsequent things with musical unions and newspaper men and other objections that he might not have had the courage to undertake without that experience.

The last opera we had was Faust. A good, even performance, and one that was not so well appreciated as it should have been. On the next night one of our amateur societies played farces in the same building, and you could hardly get your toes in. Expense? That argument is not valid. There are people who have dresses made expressly to go to these amateur shows, to which admission is free, and it is seldom that anybody in this town makes clothes to go to the opera. The amateur show is one of our peculiar institutions, and society thinks that it must support it at any cost. After seeing a few sample performances by our able and industrious home players I am convinced that art would be better served if the money paid for the hire of the Academy of Music and the array of dry goods necessary to make the audience interesting to the actors were put into opera.

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I hereby certify that the Exercises and Explanations contained in this book are the ones used by my husband, Mr. Maurice Strakosch, in teaching all of his artist pupils, from Adelina Patti to Nikita. — ALAMIA STRAKOSCH, née PATTI.

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THEODOR WACHTEL, the famous tenor, writes: "I heartily recommend to amateurs and artists alike the system of my master, Maurice Strakosch. 'The Ten Commandments of Music,' to which I am indebted for all the success I have had."

EMMA THURSTON also testifies to the 'inestimable value of my dear master's system, 'The Ten Commandments of Music.'"

CHRISTINE NILSSON acknowledges the priceless worth of her impresario's (Maurice Strakosch) system.

LOUISE NIKITA writes: "To the simple, common sense system employed by my late master, Maurice Strakosch and his successor, M. Le Roy, I shall ever be grateful for whatever success I have obtained in the many countries I have visited."

Review by the late DR. HUEFFER, Musical Critic of the "Times," London:

"Brief, singularly clear and absolutely free from padding, physiological or otherwise. The hints for practice and the system of daily practice comprising the 'Ten Commandments of Music' must be regarded as the concentrated extract of the teachings of a phenomenally successful master. The results of many years' careful observation, they are designed not only for developing, but also for keeping the vocal organs in the highest state of efficiency possible to them."

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The only drawback to the performance by the Abbey forces the other night was that in order to think the best of it you had to close your eyes. The first scene occurred in a barn, not in such a place as *Faust* would have chosen for his study. There was a dearth of skillgans and books and retorts and that kind of property, and the apartment did not look in the least mediæval, though I think it was painted for our academy in the fifteenth century and has not been touched up since. The cathedral was very unimposing, and the door in front of which *Valentine* expired was that of a chapel, such as you might find on the East Side as a relic of former generations, when they did not build large or beautiful churches. When *Marguerite* sang her tremors inside of the church Mr. De Reszke, who was the devil, came openly out into the same apartment and made his objectionable remarks within 2 feet of her ear, and *Marguerite* had to pretend that she did not know who was talking, nor why. He had to loom directly over her before he could catch her eye. Still, there was color and light, and the soldiers' chorus went off glibly and with bounce, and the waltzers waltzed, and the old men cackled, and the drinkers quaffed liberally of atmosphere, and we all knew that *Faust* was a fine opera, no matter if it is sung twice in a season, and that we could better spare a better opera.

The customary indisposition of somebody laid Mr. Cremonini up in bed—or left him free to gambol around town, and the title part in the opera fell to Mr. Lubert. Mr. Cremonini would have sung the part a little more smoothly, perhaps, but he would not have tried so hard. And he would not have looked a *Faust* of experience. They tell me that behind the scenes of the Metropolitan Mr. Cremonini is known as "mamma's pet" and "the good little boy." There is nothing in that to be ashamed of in a day when mamma is disappointed in so many of her pets and when so many little boys are bad; but the appellations seem to indicate a lack of the ginger that is the only good thing about badness. Anyway, he was not there and Mr. Lubert labored faithfully to make his loss unfelt. The *Marguerite* was Frances Saville, who had not before appeared in Brooklyn, and who proved to be a singer of smooth tone, agreeable, if sophisticated, aspect and dramatic earnestness, with a fair measure of competence in this last direction. Her singing of the love measures was sweet, and in the church scene she developed an unsuspected force. Indeed, the only thing to set off her many and general excellences was a habit of wearing fashionable sleeves on her *Marguerite* dress. Yet they would no more have thought of giving *Trovatore* without white kid gloves twenty years ago than they would of giving it without scenery. And *Othello* used to be played in the dress of a British officer in the last century. We are growing so accustomed to truth in these matters that it is only such a lapse as Mrs. Saville's sleeves that surprises us.

Mr. Lubert was not *Faust* a little bit, in his whiskers, in the opening scene. It is not often that you find a tenor who is. But he improved as he continued, both in his acting and singing, and perhaps he was sufficiently convincing to most of the audience. Bauermeister was *Martha*, and she was kittenish that evening. Her flirt action with *Mephistopheles* had the flavor of true comedy. Edouard de Reszke, as the *fiend*, allowed himself the most of play along the comedy line, also. He takes the part least seriously of any of the singers who have assumed it here. And I am not sure that his view is not the right one. Not that I believe he has any view, for his *Mephisto* is, like nearly all that he does, a reflection of high vitality and a cheerful temperament; but if the devil

is going to make any converts in this world he must do it with a smiling face and a glad hand. When a person is frightened away from goodness by the sour faces its professors wear he will not affiliate with the old Harry unless there is something more attractive in him. The devil has never been as bad as he has been painted, anyway. I have seen the theory advanced that he is entirely good, and is merely the punisher of naughty ones.

Scalchi did not get a hand when she appeared as *Siebel*. It was terrifying. After the flower song the audience remembered her, however, and asked her to come back and forgive it by singing the piece once more; but her mad was up then, and she bowed coldly four or five times and retired. Still, she sang the solo in the seldom given scene with *Marguerite* afterward, in good spirits. Ancona made a soldierly and earnest *Valentine*. Mr. Viviani, with his mouth apparently filled with hot pudding, sang Wagner's little leitmotiv, and the chorus sang all that was on the bill for it with that ready and workaday promptness which shows that it does not consider itself artists. The orchestra was under Mr. Bevignani, who made it work, and who was in the same hurry to get home or to save gas as when he came here with Carmen. The instrumental color was a little like that of the brass band now and then. All of the principals except Scalchi sang in French; the chorus sang in Italian, as Scalchi did; the orchestra did its thinking in German, and the audience whispered in United States, while the supes and stage hands were Choctaws from the Fourteenth Ward. What an amazingly cosmopolite institution is modern opera!

The concert of the Brooklyn Institute's music section last week was under conduct of John Hyatt Brewer, who on that occasion brought his Cæcilia Ladies' Vocal Society into service—the first time it has ever sung, except at private concerts, I believe. It was also the occasion on which he produced his own cantata, *The Herald of Spring*. It is obvious from this work that he is one of the few writers of song in these times who has not been influenced by Wagner. If he has taken a hue from anybody, I should suppose that it might have been from Mendelssohn. It is plain music, however, without anybody's mannerism. It goes with the rush and swing of April showers and March breezes, and is green and florid with blossoming. Four choruses, a waltz song, a march and a short solo are the divisions of the cantata, which is not spun out excepting in the finale, where the sopranos range perilously high. The piece is entirely within the scope of any ordinary company of singers, and is sure to please the usual audience. Mr. Brewer was several times recalled, and the closing part of the cantata was repeated. Miss Emma L. Ostrander, whose soprano is just the least bit shrill, and Miss Annie Dennison, whose contralto is of good quality, but who carries the vibrato further than is safe, were the soloists in this number. Another member of the Cæcilia Society, Miss Sara R. Kirk, made an agreeable impression in the soprano solo from Bruch's Flight into Egypt. The chorus numbered about fifty voices, and they were musical and true and had been well trained. Aside from the test they had in Mr. Brewer's work, they gave good account of themselves in Edward Alger's *The Snow*, the old Russian song, *The Red Sarafan*, the pretty lullaby set to Mozart's music, and ending with a hummed repetition of the chorus, and the vivacious old Naples song, *The Fair of Master Andrea*.

The soloists at the concert were Mr. George W. Ferguson, a baritone with a voice of sound training, manly timbre, smooth tone, and who sings straight out from the

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chest in a way that is good to hear. There is no reason why he should not become as frequently demanded for concert work as Plunket Greene. His expression is judicious and never exaggerated, and his manner is spirited, yet his repose is never upset. A singer we knew better, because she is one of us, was Lillian Blauvelt. If she were not half the singer she is we would all be glad to have her on the platform, that we might just look at her, for she is always pretty to see and always in apparent good humor. The Pearl Fishers' Song, Liszt's O Come in Dreams, and Frank Van der Stücken's Falli-Fallah were delightfully given, broad and dainty, as meaning demanded. If Mr. Van der Stücken could have heard her sing his little solo, with its jubilant shout at the end, he would have looked at himself in astonishment and said, "What a great boy am I!" If there is half of the joy of song in his heart, of the thrush-like innocence and spontaneity that Mrs. Blauvelt puts into his work, his beard, when he comes to have one, will never show signs of graying or falling off in the next four decades. There was also another soloist in Miss Martina Johnstone, the violinist, who played part of a suit by Vieuxtemp that was not entirely worth while, and Hollman's fantasia on Carmen airs. She is a large, healthy, Botticelli girl, and is beginning to play in a large, healthy way. I never heard one of Botticelli's angels play on the fiddle, so I can't say whether the similarity extends beyond appearance or no, but she is going to be of renown if she works and studies and broadens her sympathies. Her bowing is especially free and vigorous.

And speaking of girl violinists, Miss Eleanor Hooper has been engaged to illustrate, musically, the reading on Wednesday night from Tennyson's Idyls of the King. This, too, is in the Institute course, and will no doubt gather more people than some of the other offerings for the week, for I see that we are to hear from one gentleman on Livy, from another on the Phormio of Terentius, from another on the principles of modern chemistry, from certain others on political economy, national finances, and the history of American politics, while two professors are to submit a few facts about Automatism: Secondary Personality and Subliminal Consciousness, and the relations to teaching of philosophy and psychology. From these entertainments and gymnastics the Easily Pleased will refrain. They are waiting for the music section to re-engage Melba, and have her do the mad scene from Lucia once more yet already. Ah, what a boon it is to be born Easily Pleased, to be equally content with Wagner and Work, with Hitchcock and Delmonico, with Vinnie Ream and Michael Angelo, with Mr. Dewing and T. Addison Richards!

The Institute is to be our reliance for the music of the immediate future. It brings the Boston Symphony people next week, and this week it starts Mr. George Riddle in a series of readings from Sophocles, Shakespeare, Hugo and Dickens, with the accompaniment of voices and orchestra. These matters are to occur on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. The conductors of the music will be Arthur Claassen and Gustav Dannreuther. Mr. Claassen will manage the music for the Antigone, which was written by Mendelssohn. And yet another and a novel thing is a series of analytical readings on the Beethoven sonatas by Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, a well-known organist, composer and all around musician of our town. These are to be given on Tuesday mornings in Association Building, and there are to be ten readings. The titles, each to be illustrated with a sonata, are Rhythm, Melody, Imitation, Harmony, Counterpoint, Development, Unity, Punctuation, Form and Significance.

To-morrow night we all go to the circus. Melba is the principal attraction. She is to star in Rigoletto and the mad scene from Lucia. Mr. What's-his name, who plays on the flute—oh, Stocker, isn't it?—will assist her in her effort to attain greatness, and the Easily Pleased will muster in large numbers and have things their own way.

C. S. MONTGOMERY.

For Free Scholarships.—Mr. Alexander Lambert will give a concert in Carnegie Music Hall on February 4 with grand orchestra, Mr. Victor Herbert conductor. The concert will be given for the benefit of free scholarships at the New York College of Music.



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VICTOR MAUREL'S SECOND RECITAL.

The second song recital by M. Victor Maurel took place on Tuesday afternoon, the 7th inst., in Chickering Hall, when the program was composed of Italian, Spanish, English and Russian songs, those of the first nation being sung in the vernacular. A large audience of representative social and artistic quality convened to enjoy an afternoon of song such as in its true artistic interest and well considered beauty and finish of detail has not had a precedent in this country, and can certainly, if ever rivaled in the future, at no time be surpassed.

The Rondel de l'Adieu de De Lara opened the program, in which it must be said that M. Maurel was heard to infinitely better advantage, a more versatile showing, than in his first recital, which was solely French. Not only this, but the great French baritone's voice was fresher, fuller, more equal and vibrant than it has been heard in any of his previous appearances. He sang with a vocal power renewed, spontaneous, and in its melodious flow under the smoothest, firmest control. As a medium for the exposition not only of many delicate, insinuating, subtle touches, which are engulfed in the thankless area of a large opera house, but for the occasion to disclose the pure, noble quality of a vocal instrument which shows no sign of wear or tear under lyric conditions, M. Maurel should be heard more often in the concert room. He is here in intellect, vocal color and finesse without a rival, and the lessons in his power to give, aside from the enjoyment, are a pity to have withheld from a public and from large aspiring professional ranks who are ready to eagerly absorb the advantages of art exhibited in such perfection.

The Rondel de l'Adieu had exquisite pathos, and here Maurel's voice was all potent in beauty and charm to speak the purport of this little bitter-sweet rondel. Will anyone else ever replace him in the motive of the chanson Partir, c'est mourir un peu. This phrase as sung by Victor Maurel lingers long in the memory.

Caracciolo's Mattinata, in Italian, with a quick, buoyant rhythm, was delightful, and the rapidity of change to a tranquil mode in the Gia mai non fia was done with admirable art. Here Maurel sustained tone and colored it at length in a rare degree. The greatest virtuosity was shown in Lotti's Pur dieci, where, from the purely vocal standpoint, Maurel made his most prominent effect. Fluency in scale passages and even trills was remarkable, and from a technical standpoint Maurel was significant, yet the song itself means less for its vocal trouble than many others. Maurel's facial execution, however, was admirable.

With hands in pocket, gay and débonnaire, there were two dashing Neapolitan songs in which the mezzo-voce was employed with a pantomimic effect, which only Maurel could give with the same result of chic and dash. And how effective in its regular pulsating rhythm was the Marchiare, all life and swing! Tschaikowsky's Deception had the element of tragedy well told in voice and diction, and following the Algerian song La Babouche, of Henry Kelton, was novel in its Eastern monotone. Then came Tosti's Ninon, a Maurel warhorse; the Mandolinata, another, a Spanish song, and by request Massenet's Menuet, an addition to a program of fine contrast and variety.

This was Maurel's best recital. His art is wide-embracing, his lyric aims beyond all conceived by even the few rare lights upon the concert platform, and his success is un-

qualified. To hear Victor Maurel on the concert stage is to receive many valuable lessons in a short space.

SECOND CARRI CONCERT.

The second concert this season of the Messrs. Ferdinand and Hermann Carri, assisted by Mr. Carl Schoner, viola, and Mr. Philip Egner, cello, took place on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., in Chickering Hall. The No. 3 E flat major quartet of Mozart and Beethoven's E flat major quartet, op. 16, caused a smooth ensemble to be heard. Mr. Ferdinand Carri played Ernst's difficult Othello fantaisie for violin, and his own transcription of three graceful lyrics written by his brother, Hermann Carri.—The Language of Flowers, Then First from Love, and Thou Lov'st No More. The Schubert-Tausig Marche Militaire was played by Mr. Hermann Carri, who is a pianist of plenty of dash and clear distinct force, and this completed the program of a very interesting and largely attended concert.

The Messrs. Carri have deservedly a large clientele. Both men are artists of earnest and active purpose, well equipped and authoritatively at home with their separate instruments. The Othello fantaisie was played with verve and marked technical facility by Mr. Ferdinand Carri, who also disclosed a sincere and graceful sentiment, as well as intelligence in transcription, in his brother's pretty songs. They are also excellent artists in ensemble, precise and reliable, and the pianist, Mr. Hermann Carri, is a very sympathetic and intelligent support in quartet combination.

Messrs. Schoner and Egner completed a very satisfactory quartet, and played with refinement and spirit. The Beethoven work had a dignified and smooth interpretation, and the Mozaart quartet was dealt with genially and with pure taste. The house was crowded and most enthusiastic.

LATHROP COSTUME MUSICALE.

A pretty costumed musicale was given on Wednesday morning at Sherry's by the Misses Elise and Helen Lathrop. Miss Elise Lathrop, who is a pianist of refined and intelligent calibre, was heard also in some mezzo-soprano songs, while Miss Helen Lathrop appeared solely as a singer in a program of modern soprano lyrics. The two young artists were assisted by Mr. Louis Kapp, violinist.

The extent and purport of the costuming were two pretty Watteau gowns worn by the Misses Lathrop, which suggested a French atmosphere, with that the program was solely a French one, the songs of French composers being sung in the vernacular, and the piano and violin solos being also of the French school. It was a light, bright and pretty morning. Nothing large or imposing was attempted, but the sisters delivered their dainty program with taste and finesse, and made a very pleasant, refined impression on an audience of nice size and flavor, which greeted them with warm applause.

Miss Elise Lathrop played with smooth technic and artistic taste and finish short pieces of Gabriel-Marie, Saint-Saëns, Godard and Chaminade, and sang songs of Chaminade and Massenet with intelligence and taste. A pretty song program of Dell' Acqua, Le Brun, Augusta Holmès and Gounod, together with the waltz song from Roméo et Juliette, was given with much charm and sentiment by Miss Helen Lathrop, who uses a clear, light, flexible soprano with intelligence and judgment. The program was discreetly chosen with view to the two young artists' capabilities, and also what the average public on pleasure bent care to listen to at 11 o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Louis Kapp played well and enjoyably a Faust Fantaisie, and the prayer from Auber's Muette de Portici, and had a deservedly cordial reception.

The second, which is to be a Hungarian musicale, takes place this (Wednesday) morning, when the Misses Lathrop will be assisted by Miss Jeanne Benson, violinist.

KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERT.

The concert of the Kneisel Quartet, of Boston, was the feature of emphatic musicianly interest on Tuesday evening, January 7, when, however, no less than three other performances divided attention with it, for Tuesday evening was one of those injudiciously planned concert evenings

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in New York when a host of professional people decide to sing and play at the same time.

It does seem a most indiscreet bit of pugnacity that musicians resident in New York—unlike the Kneisel Quartet, which must embrace some particular opportunity of convenience—will decide to leave three evenings out of six vacant to enable four of them to play on one evening at one and the same time.

But this is only apropos of the Kneisel Quartet, inasmuch as the activities of New York musicians on this evening made it impossible to hear more than a section of their delightful and exquisitely played program.

The novelty was Brahms' new sonata in F minor (first time) for clarinet and piano, in which Brahms' favorite wind instrument for small ensembles was in the hands of the finished clarinetist, Mr. L. Pourtau, while the piano was presided over by Mr. Arthur Whiting. With the more genial clarity pervading his principal chamber music and his songs, Brahms in the new duo is more suave, simple and melodious, with a leaning to smooth regularity rather than perplexing variety of rhythm, than may be found in his orchestral works. But the conviction of rugged vertebral is present throughout all the movements. There is a sonorous, broad, firm *andante un poco adagio*, in which the adagio sentiment was nobly expressed by the quartet, and this is divided by an *allegretto grazioso*, where the composer takes time to be facile and fascinating in mood from a brilliant, daring *vivace finale*, which sweeps through the minutes of vivid life in a Brahmsian garb of complex, pompous splendor.

M. Pourtau's tone is exquisitely smooth and mellow, and surely no better exponent for the work could have been desired than this artist of marked intelligence as well as rarely perfect pronunciation and suavity of phrase. There was not a rough or broken place in his performance. Mr. Whiting was firm and precise in his ensemble, playing with excellent clearness, which, however, did not suggest any marked possibilities as a soloist. There was, however, a sympathetic minor between the two players which did justice to Brahms' work, and a rich treat was theirs to purvey to a good-sized representative audience, which they appreciated and discharged con amore.

Tchaikowsky's E flat minor quartet, the one written in memoriam to Ferdinand Lamb, and Mozart's translucent, ingenuous quartet in G major formed the rest of the program. The performance of the four players, headed by Mr. Franz Kneisel, admits practically of no faulty exception. They played with noble intellectual grasp, a regard for finesse in detail, and a polish and finish that may well be the despair of many ambitious string quartets. Exquisite playing it was, and with the attitude of the quartet is so modest. These four men play as if wholly unconscious of the superior excellence and genuine authority of their performance. Everything is delivered with restrained conscientious absorption, and Mr. Kneisel, who has a hold of grit and government on his instrument of infinitely more strength than in the past, still shows the public the same unaggressive gently contained personality.

To hear the Kneisel is an epicure's feast. We would earnestly solicit home New Yorkers to give this organization a fair chance to be heard at its appearances—all too few—in future.

SCHERHEY MUSICAL SOIRÉE.

A musical soirée by Mr. M. J. Scherhey and his vocal pupils was given on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., at Steinway Hall, that prolific Tuesday evening when the multiplicity of concert events made it barely possible to grasp a fragment of each in non-comparative unsatisfactory fashion.

Mr. Scherhey brought forth an ample class, which must have taken a long time to get through its liberally assigned program. Miss Fannie Levy, a pianist of nice amateur qualifications, assisted the vocal pupils, and Miss A. Zur Nilden was the accompanist. The solos were not confined to the lyric school, in which amateurs are not so disas-

trously found out, if found out they have to be at all, which is usually more than likely. Ah mon fils from *Le Prophète*; *Lieti Signor*, from the *Huguenots*; *Mon Coeur s'ouvre*, &c., from *Samson and Delila*, and similar arias with recitative, frequently figured on the program. Some lyrics heard early in the evening would not indicate that the pupils' capacity fitted them for such, but it may have been a case of revelation for those who waited to discover.

The atmosphere of German tone production and manner of delivery hung over things generally. Among the participating pupils were Miss Kaetchen Eiswirth, Miss Margarita Arcularius (whose Latin name used, we believe, to figure in association with the class of Conrad Behrens), Miss Ella Staab, Mrs. Louise Petersen, Mrs. Martin Beckhard, Mr. Thomas Prehn, Miss Dora Evelina Anspitz and Mrs. L. Bessie.

All their numbers were difficult, but Mr. Scherhey has managed to impart to his class a confidence which is commendable. Some bel canto in addition and simpler music for a time might make a valuable combination with such courage and confidence. Mr. Scherhey has a large class and is evidently tremendously in earnest with his work.

JEANNE FRANKO TRIO.

The second concert of the Jeanne Franko Trio took place on Monday evening, the 6th inst., in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall and drew a large and interested audience. The trio, which is composed of Miss Jeanne Franko, violin; Miss Celia Schiller, piano, and Mr. Hans Kronold, cello, was assisted by Mr. Victor Clodio, tenor, and Mr. Johannes Ziegler, accompanist.

This trio, which established at its first appearance some few weeks ago an excellent record, is a very musically little organization. What is more, it is a very prudent one and does not propose to afflict people with long drawn out programs. Two quartets, divided by M. Clodio's tenor solo, composed the program of this last concert, which was precisely of the right length. The difficult trio, op. 6, F major, of W. Bargiel, which was given so intelligent and clear interpretation at the trio's first concert, was repeated at this second by request, and the F major trio, op. 42, of Niels W. Gade, was the other.

The trio is very firm, plays with authority and a dash, the ensemble is precise and systematic, and the identity in phrase and tone color really excellent and showing plainly faithful care and intelligence in rehearsal. The plan of this trio is good. Few works, but of fine order and of trouble to prepare and perform, constitute their programs, in lieu of a greater number of compositions of slighter calibre with more showy and facile results.

The large pure tone of Miss Franko is a good leading force, but as she is well supplemented by Miss Schiller at the piano, who is a player of excellent rhythmic sense, good singing tone and sympathetic manner. Mr. Kronold completes the little corps with a delightful mellow tone and an intelligent, tasteful delivery, and the three players have learned to be on terms of nice artistic understanding with each other.

This was a successful and attractive concert, and a third of the series may be looked forward to with interest.

HARLEM ORATORIO "MESSIAH."

The first concert of its existence by the Harlem Oratorio Society took place on Tuesday evening the 7th inst., in Carnegie Hall, when for the fifth time within two weeks Händel's *Messiah* was offered as an attraction to the public of New York.

Not even in Leeds or Manchester, England, would this number and hasty succession of performances successfully obtain. Mr. Baldwin brought with him his clientele from Harlem, not a filling one for Carnegie Hall, but in view of the recent glut of *Messiah* forfeited all chances of stray box office receipts from citizens of New York proper, who had already had too much. But this of course he could

not foresee when he began to rehearse the work. For who would have thought of the Metropolitan Opera management setting in to rival Damrosch with two *Messiah* performances! Certainly not Mr. Baldwin.

The choice of soloists was good. Emma Juch, a delightful, flowing soprano, who well understands the broad, dignified delivery of oratorio, and Helene Hasteire, the operatic contralto of power and distinction, who won brilliant operatic honors in New York with the American Opera Company, and has since been duplicating them in Italy; J. H. McKinley, tenor, and D. Carl E. Dufft, bass. Mr. McKinley's voice is slightly blanched in quality, but he sings with intelligence. The women were rarely good artists.

Taken all in all, without the closer specifications applied to an older, experienced body, the new chorus of Mr. Baldwin proves a successful undertaking. It is not a large chorus, evenly divided, but probably not numbering over 130 or 140, but it is rather evident that the results aimed at by Mr. Baldwin are those of color, just accent and intelligent emphasis of detail than the big sonority and force so frequently held up as model in the case of these Händel choruses. Mr. Baldwin has not got great sonority, but as he would seem more on the search for quality than quantity, he is probably not discomfited on this score.

He seeks for nice, purely considered effects, and his chorus meets him fairly, considering the short period of their enrollment, and will no doubt be much more responsive to his earnest, vigorous direction as time goes on.

There were several weak places, and some of dangerous unsteadiness, but Mr. Sealy, with his experience at the organ, backed up the orchestra, which in turn backed up the chorus, which in turn fell to Mr. Baldwin's steady beat, until difficulties were tided over without collapse.

Emma Juch sang freshly, and with dignified beauty and pathos. Juch is one of the artists truly great in the symmetry and finish of her delivery. She had a fine reception. With what ease and distinction she breathes forth the long sustained phrases which are gasped or stifled in other throats! She has an exquisite diction, and it is smooth and polished as ever.

Helene Hasteire was received with the glamor of her big artistic recollections still around her, but proved herself a gifted, admirable exponent in her newly chosen field of oratorio. There is in this voice a peculiar appealing quality of great beauty and feeling, and the authority of her delivery, vigorous and dramatic as ever, is well fitted to oratorio. As the evening wore on the smooth roundness of her work impressed itself so strongly on the house that it forgot auld lang syne in the discovery of a new and valuable oratorio singer.

Mr. McKinley sang purely, but lacked vigor. Dr. Carl Dufft was big-volumed and forceful in his rôle, and the soloists were on very good terms in the ensembles.

More time and the Harlem Oratorio Society will have made itself a factor of musical value. Tone is needed at present. There are not enough voices, nor of the right quality. With fair material Mr. Baldwin's efforts are intelligently directed and will produce good results.

MARIE PARCELLO'S RECITAL.

Miss Marie Parcello, a contralto of just artistic claims to popularity, and Mr. Edwin H. Douglass, tenor, gave a recital on Friday afternoon last, the 10th inst., at the Hotel Waldorf, assisted by Mme. Camilla Urso, violin, and Miss Harriette Cady, pianist. Mr. Victor Harris was the accompanist. The affair was under fashionable and prominent patronage, among whom figured Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, whose musical association is a valuable one for the claims to favor of new artists in the metropolis. The artistic claims, however, of Miss Parcello will entitle her to enduring popularity, as she is an accomplished, intelligent and, personally as well as vocally, a most sympathetic young raiast.

Miss Parcello sang a choice and well arranged program

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and disclosed a voice of pure, rich, vibrant contralto quality, but of unusually wide range, which even in the upper tones rightly belonging to the soprano, does not lose its full round volume and color. The voice is full of sympathy, and Miss Parcello sings with the most refined taste, and at times an impassioned sentiment. She is a delightful lyric artist, with powers in excellent training for a larger and more brilliant school of work.

A large and very fashionable audience admired the singer's work, and testified its enjoyment by enthusiastic applause and recalls and encores without number.

Mr. Edwin Douglass, whose voice is pure and equal, sang also with sympathy, intelligence and finish. Miss Cady is a pianist of poetic and graceful calibre, and played very charmingly, and the power and finish of Mme. Urso's violin performance is familiar to everybody. It was a most enjoyable and largely attended recital. Victor Harris accompanied deliciously.

Watkin-Mills.—This artist, who is so well known on both sides of the Atlantic, has just been engaged as the leading baritone of the Norwich Festival in England, which takes place the first week in October of the present year. He has also heard from his American agent, Mr. Harris, of Montreal, that he has already arranged a large number of engagements for him at festivals, chorus societies and recitals, which will keep him very busy from the time that he goes out to America in March until his return in June, when he is to appear at the Lincoln Festival, where he sings in the Elijah, Stabat Mater and the Creation. Following are quotations from the Nottingham (England) papers regarding his appearance in the Messiah there on the 28th ult.

Mr. Watkin-Mills should have sung in the Messiah here last Christmas, but his United States visit necessitated the canceling of the engagement. He had not been heard in Nottingham since then, and his appearance on Saturday evening was anticipated with a considerable amount of interest.

But it was with Watkin-Mills that the vocal honors of the evening unquestionably lay. Mr. Mills was in his best voice, and sang with his customary intelligence. His rendering of Why Do the Nations was a magnificent effort. The famous air was given with appropriate dash and abandon, and the execution of the long and exacting runs was practically faultless. An enthusiastic demonstration succeeded upon the terminating phrase—in which, by the way, Mr. Mills also ventured to take a liberty with Handel, ascending from the low G to the keynote. The Trumpet Shall Sound, the number stigmatized by Macfarren as the only mistake in the entire work, was given by Mr. Mills with characteristic strength and rugged energy, and he was loudly applauded, cheering even breaking forth.—*Nottingham Daily Guardian*.

It was not with the intention of paying a shallow compliment that Mr. Watkin-Mills joined vigorously in the applause bestowed on the choir at various times. He meant it. How grandly he sang his solos! The People that Walked—more difficult in some respects than Why Do the Nations, though this of course secured tumultuous applause and deserved it. One will never hear either solo sang more finely. The Trumpet Shall Sound one cannot help regarding as a sort of duel between voice and instrumentalist in which the trumpeter is bound to get a bit the best of it, even as in the days when Farinelli (of whom Dr. Burney tells) sang his contest with the royal trumpeter. Mr. Tomlinson (who remained in his place in the orchestra) played the trumpet part admirably, and was fully entitled to his inclusion in the boisterous recognition of the audience.—*Nottingham Daily Express*.

West against East.—A writer in the *Alegerneine Musik Zeitung*, speaking of a concert at Budapest, writes: "This concert was one of the most remarkable of the season, with the names of Beethoven, Wagner, Bruckner, Grillparzer and the names of the German singer (Lilli Lehmann) and the German conductor (Ferdinand Löwe,) it proved the victorious position of German art over all half Asiatic culture twilight. Gentlemen, Hungarians and Slavs, in art the proverb *Ex oriente lux* is good for nothing; in the art world the globe turns from west to east." A pleasing specimen of Teutonic chauvinism.

NICKERSON'S Illustrated Church and Musical Directory OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

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Boston's Orchestra.—The Boston Symphony's Orchestra's next concert in New York will occur on Thursday evening of next week, January 28, when Mr. E. A. MacDowell will be the soloist.

George W. Fergusson's Engagements.—The baritone Mr. George W. Fergusson is busy as usual with the usual success. On the 8th inst. he sang with the Cecilia Ladies' Vocal Society at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and will sing with the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra on to-morrow, the 10th inst.

Gertrude May Stein Busy.—This gifted contralto prima donna is hard at work filling a rapid succession of engagements. On January 28 she sings with the Boston Apollo Club, B. J. Lang conductor; she sings at the Ogdensburg Festival January 30 and 31; at a concert in Albany February 3; in Saginaw, Mich., February 10; Cincinnati, February 21 and 22, and Dayton, February 24.

Dillon-Oliver Musicales.—On Saturday evening next Mrs. Dillon-Oliver will give an orchestral musical at her residence, of which the following is the program. Sixteen picked musicians of the Seidl Philharmonic Orchestra are engaged. This is the first orchestral musical at a private residence so far this season:

Suite for strings, Serenade, D major, Volkmann, cello solo by Mr. Bergner; Promise of Life, Cowen; I Am Thine Forever (orchestral accompaniment), Gillet, Mrs. Minnie Methot; Concerto, E minor, Chopin, Arthur Hochman; Suite, Scotch Flowers, Paul Gilson; Canzonetta, Meyer-Helmund, Mrs. Methot; Suite, H. Reinhold.

Materna Busy.—Materna sang last Sunday in the popular concert at Cincinnati and roused the audience to overwhelming enthusiasm by her magnificent singing of the Liebestod from Tristan. She sings here on next Sunday again, and on the 23d inst. will be the bright, particular star of the benefit concert for Mrs. Harry Widmer at Daly's Theatre. On the 25th she will sing with the Boston Symphony Concert in Philadelphia, and in February will sing in Troy, Rochester and Detroit.

Heinrich Meyn Dates.—The following dates are closed by Mr. Heinrich Meyn baritone, who is one of the busiest as he is one of the most artistic of our singers: January 14 and 21, afternoon, Mrs. W. Bliss musical; January 14, evening, West End Presbyterian Church; January 16, Cantata Club, Brooklyn; January 19, opera of Prof. Heinrich Zöllner at Carnegie Hall and a musical at Dr. Holbrook Curtis' with the de Reszke's, Madame Calvé and Lola Beeth; January 20, Poughkeepsie; January 21, evening, Ethical Society; January 25, Union League Club.

He Likes to Hear Himself Talk.—To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: I have listened to the operas of Richard Wagner with attention unexceeded by that of any other critic and with admiration and delight, but I believe that the Wagner craze is played out. Crowds have attended Wagner performances in the past from a legitimate interest in the art and novelty, until at last, curiosity having been satisfied and the nerves familiarized with the peculiar stimulant applied to them, the music is judged dispassionately. As music Wagner's operas will fail to hold the public as they used to do. They are too long. Their ideas are too few, and the latter are squeezed and wrung to a degree that produces the sense of weariness. Neither variety of

rhetoric, modulations of voice nor tricks of elocution can save an orator lacking in ideas. It is an error to think, as Wagner so delights in thinking, that the ordinary conversation of the drama can be carried on in music. It becomes tedious and a bore, a flow of the non-melodic which is perfectly monotonous and aggressively and defiantly monotonous. Wagner has the divine spark, but he loves too much to "hear himself talk." He presumes upon the musical intelligence, and I think his operas are destined to lose in favor.—BOX HOLDER IN SUN.

New York Ladies' Trio.—The dates of the New York Ladies' Trio multiply satisfactorily, and each appearance of this artistic combination meets with extended favor. On the 23d inst. they play in Baltimore with the Garland Society; on February 20 with the Newark Orpheus Club, and intermediately will be given their own second concert on February 18, at Carnegie Hall. The Trio is doing active work at private musicales and with various societies, and has met with the artistic recognition it deserves.

Carlotta Pinner's Success.—At the recent concert under the auspices of the Haydn Orchestra, of Orange, N. J., Miss Carlotta F. Pinner made an admirable artistic success. After her singing of the polonaise from Mignon, and again after Mascheroni's Ave Maria, she was recalled with enthusiasm five or six times and scored a permanent success with her audience in this quarter, who will all be eager to welcome her again. She sang with exceeding intelligence, artistic taste and finish.

Oscar Franklin Comstock.—Mr. Oscar Franklin Comstock entertained most delightfully last week the Musical Study Club of Meadville, Pa., of which he is the conductor. His success with the organization, of which he is sole parent, was marked, and called forth the warm enthusiasm of the local press, which acclaims heartily the establishment of a new progressive musical institution.

Anton Hegner's 'Cello Recitals.—Anton Hegner, whose series of recitals met with such marked success last season, has decided to repeat the same this season, and he will be heard in a fresh series of recitals at the Waldorf during Lent. This always artistic and popular 'cellist is much in request as a giver of recitals, in which his varied programs afford him such liberal opportunity for the display of his versatile gifts.

Ondricek Will Play.—Ondricek will play next Saturday night in a grand concert together with the Seidl orchestra at the Irving Place Theatre. The artist will play his own fantasia (motives from Smetana's Bartered Bride) and Wagner's Alumball. He will also play in the concert of the Ethical Culture Society in February, which will be under the direction of Frank Van der Stucken.

A Saenger Pupil.—Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, a pupil of Oscar Saenger, who is solo contralto of Temple Emanu-El choir, New York, recently made a marked success at her appearance with the Brooklyn Saengerbund at the Academy of Music, upon which she received extended and most flattering press notices from the leading Brooklyn and other papers. The *Eagle*, *Times*, *Staats Zeitung*, (New York), and *Brooklyn Morgen Journal* all write in enthusiastic praise of her lovely voice, finished style and pure method. She is an artist who reflects a double honor on her own ability and the successful tuition of her teacher, Oscar Saenger.

An Appeal for Bodda Pyne.—A short time since a public appeal was made on behalf of Mme. Bodda Pyne, formerly Louisa Pyne, who during a long professional career of fifty-eight years contributed largely to the pleasure of the public by her great talents and beautiful gift of song. Many years ago she visited America and sang in New York, and, indeed, in all the principal cities during her stay there. She has never ceased to speak in the liveliest terms of pride and gratitude of the warm reception she then received, and regretted that family ties should have prevented her accepting the hearty invitation she received some years later to return. It is hoped that many of her old American patrons and friends who remember how she charmed their youthful years may be

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— TO —
WILLIAM MASON.

[TRANSLATION.]

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Professor of the Royal Conservatory
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Lehrer und Lehrerinnen
Schüler und Schülerinnen
Schüler und Schülerinnen
Schüler und Schülerinnen*

Rafael Joseffy

anxious to contribute to the fund now being raised, and thus help to brighten the last years of her life. She began her career at nine years of age, from which date she contributed to the maintenance of her parents and educated younger members of her family. Mme. Bodda Pyne is now sixty-seven years old, a widow, childless and in failing health. Money losses, caused by no imprudence, now render assistance very needful, and her case is strongly supported by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Stanley and Lady Thompson. The last named will gladly receive donations if addressed to her at No. 85 Wimpole street, W., London, England, or they can be paid to the "Louisa Pyne Fund" at the National Provincial Bank of England, Baker street, W., London.—*Boston Globe*.

A Charming Soprano.—At the Olympia Concert Hall on last Sunday evening, a young soprano, Miss Agnes Thomson, made a debut without any heralding or advance claims to favor. A charming voice, however, aided by a most refined, and interesting personality, secured her unquestionable favor and success at once. She sang Ardit's Se Saran Rose brilliantly and with decided finish and distinction of style. The voice is pure, fresh and even, musical in quality and delivered with certainty and ease. A young soprano with a future this, as her engaging personality is a valuable supplement to a thoroughly good voice and style. Encored, Miss Thomson gave Comin' Thro' the Rye very prettily. She should be heard often.

Mme. Doria Devine's Recital.—Lena Doria Devine announces a pupils' recital at which her prominent pupils will be heard, among them being Mrs. Nestor Lattard, Miss Ross Eisner, Miss Blanche Duffield, the young soprano, who has met with decided success in concerts this season, and the tenor Mr. Gray—to whom John Wiegand has dedicated one of his late compositions—and Mr. Edward Groeschel, at one time a soloist of the Arion Society.

Abercrombie Recitals.—A series of Thursday after noon recitals, to take place in St. Cecilia Hall, Brooklyn, is announced by Mr. Abercrombie. Beginning on January 9, they will last until April 30, and are free.

Gerard-Thiers' Musicale.—Mr. Albert Gerard-Thiers gave a charming musicale last Thursday evening at his vocal studio at Carnegie Hall, where pretty artistic lights and decorations make an effective framework for his guests. The host himself proved his versatility by some excellently played piano solos, and among a number of others Mrs. J. Williams Macy sang deliciously. Her voice is a contralto of good range, pure and mellow quality, and her method admirable. Mr. Thiers, who does not pose as a pianist, was all the more agreeable to hear in his informal performance, which is marked by quite as much intelligence and taste as his vocal work. Some violin solos were added by Miss Cecilia Bradford, who plays with finesse and taste.

Cook Academy Recital.—A successful piano and song recital by Miss Edna C. Mixer and Miss Elisabeth Blee was given at Montour Falls, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, the 8th inst. Miss Mixer, who is a piano pupil of Miss Alice Jane Roberts, played most intelligently, and the efforts of both young girls were heartily commended and applauded.

Marie Geselschap's Success.—The remarkable success won by Miss Marie Geselschap at her recent recital in Wellesley College, Mass., immediately obtained her three other engagements with educational institutes. On January 10 she played at Noyers Hall, Lowell, Mass.; on

January 23 she will play at Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass., and on January 28 at Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass. These are the substantial satisfactory results of a good performance.

Perry Averill Refuses Comic Opera.—Mr. Perry Averill has just refused a very flattering offer to sing in Julian Edwards' forthcoming opera, Brian Boru. His New York engagements, his connection with the Philadelphia Grand Opera and his large and increasing class of pupils are strongly sufficing arguments against his acceptance of any comic opera engagement, however flattering or inducing from a lucrative standpoint. Perry Averill's refusal is wise.

Yaw's New York Debut.—On Tuesday evening, January 21, Ellen Beach Yaw, the renowned soprano, whose success is a matter of phenomenal history, will make her debut before a New York audience in Carnegie Hall, to be followed by an afternoon recital on Friday, January 24. On January 21 she will be assisted by the baritone Campanari, and on the 24th by Plançon, both by permission of Messrs. Abbey & Grau, and on both occasions will be supported by the Seidl orchestra. Anticipation on the score of Yaw runs remarkably high, but it is said by the various critics who have heard her in the provinces that she will take New York by storm.

A Modern Jacob.—St. Paul, January 11.—After the performance of Die Meistersinger Thursday night at the Metropolitan, by the Damrosch Opera Company, a betrothal according to the German fashion was held in honor of the engagement of Herr Wilhelm Mertens, the famous baritone, and Miss Sanchen Faber, a well-known local beauty. There is said to be something of romance about the engagement. Four or five years ago Herr Mertens first saw Miss Faber, then but fifteen years of age, and fell in love with her. Her parents opposed the match, but each year since when he came here he renewed his proposals, and his persistent devotion is finally to be rewarded. —*Morning Advertiser*.

Miss Tolochko's Concert.—A testimonial concert was given January 8 at the new Century Drawing Room, Philadelphia, to Miss Anna Tolochko, a young soprano whose voice is said to be of rare beauty. She is a pupil of Miss Charlotte M. Mawson, an admirable teacher. This was the program:

Selections from the Hamilton Banjo Club; Esthore, Trotre, Mr. Dunwoody; Polonaise, E major, Liszt, Miss Laura H. Earle; The Holy City (by request), Stephen Adams, Miss Anna Tolochko; Andante, op. 76, De Beriot, Mr. David Dubinski; Kyrus, Augusta Holmes; Dost Thou Know, A. Thomas, Miss Charlotte M. Mawson; Quis Est Homo, Rossini, Misses Tolochko and Mawson; Arabeske, Schumann; Nocturne, G major, Chopin, Miss Laura H. Earle; Midnight, Gelli, Miss Charlotte M. Mawson, violin obligato by Mr. Dubinski; Romanze, Cavalleria Rusticana, Mascagni, Miss Anna Tolochko; For All Eternity, Masscheron, Mr. Dunwoody; Nocturne, op. 32, No. 1, Chopin, Mr. David Dubinski.

German Festival Concert.—A festival concert will be given next Sunday evening, January 19, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the German empire. On this occasion Heinrich Zollner's opera, At Sedan, will be sung for the first time in America. Since last summer this work has had phenomenal success in Germany, being accepted by the leading opera houses of Germany, such as Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Frankfort and others. For New York a most efficient

cast has been engaged, including Lillian Blauvelt and Messrs. Plunket Greene, Carl Naeser, Heinrich Meyn, Hans Seitz and others. A grand orchestra and the male chorus of the New York Liederkranz Society will also assist. Besides the opera the program will contain a prologue, spoken by Miss Ida Haar, and the Hero Requiem, composed by Zollner in honor of the fallen soldiers of the war of 1870-1. In the latter work Mrs. Dr. Erdman will sing the solo part.

An Alves Pupil.—The following flattering notices have been given the contralto Miss Ruth Thompson, who is a pupil of Mrs. Carl Alves:

The greatest favorite with the Choral Society admirers was, of course, Miss Ruth Thompson, whose career here and in New York after leaving Dr. Bischoff is familiar to all Washington music lovers. A recitation in The Prophecies called for a storm of applause, and gauging the properties of the hall better in a later effort, The Passion, she scored a decided success.—*Post, Washington, D. C.*, December 18.

There was naturally a good deal of interest in the appearance of Miss Ruth Thompson, as she is well known in musical circles here, where she began her career. Her voice has improved, and its sympathetic qualities were delightfully brought out, especially in the aria He Shall Feed His Flock.—*Star, Washington, D. C.*, December 18.

The newcomer, Miss Thompson, was most favorably received. Her voice was sweet, distinct and clear, and her shading accurate.—*Daily Press, Newburgh*, December 28.

Miss Ruth Thompson, the contralto, has made her bow to Newburgh audiences previous to last evening. A pleasing presence, a rich, mellow and clear voice, with a distinct articulation, which was heard to the best possible advantage in her numbers, particularly so in the aria, He Was Despised and O, Thou that Tellest Good Tidings to Zion.—*Daily Journal, Newburgh, December 28*.

Everybody was charmed with the voice and rendering of Miss Thompson, contralto. We do not know when we have heard a vocalist who came so fully up to our standard of accomplishment.—*Sunday Telegram, Newburgh*, December 29, Newburgh.

Miss Ruth Thompson took the alto parts. Miss Thompson is a new comer here. Great things were expected of her by the audience and the society, and it is safe to say that not one was disappointed. Miss Thompson is a pretty girl, who sings in Dr. Storrs' church in Brooklyn, and her method was perfect, her voice strong and pleasing and her manner free from embarrassment. She is an ideal contralto—conscientious in her work to a degree and almost faultless in her execution of it. It is certain that Miss Thompson will again be called upon by the society.—*Daily Register, Newburgh*, December 28.

Widmer Benefit Performance.—On the 23d inst. a benefit performance for Mrs. Henry Widmer, known to the stage as Kate Mayhew, will take place at Daly's Theatre. Mrs. Widmer has been bereft under sad and abrupt conditions and this benefit, which is arranged by all the concentrated energies of the Twelfth Night Club and Woman's Professional League, promises to be of rare musical and other attraction, with the view to tempt substantial results for Mrs. Widmer, who is left entirely unsupported. Mr. Daly gives his theatre and undertakes the general management. Ada Rehan and the Daly company give their services and the following committee on program, which promises excellent unexpected things, has been appointed. Already the names of prominent musical artists have been announced: Mrs. George Gould, Miss Alice Fischer, Mrs.

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A Fique Recital.—Mr. Carl Fique will give a piano recital in Historical Hall, Brooklyn, on the 27th inst., in a modern program embracing Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Weber and Grieg. It is a choicely arranged program.

More Virgil Recitals.—The Virgil Piano School will give recitals in Providence, R. I., January 15; Morristown, N. J., January 17, and Philadelphia, January 29. Miss Florrie Traub, Hyacinth Williams and Stella Newmark will play new and interesting programs.

New York Philharmonic Club.—The New York Philharmonic Club (Eugene Weiner director), assisted by Miss Inez Grenelle, soprano, will give a concert in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on January 23.

This organization will leave New York for a Western tour on February 2, and will return about March 1. Concerts will be given at Indianapolis, Terre Haute, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit and many other cities.

A Butterfield Musicals.—A fashionable musical was given with great success on Wednesday last at Mrs. Daniel Butterfield's. The artists who performed were Miss Jessamine Hallenbeck, Miss Fielding Roselle, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, Perry Averill, Miss Florence Gale and Mr. Orton Bradley, under whose direction a very spirited and interesting program was carried out. The pièce de résistance of the afternoon was the quartet from *Rigoletto*, in which the beautiful tenor voice of Mr. Van Hoose was especially effective. Perry Averill's singing of *Di provenza*, by special request of the charming hostess, was another striking number on a successful program.

Eva Hawkes Engaged.—Miss Eva Hawkes has been engaged as solo contralto of the Bergen Reformed Church, Jersey City, N. J., for the remainder of the choir year, to replace Mrs. F. H. Molten, resigned. The organist and choirmaster, Mr. Louis R. Dressler, deems himself fortunate in securing so capable an artist. The quartet of this church is said to be the best in the State of New Jersey.

Clara Kloberg Played.—The young violinist Clara Kloberg, who is rapidly earning a reputation, played with success at the Liederkranz concert on Saturday evening last, the 11th inst.

Kate Ockleston-Lippa.—The talented pianist and musician, Mme. Kate Ockleston-Lippa, is returning to the concert platform, to the delight of her many artistic friends and the musical public generally. The following clipping is taken from the Pittsburgh *Leader*:

Pittsburgh may well feel proud of having such a pianist as Mrs. K. O. Lippa, who played at the convention concert Monday evening. Mrs. Lippa gave Saint-Saëns' beautiful and difficult G minor concerto in a manner that proved her to be the true artist. She had the entire work memorized. The writer remembers of it having been played here only once before, the rarity of its offering no doubt being due to technical difficulties. Mr. Carl Retter, at the second piano, ably supported Mrs. Lippa. Later she played two solos and two Chopin studies, arranged by herself for two pianos, illustrating the great capability of women as composers. The solos were *Pierrette*, by Chaminade, and a concert study by Adele Aus der Ohe. Mrs. Lippa's renditions at the Monday night concert induce the echoing of the hope expressed in a recent number of THE MUSICAL COURIER, of New York, that she may decide to be more frequently heard on the concert stage.



TACOMA.

TACOMA, Washington, December 29, 1895.

THE Oratorio of the Messiah was given at the First Presbyterian Church of Tacoma on Friday evening, December 27, before an audience of 1,200 people. The chorus, which was under the direction of Mr. Herbert H. Joy, consisted of more than 200 voices, including fifty singers from Seattle, and was accompanied by an orchestra and the pipe organ played by Miss James.

The soloists were Mr. Hugh J. Manny, soprano; Mrs. John A. Shank, contralto; Mr. Arthur Gower, tenor, and Mr. Frank K. Clark, bass, all talented singers of local reputation. The soloists sang artistically and showed the results of careful training and study.

The volume of tone in the chorus was excellent and the attacks were notably good. The long runs in the chorus *Unto Us a Child is Born* were sung with great delicacy and clearness. One marked feature of chorus singing in our Western cities as compared with those of the East is the breadth and richness given by a large proportion of men's voices.

This is the eighth rendition of The Messiah in Tacoma and Seattle under Mr. Joy's direction. Tacoma is very fortunate to be able to claim a musician who unites personal magnetism, thorough musical knowledge and artistic taste with unbounded enthusiasm, and a 40 horse power capacity for work. The success of the recent performance is due to his untiring work with chorus and soloists for several months. W. L. C.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, P. Q., January 7, 1896.

THE Kneisel Quartet, which has been announced many times since the season of 1890, and for some reason or another did not appear, made its first appearance on Monday matinée at the Windsor Hall, under the auspices of the Ladies' Morning Musical Club. The performance as a whole was absolutely without a flaw, and the quartet scored a most pronounced success.

Haydn's quartet, being the most pleasant part, was played with rich sonority, great precision and dynamic shading. The audience gave an enthusiastic applause, and the four artists had to bow over and over again. Mr. Kneisel's interpretation of the Saragossa Spanish Dance was polished to the highest degree; he is indeed a true and reliable artist; his tone is rich and sympathetic, with a well developed technic, and he plays with dash and noble sentiment. He was called out four times, and an encore was demanded, but he did not respond. Mr. Schroeder played his selections in a straightforward, artistic manner; he draws an excellent singing tune from his instrument and phrases beautifully and plays with soul and musical temperament; he was recalled several times, but likewise did not give an encore. Mr. Roth, member of the quartet, furnished the accompaniment most satisfactorily. The audience was large, but not as large as it should have been, as it was really the most important musical event for many seasons from a quartet standpoint. The concert was managed by Mrs. Greenshields, the president of the club, and Miss McPherson, the secretary-treasurer.

Les Huguenots was performed at the Théâtre Français on Thursday evening last. The house was completely sold out. The performance in some respects was far superior to any previous performances. M. Raoul, a new tenor, made his début as *Sir Raoul*, and met with great success. He has a tenor, robust, mellow, resonant voice, smooth register and fine method, and

sings with taste and intelligence. His performance from beginning to end was legitimate and logical. Mme. Essiani as *Valentine* gave a faultless performance. The duet in the fourth act between Mme. Essiani and M. Mary caught the house, and they were recalled half a dozen times. The rest of the cast was agreeable. The chorus and orchestra did splendid work.

On Friday and Saturday evening *Fleur de Thé*, a comic opera by Chas. Lecocq, was presented. The opera was a novelty and made a favorable impression. Mme. Bennati, taking the part of *Clarine*, met with her customary success. Mme. Valéry as *Fleur de Thé* gave a smooth performance. M. Gilbert as *Kaolin* kept the audience in good humor. The rest of the cast did exceedingly well. The costumes were adequate, and the performance as a whole was a most pleasant one. Last night *Les Huguenots* was again repeated.

La Juive is announced for next Thursday.

Mme. Albani, supported by a strong cast of artists, is announced for the 30th inst.

H. B. COHN.

NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., January 19, 1896.

THE La Salle Society, of Newark, gave a brilliant concert in Cathedral Hall, Thursday evening, January 10, it being the occasion of the society's fifth anniversary.

Each year the concerts given by the La Salle Society are a matter of special musical comment, while this one fully sustained the reputation heretofore enjoyed.

The artists who interpreted the following program were justly rewarded with the most enthusiastic appreciation:

Trio, violin, cello, piano, selected; baritone solo, Bedouin Love Song, Schnecker, Mr. Grant Odell; violin, Finale from Concerto, op. 64, Mendelssohn, Mr. Karl Feininger; contralto solo, Lost Chord, Sullivan, Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer; piano, Tarantelle, Liszt, Mr. Frank E. Drake; violoncello, Simple Avu, Thomas, Danse Hollandaise, Dunkler, Mr. Louis Blumenberg; baritone solos, If I But Knew, Smith, Ich Lobe Dich, Grieg, I Love and the World is Mine, Johns, Mr. Grant Odell; violin, Arioso, K. Feininger, Canzonetta, B. Godard, Mr. Karl Feininger; contralto solos, Time's Garden, with 'cello obligato, Goring Thomas, I've Something Sweet to Tell You, Faning, Believe Me of All Those Endearing Young Charms, Moore, Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer; trio, Allegro Vivace, violin, 'cello, piano, B. Godard.

Mr. Louis Blumenberg, heard for the first time in Newark, made a good impression. His 'cello playing was a revelation, and opened our eyes and ears to the fact that with our fine local subscription concert organizations, always looking for the best available soloists, it required the enterprising La Salles to introduce this prince of 'celloists—this man who has been heard in every large city from the Pacific Coast to the coast of Maine—to Newark, N. J.

Blumenberg's playing is unlike that of any soloist I have ever heard. Of course he is master of a splendid technic, one realizes that before he has played a dozen bars, but there is an individuality about his playing that is fascinating and sensuous. He is the exponent of no particular school or method. His methods, though original, are thoroughly legitimate, and his school the result of a lifetime of a deep study of all the European schools.

At this concert he played on a deep organ toned "Bergoni" 'cello, whose varied tone quality gave the impression of a refined stringed orchestra or a Hungarian combination effect. Mr. Blumenberg did not rise to the height of his genius, as one feels sure he can surround by those influences conducive to a masterly performance, but he portrayed the Simple Avu and the Holland Dance with rare delicacy and expressiveness, wholly charming. May it not be long before we again hear this artist in New Jersey!

Mr. Feininger gave a brilliant technical violin performance. He was obliged to respond after the Mendelssohn number by playing Le Rossignol, a Russian air by Alavie, the violin arrangement by A. de Kontski. His own composition, *Orioso*, was well received.

Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, who is a Newark favorite, was in excellent voice form. With this woman art and temperament are supreme. She has not a great or powerful vocal organ, but she has a fine artistic conception—her portrayals are vivid. Mrs.

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Sawyer was heard to best advantage in Time's Garden, which is a favorite with her.

Mr. Odell shared the vocal honors with Mme. Sawyer. The quality of his voice is exceptionally fine, and his vocal discrimination very near perfect. His rendition of the Bedouin Love Song was one calculated to show to advantage his excellent tone quality and fine method. As a recall he sang Forget Me Not, composed by himself.

Mr. Frank E. Drake, one of our best Newark piano artists, gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's Tarantelle.

Mr. Henry Hall Duncklee proved an artistic accompanist to Mrs. Sawyer and Mr. Odell, while Mme. Jane Pottinger accompanied the stringed instruments.

Mr. S. A. Ward will give a concert in the South Park Presbyterian Church, January 29, and Mr. Plunket Greene will give a song recital in Association Hall January 22.

The annual concert in aid of the benefit fund of the Newark German Press Club will take place in the Krueger Auditorium February 18.

Through Mr. Colell, the Wissner manager, the engagement of Countess Gilda Ruta has been effected. The great success which this pianist made with the Arions upon the debut of Julius Lorenze in Newark was a matter of much comment at that time. The other artists engaged are Miss Sophia Friedman, soprano; Mr. F. A. Mollenhauer, violinist; Mrs. D. E. Hervey, accompanist, and the Arion Double Quartet.

MABEL LINDLEY THOMPSON.

MINNEAPOLIS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., January 8, 1896.
THE Damrosch German Opera Company closed its engagement here last night. Minneapolis has enjoyed a musical feast that will not soon be forgotten, and Manager Scott, of the Metropolitan, has the abiding gratitude of all music lovers for his enterprise and appreciation of things musical in bringing this fine organization to our city. The four operas presented were enjoyed to the full, and despite the cramped quarters on stage and orchestra, we who have not a satisty of such good things felt naught but the inconvenience to those taking part in the opera.

There are many disciples of the immortal Wagner in Minneapolis, and Mr. Damrosch with his impassioned earnestness fires with enthusiasm the most unresponsive people. His work in our city is simply beyond criticism, and I am glad to know that Mr. Scott has engaged Mr. Damrosch and his superb orchestra to give a concert next Sunday evening, when we shall have an opportunity to hear them to far better advantage, from their being upon the stage instead of in the orchestra chairs.

His lectures before the Ladies' Thursday Musicales showed Mr. Damrosch in another phase, and by no means of less importance, for as a lecturer he is magnetic, forceful, and eloquent as well. His conversational style gave a personal directness, which drew from his audience the warmest evidence of appreciation. In short I can make no better record than to say that Mr. Damrosch covered himself with glory in Minneapolis, and has added a large number to his already wide circle of admirers.

ACTON HORTON.

GALVESTON.

GALVESTON, Tex., January 4, 1896.

THE twenty-first Texas Saengerfest will take place in San Antonio. The festivities will begin on April 20 and close on May 3. Dr. B. Hadra, formerly of Galveston, has been elected president of the enterprise, and Prof. Carl Beck will have complete charge of the musical forces.

The executive committee held a highly enthusiastic meeting on the 4th inst. at its headquarters in San Antonio, President Hadra presiding, and Mr. Theo. Müller acting as secretary. The chairmen of the following committees were announced by the president:

On railroad, E. Steves; on invitations, Jacob Weber; on entertainments, Fritz Ratzler; on commers, F. G. Bass; on decorations, J. E. Dielmann; on fireworks, W. Müller; finance, Albert Steves; on printing, John Zadich; on ball, Fritz Hansel; on accommodations, L. Stachelhausen.

It was also decided to do away with the usual street parade. The reception of the visitors and visiting societies will take place on April 29 and the opening concert on the 30th.

As I learn, all the "American" singing societies, such as the quartet clubs of Galveston, Houston, San Antonio and the Musical Union of Austin, all of whom sing in the English language, will be most cordially invited to participate, and the songs to be rendered by the mass chorus will be furnished to them both in the German and English languages.

Professor Beck, so I read in the San Antonio *Freie Presse*, submitted the following selections to the executive committee at Saturday's meeting, to be sung by the joint chorus of all societies present, and with orchestral accompaniment: Das Lied wird That, Schmid; Friedrich Rothbart, Godbertsky; Der Voelker Freiherr, Stanhofer. Without orchestral accompaniment, Des Liedes Krystall, Ferdinand Schmidt; Schifferleid, Carl Eckert;

Du meine herrliche Rose im Thal; Haidenröslein, Heinrich Werner, and Der Barde, Heinrich Silcher.

The Galveston and Houston singing societies are all busy rehearsing for their San Antonio trip. President D. D. Bryan, of the Houston Quartet, writes me that they will be there in full force, and that their showing will speak for itself.

Medam Goldberg, the well-known Houston pianist and teacher, will give a grand vocal and instrumental concert in the Houston Opera House on the 14th inst., at which the Houston Quartet Club will participate. It certainly looks as if Houston was "in it," to use a very popular expression.

Paderewski, "the great and only," is to play there on the 31st inst. Galveston has for years past had the reputation of being the most enterprising city in Texas in the musical line, but now I will have to give these energetic Houstonians credit in having secured in Paderewski an attraction unsurpassed in the musical history of Texas, and the music loving people of the State are certainly under deep obligations to Mr. Noyes and his associates to give them even the opportunity to listen to this truly great man. To appreciate Mr. Noyes' pluck and enterprise let the public patronize it, and thereby show their appreciation in the most substantial form. As far as I am concerned I shall certainly do my utmost to have Galveston represented by as large a delegation as possible, a delegation that will be a credit to Galveston, a compliment to the artist, and for Mr. Noyes a substantial endorsement for his enterprise.

J. SINGER.

SAVANNAH.

SAVANNAH, Ga., January 9, 1896.

LILLIAN RUSSELL appeared here on the 30th and 31st of last month—in the Grand Duchess on the 30th, and La Perichole on the 31st.

Last night I was present at the third of the Music Culture Club's concerts, which was a piano recital by Sig. Giuseppe Aldo Randegger, assisted by Miss Ella M. Powell, soprano. Randegger's mastery of the piano was a revelation. He is a very young man and therefore to a great extent unknown to the public; and he should be known, and his wonderful ability will make him so ere long, I predict. He opened with Beethoven's Sonata, Quasi Fantasia, op. 27, which is rather lengthy, and calculated to become tiresome to the average audience. But from his first notes to his last the entire audience seemed rapt in attention, and his interpretation and phrasing seemed throughout to serve as a thread to a narrative which every person could follow. He next played what I considered his best piece, Liszt's Nocturne (*Love's Dream*). He also played a valse caprice by De Beriot; Chopin's Scherzo in B flat; Harmonies of Evening, Liszt; Le Mouvement Perpétuel, Raff, and Rubinstein's Turkish March, a paraphrase from Beethoven's Ruins of Athens. This was the last number on the program, and his gradual crescendo work up to the fortissimo passage and then the similarly gradual decrescendo were artistically done. The last faint notes, far off in the distance, were a signal for a burst of applause from the audience, who rose in their seats and applauded, refusing to leave the house until he responded again, which he gracefully did, repeating the number. This was surely a triumph for Sig. Randegger, and he truly deserved all he received. He has the most delicate touch, and yet has tremendous power. Every note is firm and clean cut, and his technic is perfect.

One of his best qualities is the manner in which he handles the pedals, which is very artistic and enables him to produce the most beautiful tones and effects. He is absolutely free from mannerisms, sits perfectly erect on his stool, never bending forward in his efforts to produce power, but does all his work as a true artist should do, with his fingers and wrists, and not the least semblance of any slap bang playing. One of his best pieces was an encore, a gavot of his own composition, which he composed when but fourteen years of age, and is as yet unpublished, though he is about to publish it.

It is a very rare thing for us in this part of the country to herald a new artist, and I hope that I am not attempting to occupy more than my allotted space in your columns, but I feel that we have been given a treat that but few of your public have enjoyed, as Sig. Randegger has played in your city but once, and that only before a few friends, and I feel that any of your readers who hear him will bear me out in all that I have said.

I almost forgot to mention that we were fortunate enough to have for last night's concert, and will have for all the succeeding ones, a Steinway concert grand piano of the largest size, which Messrs. Steinway & Sons shipped from New York last week. This was a great piece of courtesy on the part of the Messrs. Steinway, extended through the Ludden & Bates Southern Music House, their agents here, and our citizens greatly appreciate it.

L. T. LUDIVE.

Dresden.—During the last quarter of 1895 Dresden's musical world has been enriched by the addition of two new choral societies, the Philharmonic Choir and the Bach Society, which in number, freshness of voice and schooling, as well as in artistic spirit, are said to surpass the older choral societies. The former is under the direction of Carl Hösel, the latter under that of Waldemar von Baussner.

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Music in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, January 11, 1896.

INTEREST in the Symphony concerts has increased steadily. The general public is beginning to realize that the Cincinnati orchestra has some of the earmarks of long establishment. Each concert is preceded by some seven rehearsals, and anyone who has ever attended a Van der Stucken rehearsal knows what a stupendous amount of work that represents. As a student of orchestral detail Mr. Van der Stucken has few equals.

The stranger who expects to find the usual crudities of a newly established orchestra is astonished to find in our young orchestra delicacy of shading, evenly sustained *demi-teints*, and a well knit tonal quality. There are, of course, weak spots in the orchestra, but these are invariably whipped into line through unflagging discipline and hard work. The disciplining is the easier because the first instruments are all in first-class hands.

The following program was given by the orchestra to-night :

Symphony No. 7 (C major) Schubert
Concerto for violin, No. 3 (D minor) Max Bruch
Suite, L'Arlesienne. Bizet

The great C major symphony was of course a severe test for the orchestra. It stood it admirably. With the exception of a few bars in the first movement and an occasional sharpness of the oboe, the symphony was played with a spirit of self reliance and decision, yet always bending to the conductor's will and easily molded. It goes without saying that Mr. Van der Stucken conducted the finale with immense spirit and clearness of attack. Marsick was the soloist.

While I could not help feeling that the Bruch concerto, broad, Teutonic and epic in style, was not calculated to show the French violinist at his best, I was deeply impressed with Marsick's art. It seems to me that this little violinist, of limpid Saint-Saënsque tone, a player with breadth and character, has not been properly appreciated in this country. He has all the best qualities of the French school, and more besides—individuality.

Why is it that this Bruch concerto has been played so little? There is a curious reminder, by the way, in this first movement of *Figaro's* song in the Barber of Seville. The orchestral work in the concerto at to-night's concert was exceptionally good.

In the Bizet suite Mr. Van der Stucken's touch was light and Frenchy.

Paderewski played here Wednesday night. The house was jammed. I suppose the scene was unlike that enacted in other cities. The house was darkened, presumably to bring out in silhouette the interesting profile of the slender pianist. Tremendous applause followed everything, especially his own minut. He began with the dry bones of Händel-Brahms and wound up with an irresistible performance of a Liszt rhapsodie. The piano in his hands is a voice, not a thing of strings and hammers.

* * *

Marie Brema, the Scotch-Teutonic contralto, has been engaged as a soloist for the coming May Festival. The directors are also negotiating with Frau Klafsky, of the Damrosch Company. I hear that Campanari may be the baritone selected. Ben Davies and Watkin-Mills have already been engaged.

Whatever the artistic results may be the next festival will undoubtedly put more dollars in the association's treasury on account of the popular interest in the opening of the new Music Hall. The Festival Association has accumulated a surplus from the last two festivals of over \$20,000, though some of this was spent last year to bring the Thomas orchestra here for three successive concerts just as our own orchestra was starting.

* * *

The Opera Festival plans have come to naught.

"I have given up all hopes of an 'Opera Festival Association,' said its chief promotor, Mr. Howard Hinkle, to me the other day. "There were plenty of gentlemen willing to contribute \$100 to the fund, but there were no workers. What we need in Cincinnati is more unity. All our great musical enterprises are supported by substantially the same men, yet each group seems to be pulling against its neighbor. I hope to see the day when one association of the representative men of the city will be at the head of

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the College of Music, the May Festival Association, the Symphony Orchestra, and the Music Hall."

Brünnhilde herself, the mighty Materna, is to sing at the "Pop" to-morrow. Marie Decca then Materna! Loin du Bal and Goetterdaemmerung.

ROBERT I. CARTER.

The Cant of Classicism.

TO say that So-and-so played a Beethoven sonata in a truly "classical spirit" is quite a stereotyped phrase with certain critics, and it is also a formula to presume that pianists of the so-called Chopin-Liszt school cannot pretend to be ideal interpreters of the Bonn master's music. We never yet have heard of an ideal Beethoven player until death has removed his fingers from the keyboard, and the critics in question have evidently been intrusted with the secret of Beethoven's intentions, or else how can we account for the decided opinions they hold on the matter? Rubinstein at one time was denied the distinction, but before his death, and especially when he had actually died, he was hailed as the one true Beethoven player. Of course at first Paderewski was quite at sea (according to the critics) when playing the compositions of the Bonn master, and for a long while he was considered of no account. Now things have altered a little. Then Sauer was told that he could not plumb the depth of these wonderful evasive works, and Reisenauer, the latest pianist, has been informed that he is a better exponent of the texts of Chopin and Liszt than those of Beethoven (Reisenauer is of the Chopin-Liszt school, and so that is quite the right thing to say, if you wish to be à la mode). We hear that Eugene d'Albert is held to be a great interpreter of Beethoven's works, and we shall have an opportunity of judging for ourselves.

In the meantime it cannot be too often insisted that Beethoven did not understand the piano, or, if he did, was too careless to write for the instrument within its own limits. There are those who esteem this a virtue in the composer; but some people will idealize the very faults of their heroes into virtues. But whatever Beethoven may have meant by some of his compositions, it is quite certain that he had no idea that in the future he would be looked upon as a "classical" composer. It is quite against the character of the man as we know it. And yet there are critics and amateurs (of an ancient sort) who seem to imagine that Beethoven's sonatas ought to be played with a beautifully smooth and monotonous range of expression. Keep to the text is the cry of these critics, and they pretend to be enraptured (secretly they are bored) when they hear a nice, smooth, even little interpretation: "classical" they call it. Only the other day the Kreutzer Sonata was performed by a very distinguished violinist and by a very capable pianist. In point of finish polish and delicacy of presentation that interpretation would be hard to beat; but with all due respect to the artists in question, and with a full recognition of their keen artistic insight, it was not the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven that we heard; something quite different. Every phrase was given with a full appreciation of its beauty, but the fire of the work, the rushing impetus, the force, the contrasting gentleness, the ruggedness, the grace, the infinite sadness following on the heels of boisterous good spirits, were all toned down into a monochrome of good taste and evenness of execution. It was Beethoven of the *salon* we had: Beethoven, a man of the world, sayer of sweet things in society, a charming fellow, full of the most delicate sensibilities; certainly not Beethoven the idealist, the poet almost inarticulate from passionate scorn and from god-like sorrow, the composer who at times seems to defy the world and fate, who sings to you of great deeds, great thoughts, great spiritual yearnings—the Beethoven we know and love. And yet the interpretation of which we speak was hailed as "classical," and, so far as we know, not a voice has raised itself to protest.

And what is this classical spirit of which we read so much, of which so much cant gets itself spoken and written? Apparently, and we speak with hesitancy, as the epithet has never been explained, the classical spirit is the particular way of interpreting works to which we have become accustomed. That custom has much to do with the matter cannot be doubted, for it stands to reason that we only know Beethoven from hearing him played or from the way in which we ourselves have always played him (which, again, is mainly modeled on the way in which we have heard him played), so that it may readily be understood that if we grow accustomed in our youth to a certain reading of the Bonn master's works we shall probably in our old age object to any interpretation that differs from that.

Perhaps that is the secret of Beethoven's intentions, at which so many critics so mysteriously hint, as if at some occult knowledge hidden by an impenetrable veil from the ordinary mortal. It cannot be that they consider Beethoven—the Beethoven we love, and not the dull and trivial Beethoven we merely tolerate—it cannot be that they consider his works should be played in an even style as if they were only designs in sound? In a certain sense such a reading might be called "classical," inasmuch as the

works of many of the composers before Beethoven, and contemporary with him, only demand that straightforward kind of interpretation. They do not say anything, but are only beautiful designs in sound. Beethoven, however, was not a composer of that kind of music (at least not the Beethoven of whom we are speaking), and it is therefore the blindest artistic judgment to demand a "classical" interpretation of his works. They call for imagination, for emphasis, for a thousand nuances of expression which he could not possibly have notated, and above all the pianist must understand the temperament and character of his composer, or there will be no certain guide for him. As all great works of art, Beethoven's compositions are eminently suggestive and readily lend themselves to slightly different interpretations, so that they give fine opportunities for subjective expression. On the other hand, he paid so little attention to the genius of the piano that it is sometimes quite impossible to make an effect with them. You will often see the pianists themselves blamed for this. But the discussion of this particular point is really rather aside from the main theme of this article, and so we will leave it for the present, contenting ourselves with repeating, as a conclusion, that the adjective "classical," when applied to an interpretation of Beethoven's compositions, is a condemnation stronger than any other that could be penned.—*The Musical Standard.*

Mysteries of Music.

IN his second paper on "Music's Place in the Philosophy of the Beautiful" (*Werner's Magazine*), Mr. William Knight opens by the introduction of an argument that music cannot be made to lend itself to the base or to the evil feelings or passions in the same way that other arts, such as poetry and painting, may be used. He says that music may and often does occupy itself with the trivial, but it cannot give voice to the corrupt; that none of the evil passions of humanity are capable of direct expression by music. Cruelty, for example, could not be portrayed by it, nor the malign, although it may express terror and extreme agony.

After referring to the fact that composers seldom "put together" the elements which we subsequently analyze, but that by immediate and intuitive synthesis they reach "the one within the many," Mr. Knight says:

"In trying to reach a true theory of music it is impossible to ignore the science of acoustics; but it is possible at the same time to make the laws which regulate that science of too much importance in dealing with the practice of the art. While the phenomena of sound have a vital relation to music as a scientific structure, they do not concern it as one of the arts of expression, and still less as a source of pleasure, or a means of eliciting emotion. It is even possible that a specially minute knowledge of these phenomena would hinder, rather than help, the musician in his distinctive work; and it may be said in general that the aesthetics of music begin where its physical science ends. It is well known that the power of musical composition, or the deft arrangement of melody and harmony, has often existed in inverse ratio to a knowledge of the physical properties of sound.

"In fact the aesthetic side of music is quite distinct from the scientific. A knowledge of the laws of acoustics, such as Helmholtz has given us, is, as we have just seen, not necessary to the musician, whether he be composer or performer, or mere appreciative listener. To expect a genius like Beethoven or Wagner to understand the intricacies of science in reference to the phenomena of sound is as absurd as it would be to expect these men to be acquainted with the philosophy of the Vedas, or with mediæval alchemy. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that every musical composition must conform to both the laws of acoustics and to the laws of the scale; while, that conformity granted, the musician may freely create as his genius leads him."

On the point of the structural beauty of music, Mr. Knight remarks:

"A thing to be noted—in which we also find parallel in

the plastic arts—is that the intentional introduction of discord may lead to greater harmony when the discord is resolved. The 'concord of sweet sounds' delights us, just as symmetry of form or a harmonious arrangement of color does; but as seemingly incongruous shadows often combine in a picture to give the richest unity of effect, so the introduction of discord in music may be in pursuance of a plan which intentionally leads to a climax of harmony, in the final conquest of the discord; and out of discord the most perfect harmony, the harmony of opposites, may be evolved."

Of the difference between the major and the minor keys—"the joy, the brightness, and the strength of the major, and the tenderness, the softness, and the melancholy of the minor"—Mr. Knight says:

"This difference is fundamental. It is an objective reality in the nature of things, not created by the musician, but existing independently of him. That each of the keys corresponds to a special mood of the human spirit, or has an emotion to itself, as it were, may be an extravagance; but there is no doubt that there are particular moods of minds, aspects of feeling or of life, that can be adequately expressed only by particular kinds of music. If they are to be expressed at all, they demand embodiment in a special rhythmic form or key. So, also, to a certain extent with the varieties of time, from slow movements to quick ones, with manifold intermediate stages. Gradations of feeling may be expressed by these changes of time, as well as by a change of key; and by means of both all the varieties of emotion, from calm repose to violent passion from troubled doubt, unrest, suspense, and pain on the one hand to rest, joy, triumph, or even ecstasy on the other, may be embodied and expressed."

We quote another paragraph.

"Schopenhauer's special theory of music, adopted by Wagner, comes out in the comparison he draws between it and the arts of painting, sculpture and even poetry. The latter he regards as realistic arts, inasmuch as they employ the medium of visible phenomena, and have a point of departure in the apparent or phenomenal. Music lacks this realistic basis, since there is nothing in nature which can be its groundwork, or which yields it a point of departure; but it is just for this reason that the musician gets into more immediate *rappor*t with the all-pervasive, underlying spirit of the universe. He 'muses and the fire burns.' He falls into a trance, and he is borne into a region 'where time and space are not,' and where he finds a universal language, immeasurably transcending the provincial dialects of human speech. Thus the creative musical artist gets closer to existence and nearer to the core of things than any other artist does. The ideal is within him from the first, a subjective stream of ideality urging him on in the work of making it objective, or incarnating it in structures of melody and harmony. It is only in a trance of consciousness, however, when not disturbed by the intrusions of sense, that this creative activity is possible."—*The Literary Digest.*

Turin.—Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* was lately performed for the first time at Turin and greeted with much enthusiasm. Frau Ehrenstein was the *Brünnhilde*.

Lully.—Respecting the method of working pursued by Lully, the creator of French opera, Marx writes: "He used to read and read the text till he knew it by heart; then he declaimed it till the musical accents sprang forth from the words. Then he went to the clavier and dashed at the keyboard and his tobacco box till the former was covered with snuff. He often rose in the middle of the night when an idea struck him, then he played and sang till the passage satisfied him. He then dictated it to one of his pupils, either Jean François, La Louette or Pascal Colasse. It took him about nine months to complete a work, and then he took a vacation." Other accounts state that he wrote the vocal parts in the figured bass only, leaving the sketches to be filled out by his scholars.

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IT was field night at the opera last Wednesday, when *Les Huguenots* was sung for the first time this season, and with this cast:

Valentina.....	Mme. Nordica
Urbano.....	Mme. Scalchi
Dama d'Onore.....	Mlle. Bauermeister
Margherita di Valois.....	Mme. Melba
Raoul di Nangis.....	M. Jean de Reszké
Marcello.....	M. Ed de Reszké
Conte di San Bris.....	M. Plançon
Huguenot Soldier.....	M. de Longprez
Tavannes.....	Sig. Rinaldi
De Retz.....	Sig. Viviani
Maurevert.....	Sig. de Vaschetti
De Cosse.....	Sig. Vanni
Conte di Nevers.....	M. Maurel

Première Danseuse, Mlle. Giuri.
The Incidental Divertissement by the Corps de Ballet.
Conductor, Sig. Bevignani.

The performance was an unusually brilliant one, although Melba, it is said, arose from a bed of sickness to sing. With such a group of singers the evening was far from a bore, although the Meyerbeer opera is, like the Macaulay essay, an intellectual bran bin, empty, solemn, rhetorically pretentious and stupid. Nordica made one slip in the third act, otherwise her work was far above her own high standard. So the duo finale in the fourth act, the one great number in the work, was electrifying. Jean de Reszké was, of course, superb, and Edouard de Reszké sang the Piff-Paff, which is too low for him, with brio. Jean took the high C and set his admirers wild, for that note is an unusual visitant nowadays. Scalchi was in good voice or voices, and so the Nobil Signor was warmly re-

ceived. Maurel too, was in voice and his *De Nevers* an ideal figure. The *San Bris* of Plançon is a noble interpretation. The Rataplan-ners sang with rhythmical licentiousness, and the brass band on the barge suggested that inevitable question of the seaside:

"Are you going to the beach to-day?" It is certainly in the best style of watering place festal music.

Melba was pale, but beautifully garbed. She was not at her best vocally. The house was crowded.

At the sixth subscription night of the German series last Thursday *Die Walküre* was given with the following cast:

Siegmund.....	Herr Wallnoefer
Hunding.....	Herr Bucha
Wotan.....	Sig. Kaschmann
Sieglinde.....	Mlle. Lola Beeth
Fricka.....	Mlle. Oltzka
Helmwige.....	Frkulein Traubman
Gerhilde.....	Mlle. Marie Engle
Ortlinde.....	Mlle. Bauermeister
Waltreute.....	Mme. Van Cauteren
Sigrune.....	Miss Clara Hunt
Rossweisse.....	Miss Bach
Grimgerde.....	Mlle. Kitzu
Schwertleite.....	Mlle. Oltzka
Brunhilde.....	Mlle. Marie Brema
Conductor.....	Mr. Anton Seidl.

It was most emphatically Brema's night. The performance was rather a colorless one and without much spirit until the third act. Brema was at her superb best in this scene, for much of the music in the preceding act is too high for her. She sang with noble pathos and fervor, and her appeal to *Wotan* most melting. She is a vital and commanding figure in the Wagnerian music drama and her singing was almost overpowering in its intensity. We look forward with pleasurable anticipation to her singing of Brunhilde's Immolation, which she is to sing at the next Philharmonic Society concert. This woman is cast in the right heroic mold.

The first half of the first act was soporific. Mr. Seidl led the stormy prelude with great fire, but he could not galvanize the three principals. Yet Lola Beeth was heard at her best. She is not an ideal *Sieglinde*, but she sang with more force and steadiness than we expected. But the pity motif won no answering tenderness from her voice, and while she looked pretty her inflexible, rigid spinal column gave us an impression totally foreign to *Sieglinde's* flexible, sensuous nature.

Herr Wallnoefer was earnest, sang with musical intelligence, but lacked distinction and charm. The same may be said of Kaschmann's *Wotan*. Both men lack artistic

weightiness. Kaschmann awoke, however, in the last act, and the *Abschied*, while rough, was at least vital.

The *Hunding* was a coarse interpretation. Oltzka's *Fräulein* was very well sung. The chorus was the most satisfactory we have listened to for a long time, but the whole evening gave me the impression of Wagner minimized and centralized. The first set—*Hunding's house*—was poor and the lighting bad in all the acts. Not a brilliant success this first *Walküre* night, the attendance being lamentably poor.

Friday evening *Faust* was repeated, with Melba, Bauermeister, Scalchi, Jean and Edouard de Reszké and Maurel. Bevignani conducted.

Saturday at the matinée Bizet's futile and uninteresting *Pearl Fishers* was given for the first time in the Metropolitan Opera House. It was heard in Philadelphia in 1898, we believe, under Mr. Hinrichs' direction. It is weak, colorless, tame, conventional and not worth the attention Calvè bestowed on it. She sang brilliantly. The duo in the second act is the one number of worth. The third act was wisely omitted. We append the cast as a matter of record:

Leila	Mme. Calvè
Zurga.....	Sig. Ancona
Nurabad.....	Sig. Arimondi
Nadir.....	Sig. Cremonini

The afternoon closed with *La Navarraise*. In the evening *Aida* was repeated at the popular performance. Nordica, Brema, Bauermeister, Kaschmann, Arimondi and Russitano were in the cast. Brema was very strong in her great scene, and Nordica and Russitano were recalled several times after the third act.

On Monday night last *Les Huguenots* was repeated with the great cast.

Last Sunday night the eighth operatic concert occurred. This was the program:

Overture, <i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i>	Nicola
Salve Dimora, <i>Faust</i>	Gounod
Mr. Lloyd D'Aubigne.	
Air de la Reine de Saba.....	Gounod
M. Plançon.	
Air, <i>Il Va Venir, La Juive</i>	Halevy
Mlle. Lola Beeth.	
Dis moi que tu m'aime.....	Hess
Rondel de l'Adieu.....	De Lara
M. Maurel.	
Quintet, from <i>Meistersinger</i>	Wagner
Mmes. Lola Beeth, Bauermeister, MM. Cremonini, D'Aubigne and Plançon.	

ANTOINETTE



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.....Paderewski's Only Pupil.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS.

Direction: Leon Margulies' Concert Bureau, C. L. GRAFF, Business Manager,

Carnegie Hall, New York.

Air.....	Bach
Largo.....	Händel
Prize Song, <i>Die Meistersinger</i>	Wagner
Sig. Cremonini.	
Ernani Involami, Ernani.....	Verdi
Mme. Saville.	
Hymn, A Eros.....	Augusta Holmès
M. Maurel.	
Grand Air du Chalet.....	Adam
M. Plançon.	
Scene and Finale, Ernani.....	Verdi
Mmes. Traubmann, Bauermeister, MM. Russitano, D'Aubigne, Plançon, Viviani and Maurel, and chorus.	
Polacca.....	Tschaiikowsky

Mr. Seidl conducted the orchestral numbers and Signor Seppilli the vocal. The house was well filled. There were some changes in the program. Maurel sang Tagliafico's *Pauvres Fous* instead of the Holmès number. It was a pleasant affair.

This evening there will be a revival of Boito's *Mefistofele*, with Calvé as *Margharita* and *Elena*, Mantelli as *Maria* and *Pantalis*, Cremonini as *Faust*, and Ed. de Reszke as *Mefistofele*. Seidl will conduct.

Tristan und Isolde is the opera for Thursday evening, the seventh night in the German subscription series. The cast includes Nordica, Brema, the two De Reszkes, Kaschmann, De Longpre, and Mirlis. Seidl will, of course, conduct the opera.

Calvé and Melba will appear together Friday evening in *Carmen*, Calvé singing the title rôle, and Melba the rôle of *Micaela*. Lubert will be the *Don José*, and Ancona the *Escamillo*.

Faust is to be given at the Saturday matinée, with Melba as *Marguerite*, Scalchi as *Siebel*, Bauermeister as *Martha*, Maurel as *Valentin*, Ed. de Reszke as *Wagner*, and Jean de Reszke in the title rôle.

A double bill is to be presented Saturday night, consisting of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*. In the former Calvé, Bauermeister, Engle, Campanari and Cremonini will appear, and in the latter Lola Beeth, Ancona, De Vries, Vanni and Russitano.

Wagner's Religious Feelings. — The Abbé Hébert, of Ecole Fenelon, Paris, in his book on the religious feeling in Wagner's works displays warm enthusiasm for Wagner's artistic achievements and at the same time a remarkable freedom from religious prejudices, and his book is of great interest to all lovers of Wagner. "It is impossible," the abbé says, "to overlook his progressive return to Christian sentiments. This return was effected quite spontaneously, without laborious discussions, by the pure intuition of genius. Herein consists its value."

Belari's Vocal Chit-Chat.

EDUCATION OF THE TENOR VOICE.

No. V.

THE false atmosphere that has been developed around the new tenor who made his début in *La Favorita* at the Metropolitan Opera House reminds me of the sensation among the fair sex about six years ago when it was learned that Alvary had not been re-engaged for the following season. On that occasion, as is the case at present, my voice alone was raised in protestation, and in an article that I published entitled *Science and Vocal Criticism* the following was written, the reproduction of which is not out of place:

"Alvary (an insignificant singer about whom too much noise was made) first appeared on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House singing tenor roles. Young, sympathetic, studious, a good musician, gifted with a prodigious musical memory, and being made of the stuff that artists are made of, it was not long before he was remarked and liked by the public; his tenor voice of mezzo carattere (lyric tenor, as they now say, as though in dramatic tenors there was nothing lyrical), although insufficiently or badly educated, revealed qualities which, well developed, might have made him an excellent tenor. Flattered by the applause of those who make themselves the unconscious echo of the wide-awake critic he aspired to sing dramatic rôles, and to give to his voice a volume it did not naturally possess he found no better way than to force the register called chest above its natural limits, and to continue the second register to the limits of the vocal scale. This demanded an exaggerated opening of the pharynx in order to augment the volume of the voice, and as he did not lower the larynx, which would have prevented exaggerated efforts, the relaxation of the intrinsic muscles of the larynx soon began to be manifest, and the timbre, the lack of freshness and the difficulty in producing the high tones were remarked from day to day, until at the end of the season he was literally worn out. The spectacle that he gave us in one of those vocal attempts so frequent at the Metropolitan, while singing the rôle of *Florestan* in *Fidelio*, was really pitiful for those who knew what singing is. If he continues as he has begun he will end like the toad in the fable."

Time has shown that I was right, and his admirers of six years ago who heard him last season and who will soon hear him again are convinced that my prediction has been realized.

But the new tenor who made his début in *La Favorita*, instead of being an artist of stuff like Alvary, is purely

and simply a pupil possessing all the defects of a badly taught scholar and all the tricks of the most ordinary singer, with which he mystifies his audience, but which cannot satisfy those who know what it is to sing well and what qualities a singer should possess to be worthy of applause.

In the first place, he sings with his speaking voice, because his larynx retains the same position that it does when one speaks, and the first act of singing is to place the larynx in a condition to produce the singing voice. Instead of singing one might say that he speaks in music, raising the pitch of the speaking voice an octave and a half. This causes a white timbre in his voice, a lack of sonority in the upper tones; it is without mordente, and makes no impression either on the ear or the heart.

He must have been educated by a baritone, because, although his natural voice is tenor, he emits it like a baritone, and this emission also contributes to the loss of brilliancy of timbre.

The use of registers is to him entirely unknown, for he uses only the register called chest, which he prolongs to upper G. He contracts his throat to produce the tones above, and this gives to the rest of the voice a character resembling the voice of the second register, which can easily deceive the ear not in the habit of hearing the true sounds of the second or medium register. Since the contraction of the throat diminishes the volume of the voice and destroys the intensity, in order to make himself heard he is obliged to stretch his neck, immoderately open the pharynx and mouth and throw his head backward to augment the place of resonance, without which it would be impossible to hear him. That is to say, he employs the same principle employed by roosters, with the difference that roosters stretch the neck and advance the head and our tenor in stretching the neck throws the head backward. This process is extremely fatiguing, so that not using the second register to emit the tones E, F and F sharp, with either clear or round vowels, when he has used his voice two or three times on these notes it becomes veiled and inaudible above F sharp, for the orchestra covers it even when playing mezzo-forte.

Although he made his success in singing *piano*, he does not understand the mechanism of the mezza-voce. In passing from *forte* to *piano* he smothers his voice by the contraction in his throat and the elevation of the base of his tongue, and when he reaches a certain degree in diminishing the intensity he produces a sort of hiccough (resembling the break in the female voice between the first and second registers), which leads him into a falsetto, and once there he finds himself at his ease, saved and rested. The *falsetto*, being of a clear timbre, very much resembles



CORINNE MOORE-LAWSON,
Soprano.



HEINRICH MEYN,
Baritone.



MARGUERITE HALL,
Mezzo Soprano.



GERALDINE MORGAN,
Violinist.



CARL NAESEN,
Tenor.



MRS. FREDERIC DEAN,
Contralto.

DIRECTION: LEON MARGULIES' CONCERT BUREAU, C. L. GRAFF, Business Manager,

CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK.

the mezza-voce, and, while not disagreeable, it is the same *falso* banished a long time since by modern singers of the school of bel canto. This trick, used by singers who do not know how to swell a tone, deceives the public, who accept as a quality what is really a defect.

Although an Italian by birth, I have been so assured, he pronounces his native tongue with a pedantic affectation belonging to singers of base stuff who pretend to greatness. This articulation, which destroys the beauty of the Italian language and produces a queer effect, is due to the fact that he always introduces a vowel in a word containing two consonants following each other, or two words where one terminates with a consonant and the other begins with a consonant. The result is that 'one distinctly understands vergine instead of vergine, anangelo instead of angelo, cono me instead of con me, nello suo canadore instead of nel suo candore, &c.'

He does not understand the formation of vowels sung, and as soon as he passes by a third or more the pitch of the speaking voice he changes the e or i into o or oo, principally in the notes belonging to the second register and above.

Besides, in intervals of seconds, thirds, &c., which are to be taken with the same or with different vowels, he duplicates the vowel; he introduces an aspirant as in the English word harmony, resulting in ahamor, pehetto, ca hentenedo, &c., instead of amor, petto, che intendo. This latter fault is not confined to the tenor in question, for it seems to be epidemic at the Metropolitan this winter. When, therefore, he executes a scale with a single vowel, instead of executing a scale with a single vowel, instead of bursting into laughter, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Add to all this a kind of sob that he allows us to hear each time he attacks a note after having taken breath, and you will have the complete picture of the merits of the new tenor, who threw powder into the eyes and put cotton into the ears of the critic of my daily paper and the public. If, in spite of these culminating defects, the new tenor merits the qualification of good, then we have the best of good tenors in America, for no pupil after three months' study shows a parallel incomprehension of the rudiments of the art of singing.

You see, my dear readers, the utility and profit to be obtained by not going to the opera merely to listen with big ears, as Mozart's father expressed it; to admire all and applaud, as the critic of my daily journal often does. I hope that both he and you will profit by this critical and didactic lesson, which will very soon be finished.

EMILIO BELARI.

(To be continued.)

Lilli Lehmann.—Lilli Lehmann has been continuing her triumphs at Vienna, singing the rôles of *Isolde*, *Brünnhilde* and *Leonora*. Paul Kalisch is having great success at Cologne.

Elvira's Bow-wow.—At a late performance of Don Giovanni at Weimar, while *Elvira* was beginning the recitative after the catalogue air, a dog entered from the wings and began to gambol about her. The curtain had to be lowered before he was removed, and then *Elvira* continued to bewail the faithfulness of her lover. It may be remembered that Goethe, who was for a long time director of the Weimar Theatre, resigned his post when the Duke Karl August wished to produce a play in which a dog appeared.

Bruckner.—Engelbert Humperdinck in a review of a concert at Frankfort describes the performance of the Symphony No. 7, F major, of Anton Bruckner as one of the most important events of the season. "I can not understand," he says, "why people accuse Bruckner of exaggerating Wagner's principles. The use of four tubas, or daring harmonic connections, is a mere accident, not the essence of Wagner's art. To see that we must dig deeper, and we must also give to Bruckner what is Bruckner's, for he is in his way as original as much as Brahms, Schumann or Mendelssohn."

One Way of Teaching Music.—Our Vienna correspondent writes: "The daughter of a Vienna music master, who was engaged as a member of a ladies' orchestra in a German town, lately wrote to her parents a heartrending account of the manner in which she and her companions were treated by the director of the band. The father sent his daughter's letter to the *Extrablatt*, the police here communicated with the local authorities and the man was arrested. The orchestra consisted almost exclusively of Vienna girls, aged between thirteen and sixteen. They declare that he had a great club and a heavy horsewhip. With these he punished the girls after fastening them to hooks in the wall. The girl whose letter led to his arrest received a letter from her parents, which the man intercepted and from which he learned that she had complained. He left her without food for thirty hours, thrashed her with a cane and then made her play at a concert from 4 to 11 o'clock, when she fell from her chair in a fainting fit. When the girls were first examined by the police they were all so terrified that they declared they were well treated, but now that the master has been arrested they all testify to his cruelty.—*London Daily News*.

Music in Switzerland.

MONTREUX, December, 1895.

As if in contradiction of my assertion regarding their scarcity the works of Swiss composers have recently received frequent presentation. Their quantity may be demonstrated, the quality remains to be proved, for none of them has yet achieved more than local renown, and personally I have been unable to detect in their works one spark of that sacred fire that ignites a world.

We have had Schneeberger and Kling introduced to us through the Kursaal orchestra, and from Mlle. Gianoli in Lausanne enjoyed Eugène Rambert's song, *Où donc est ta bonté*, from his *Fleurs de Deuil*. In Lausanne December 10 and 11, two grand concerts were given by the societies Sainte-Cécile and Chœur d'Hommes, under the direction of Herr Richard Langenhau, with an orchestra of sixty men.

The first part of the program consisted of, for orchestra, Prelude to *Parsifal*, and Marche Funèbre de l'Oratorio *Saint-François*, of Edgar Tinell, Belgium. A hymn for eight voices, by Gangler, was exquisitely given, and was perhaps the gem of the evening. The soloists were Mme. Troyon-Bläsi, a local soprano of note, and Mons. N. Augnez, of the Royal Opera, Paris. Madame Troyon-Bläsi is of the blond type, a pretty young woman, and unfortunately knows it. Her voice is a high soprano, well cultivated, as clear as a bell, and quite as metallic. She gave a solo—an aria from *La Reine de Saba*—which suited her voice to perfection.

Mons. Augnez is, I suppose, known to you, especially from his singing in a midnight mass at Notre Dame on Christmas Eve. He has a voice which seems peculiarly suited to church music, therefore his selection was a happy one. He sang Godard's beautiful Prayer, from the *Symphonie Légendaire*.

Dans le cimetière aux murs blancs
Où ne repose encore personne.

The attraction of the evening was, however, Guitour Doret's oratorio *Les Sept Paroles du Christ*, a work first presented last spring at Vevey, also under Langenhau's direction. Given in this instance with an orchestra where perhaps only fifteen of the sixty men were professional musicians, Director Langenhau is deserving of praise for the success he scored. His energy, his untiring, persevering labor, and above all his real genius in molding, forcing, compelling, and then inspiring the chorus and orchestra to be as one, are the secret of his success.

The choruses were splendidly given, especially in the first "parole," where the sopranos sustained the prolonged high notes wonderfully. The second "parole" opened with a beautiful andante, a soprano solo, Seigneur, souviens-toi de moi; then a full, sonorous, powerful chorus which gradually dies away, and after the last, faint harp arpeggio comes, like a voice from another world, the baritone's breathed "aujourd'hui." A similar effect was produced in the last "parole," when the shrieks, the cries, the howls of the maddened multitude were succeeded by silence, a silence of death, and then Tout est accompli. The oratorio ends in a simple choral, which the critics say recall the methods of Bach. After the tumult, the rage, the despair, the agony and blood of the Saviour's sacrifice comes the acceptance of the Father, the promise of peace—in the hour of death we receive hope of eternity.

Gustave Doret was born in 1866 in Aigle, a village in the Rhone Valley of about 8,000 inhabitants. He began his studies in his native village, played in the college band and studied the violin. After passing through the Gymnasium, music appealed to him more and more, and once his degree was obtained he decided to devote himself to its cultivation. He first studied under Joachim in Berlin, then under Marsick in Paris. At the same time he studied composition under Th. Dubois and Massenet.

In 1891 appeared his cantata *Voix de la Patrie*; much excitement was created and much good predicted of the young composer. This was followed by a frequently sung chorus for men, a capella, taken from the legend *Jean Marie*. In 1893 he was made chef d'orchestre of the Harcourt concerts in Paris, where he directed with much success. Then the National Society of Music in Paris appointed him director, revising for his benefit one of their statutes forbidding foreign directors. He has also directed in Geneva and in Zurich, and showed himself particularly generous in introducing to the public the work of contemporary Swiss composers. Last winter he was chef d'orchestre at the conservatory in Nancy.

The local papers unite in praise of this his latest work, in extolling his genius and in predicting his future success. This work is certainly ambitious and in parts deserving of their praise, but it is far from even in treatment; the orchestration is rough and sometimes weak; it lacks unity and that majestic calm that one desires in the treatment of religious subjects. He has disregarded the capacity of ordinary voices and the difficulties of the score will probably prevent its frequent presentation. Still, there is the promise of future good work and he may well feel pride in what he has accomplished.

Directly following this concert we had on Thursday,

December 12, Hugo Becker, at the Kursaal. I must confess that Becker pleased me better than Hekking. Perhaps this judgment is purely feminine and not critical, for from the moment of his entrance I found Becker more sympathetic personally. At any rate, the criticism is not made upon Director Rueff's basis, who argued that Becker must be greater than Hekking because he had cost him more!

He had a beautiful, mellow-toned instrument that beneath his hypnotic bow gave forth sounds of deepest sweetness. The technique was wonderful, especially of the left hand in the rapid movement of Von Gien's scherzo, which resembled a *Perpetuo Mobile* in tempo. In the same composer's elegie he showed us his expression and tone, which last was perfect.

In the first part he played his own concerto in la majeur, but it gave us no chance of judging him as a composer. Never have I heard the orchestra play so miserably as on this occasion. The work was of course new to them; rehearsals had evidently been few, and so many and so serious were the mistakes that I trembled for a fiasco. Toward the close Becker's impatience became plainly visible, and sympathy with him quite destroyed enjoyment.

He will certainly not indorse Joachim's praise of this orchestra—praise which since reaching Berlin Joachim has through Manager Wolff repeated to Kapellmeister Jüttner. At least such is the "on dit" here. We shall, however, not place that praise in the superlative, but like Paderewski, in the wise comparative, and say: "I was never better accompanied than here." Methinks that is praise enough from Joachim.

Becker also played the *Träumerei*, and here we have an opportunity of directly comparing him with Hekking. Strange to say, in this one piece I preferred Hekking. Becker's tempo was too rapid, and I thought he lacked the exquisite delicacy of touch and also the sympathy of Hekking's interpretation. This astonished me, as I thought of the two artists Becker has more temperament, a finer tone and equally good technic. Fearful as I am of incurring Mr. Abell's scorn, I must still acknowledge Becker my favorite.

The orchestra gave Mendelssohn's *Reformation Symphony*, which they played very well, but it never was a favorite of mine; Liszt's *Les Préludes* and the overture to *Oberon* ended their labors. In the last they redeemed their previous failure. Weber remains ever beautiful and they did him justice.

The concert was well attended and Herr Director Rueff is so encouraged by the public's approbation that he has engaged Scotta, Hubay, Sauer, and, to crown this generous season, Ysaye! We are looking forward with delight to our coming and various treats.

N. S.

Mendelssohn's Organ Compositions.

MENDELSSOHN'S sympathy for the organ, and his perfect comprehension of the genius of the instrument, are apparent over and over again in his letters, but his compositions for the organ are little known except to organ players (the instrument being such an unfashionable one in this country), and therefore few of Mendelssohn's admirers or detractors are aware that in his first organ sonata he made two most important and suggestive innovations in the treatment of the instrument. In the third movement of this sonata he, for the first time, suggested the idea of giving a declamatory effect to organ music by the introduction of passages of a recitative character, alternating with harmonies on the full organ, with very grand and original effect, and in the finale of the same sonata he made an even bolder innovation by engraving on the organ the brilliant effect of rapid arpeggio passages, formerly regarded as peculiar to the piano, but treating them in a manner which brings them entirely within the proper capabilities of the instrument by writing them as what may be called "closed arpeggios," each note being held down as struck till the arpeggio of the chord is complete; and as the organ sustains all sounds in their full power as long as the key is pressed, the effect of these passages on a large organ is exceedingly striking, sounding like a succession of tumultuous crescendos.

The whole movement is full of brilliant effect, produced in such a manner as to be completely in keeping with the genius and mechanism of the instrument. The second and fifth of the organ sonatas are also exceedingly beautiful and original compositions, introducing a new style of treatment of the instrument; they are among Mendelssohn's most meritorious works, and it is a pity they are not more popularly known. The preludes to the fugues in C minor and D minor (from the Three Preludes and Fugues for the Organ) are very fine and effective compositions of their class, combining the breadth and solidity of the old school of organ music with a certain modern fervor and brilliancy of style.—From the *Fortnightly Review*.

The Sutro Sisters.—The sisters Rose and Otilie Sutro will give a second concert in Berlin in the beginning of February.

The Wedding March.

NO reference to Mendelssohn's orchestral music can be made without a word on the Wedding March, the full beauty of which cannot be realized without bearing in mind that it must be taken in connection with the Midsummer Night's Dream, as the musical expression of that superb boast of Duke Theseus:

But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

It is the precise expression of the promise of Theseus; a triumphant march for a triumphant wedding; sadly degraded to be the stock accompaniment of every parish church wedding where there is an organ, an instrument on which it is utterly misrepresented. There ought to be a tax on its performance, with the condition that it should only be performed by an orchestra. "What, that hackneyed thing?" Yes, reader; it is part of the business of criticism to get behind the hackneydom, and to think of a work as it would sound to us as if we heard it fresh. The Wedding March is one of the noblest marches ever written; and the coda, where the wedding joy seems at last to thrill the whole air in the pulsations of those long chains of shakes, is a stroke of real genius; never was there a happier application of a good, though old-fashioned, form of musical ornament. Indeed, I should feel sorry for any man, even now, whose pulse did not beat quicker at a good performance of this march by a first-class orchestra. It has not become old to the present deponent, at all events.—*From the Fortnightly Review.*

Mendelssohn's Songs.

NOR must we forget to acknowledge Mendelssohn's power, displayed in many of his best songs, of producing effect on the emotions of his hearers by the simplest means. It is true that many of his melodic creations have a strong family likeness; but it is none the less true that a considerable number may be extracted from his works which have a perfectly distinct individuality, which can hardly be surpassed in pure melodic beauty, and which require no elaborate orchestral framework to set them out with adventitious interest. I was much impressed by his power in this respect when turning in once, during the dead period of the London musical season, to a "classical evening" at one of the promenade concerts at Covent Garden.

The house was crowded in every part, and promenade concert audiences are not always very quiet, but the song *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges* was listened to in breathless silence, followed by a burst of applause and a redemand, the repetition being listened to with the same reverence as before. I remember thinking at the time that to be able to hold a large and very mixed kind of audience spellbound in this way by a perfectly simple song-melody repeated in each verse, without ornaments or embellishments of any kind, and supported only by an equally simple piano accompaniment, was a test of genius not to be despised; while the applause of the "popular" audience seemed a very suitable tribute to the composer who said in his kindly way, when suggesting that the program for a proposed concert was a little too severe in its character: "For the people have rights."—*Fortnightly Review.*

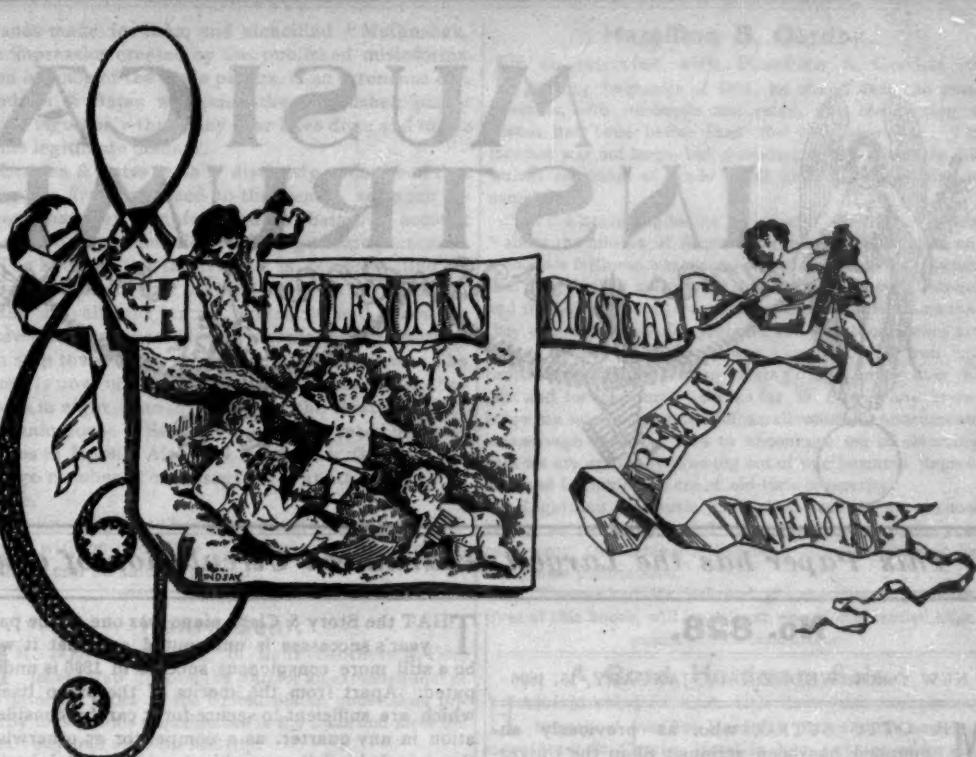
Vienna.—A new work by Robert Fuchs was lately given at one of the Rose Quartet evenings at Vienna.

Miss Mulford's Success.—A vocal recital was given by Miss Florence Schwarz on January 8, in Newark, N. J., at which Miss Florence A. Mulford, contralto, a pupil of Catherine Evans von Klenner, of the National Conservatory of Music of this city, made a conspicuous success. Her voice is pure and full and she is a credit to her careful tutor. Master Harry Moore, violinist, assisted and Mr. Walter Decker was the accompanist.

Congratulations.—This paper is informed that Mme. Nordica has expressed herself as well pleased with a new song, *We Were Together*, and will try to place it on her programs in the near future. The song was written by Louis Lombard, director of the Utica Conservatory of Music.

J. H. McKinley's Engagements.—New Haven, Holy City, January 19; New York Clio Club, afternoon, January 20; Y. W. C. Association concert, Fifth avenue and Fifteenth street, New York city, evening, January 20; Schenectady, N. Y., Choral Club, January 21; Philomel Choral Society, Carnegie Hall, January 22; concert given by University of New York, January 25; Samson and Delilah, Washington, D. C., January 27; Brooklyn, Plymouth Church, January 28; concert given for the benefit of St. Andrew's Hospital, February 3; Staten Island Glee Club, February 8.

V. I. Hlavac.—Prof. V. I. Hlavac, who will be remembered as visiting America during the Chicago Exposition, is director of the Students' Orchestra of the University of St. Petersburg. This body was organized in the '40s, but declined till revived in 1884, under the late Professor Dütsch. Since 1889 Hlavac has been at its head, the management being in the hands of four professors from the various faculties.



Lillian Blauvelt sings in a number of recitals this week in Syracuse and Rochester before going West, where she will sing with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and the Apollo Society of St. Louis. Next Sunday she will sing the leading soprano rôle in Heinrich Zöllner's new opera *Bei Sedan*, given in New York. Her success in *The Messiah* in Buffalo was enormous, but despite her marked laurels in oratorio she is also turning her attention to song recitals, and her lovely voice will shortly be heard in a series of recitals for which she has numerous tempting offers from a variety of musical clubs. She remains always the little prima donna idol of all the important cities in the provinces as well as New York, and her fresh, delicious voice never loses its color or spontaneity for a day.

Otto Lohse, the husband of Mme. Klafsky, who, as conductor of the Damrosch German opera forces has made as marked a hit in the conductor's chair as has his wife in prima donna rôles, has received an offer to remain in this country, where his work has become so popular. He will remain at least throughout this season, returning probably next season to Europe. There is a movement afoot for a series of brilliant but popular promenade concerts in May and early part of June, which Mr. Lohse will very likely conduct. He has proved himself a valuable and strongly welcomed addition to our conductors' ranks.

Flavie Van den Hende, who enjoys the piquant distinction of being the only successful professional woman cellist in the country, has been quite busy and successful in her appearances recently, both in her solo work and her ensemble with the New York Ladies' Trio. She will probably go to Europe this summer to perfect herself in her art in her native city of Brussels. Her style, however, is already most artistic and finished and she is a favorite wherever she appears.

Preparations are in motion to produce *Hänsel und Gretel* in New York in German, most likely at the Irving Place Theatre, some time in February. The rôles of *Hänsel* and *Gretel* will be filled by two of our very best young sopranos, but Meisslinger will also very likely be retained in the cast. Together with *Hänsel* and *Gretel* there will be simultaneously produced Humperdinck's new fairy scene *Die Sieben Geislein*, which will make a very attractive and popular double production.

H. Evan Williams, the young Welsh tenor, is forging his way ahead with immense rapidity. His recent success with the oratorio societies of New York brought him immediate offers and he has closed some of the most important engagements in the country. His success in Montreal was a genuine triumph, and a brilliant career for this golden voiced singer is obviously ahead. The following clippings are selected from a number of equal praise:

Of Mr. Evan Williams nothing but praise can be said. He has a real sympathetic, robust voice, with great sweetness too, and pronunciation excellent. His singing of *Watchman, What of the Night?* with its various modulations of voice, was artistic in a degree, and, in company with Miss French, in *My Song Shall Be Always Thy Mercy*, he had to submit to an enthusiastic encore.—*Montreal Gazette*, December 13, 1887.

Mr. H. Evan Williams, the tenor, has a fine, robust voice. He pronounced distinctly and put considerable dramatic effect into his interpretation. His solo in the Hymn of Praise was beautifully rendered.—*Montreal Herald*.

Mr. Evan Williams, the tenor, created a most favorable impression by his singing last evening. His voice is dramatic, robust in quality, rich and full; he sings with much expression and his enunciation is perfect. The Sorrows of Death and Watchman, Will the Night Soon Pass? with its passionate reiterations, were rendered with much dramatic power and pathos.—*Montreal Star*.

Mr. Williams has a noble tenor of great strength, compass and purity, a dignified presence, all the calm of the artist, all the pathos of the soulful interpreter. His solo *The Sorrows of Death Had Closed All Around Me and We Called Through the Darkness, Watchman, Will the Night Soon Pass?* disclosed all the poignancy of loss, all the yearning for certainty in the moment of enigma and terror. The interpretation was noble here, sinking to a whisper, rising with might and acclaim, lingering with a note of tenderness—always of the artist, who gives of his best.—*Montreal Daily Witness*.

Selma Koert-Kronold is continuing her brilliant success with the Hinrichs Opera Company in Philadelphia, singing with equal facility in French, Italian, English or German. She has lately sung in German in *Hänsel and Gretel*, alternating an opera of this genre with rôles such as *Recha* in *La Juive* and *Valentine* in *The Huguenots*. Her versatility is rare and her appearances just as successful in the lighter operatic forms as in works of large dramatic force and scope, for which latter she is naturally so well equipped. The improvement in her upper tones is most noticeable this season, showing practical results from her passing of several operas with Desirée Artot this past summer. Formerly this section of the voice was rather depressed, but it is now clear and free, brought well forward, the one thing necessary to make her singing wholly satisfying. She is a very great artist who is meeting her full share of honor and success.

Ondricek's success at his recital in Boston last week was simply overwhelming. He was recalled with furious enthusiasm four and five times after each number, his program being comprised of the specialties of his répertoire, his own favorite works, in which his success is always sure to be unbounded. He at once closed an engagement with the Apollo Club, Boston, and will give several more recitals there early next month. He will also begin next month a series of recitals which he will give in Troy, Buffalo, Rochester and Detroit. On next Saturday he plays in New York with Seidl in the Festival Concert at the Irving Place Theatre. Ondricek's path has been marked by sterling but brilliant success, and his popularity in America is certified beyond all change of view. He is a great artist and has been so acclaimed from the outset.

The Big German Anniversary Concert on next Sunday, at Carnegie Hall, will be the most brilliant affair of its kind ever held in the metropolis. Nothing has been spared to make the affair a great artistic success, while a list of the names of distinguished Germans who will be present as patrons of the entertainment will show every prominent social and artistic individual of German birth or affiliation residing within the limits of New York. It is a very brilliant list of notable men. The artists to appear will be Lillian Blauvelt, Plunkett Greene, Carl Naeser, tenor, Heinrich Meyn, Emil Senger and a young baritone Hans Seitz, lately arrived from Dresden, who, together with a grand orchestra and the full male Liederkranz chorus, will make a superb combination. This will be one of the most significant functions in the world of music which has taken place in years.

Charlotte Maconda will sing in The Creation in Montreal very shortly and has recently scored an equal success in opera and oratorio. She is one of our leading young sopranos. Several tempting offers have reached her from operatic managers, and it is not unlikely that she will decide to accept from among them and appear on the operatic stage. Whether the grand or comic opera stage is yet an open question, but opera has been made so attractive to Miss Maconda that she will try either in the early future. Her flexible, brilliant style and fresh, unwarmed voice make her an exceedingly popular artist wherever she appears.

Grace Haskell has embarked on concert work and promises to be among our leading sopranos by next season. She sings in Portland, Me., with Ondricek on January 29, and will sing later in several concerts throughout New York State. By next season she will be well in harness and may safely be welcomed as one of our best voiced and artistically equipped sopranos.

Katharine Bloodgood maintains steadily her position as an artistic favorite. Her warm, mellow contralto and smooth, finished delivery are not easily duplicated, and her popularity is based on solid merit, to which she adds a most interesting magnetic personality. She has been singing in *The Messiah* in Buffalo and also sang in Elmira recently with great success. In Elmira she was engaged at once for their spring festival there. A most charming songstress with a most sympathetic individuality makes Katharine Bloodgood welcome the second time wherever she is once heard, and her popularity is always on the increase.



This Paper has the Largest Guaranteed Circulation of any Journal in the Music Trade.

No. 828.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1896.

M R. OTTO SUTRO, who, as previously announced, has been seriously ill in the University of Maryland Hospital, Baltimore, writes in a letter dated January 11 that he is rapidly recovering and will be out within a few days.

THE Southern California Music Company, of Los Angeles, Cal., has moved into the newly erected Bradbury Building in that city, where it will have a recital hall to be called "Steinway Hall," the company having acquired the agency of the Steinway piano for that section.

DEALERS looking for one of the best medium priced pianos on the market should not overlook the Webster. It has made a good record without undue boomerang, and solely on its merits, and it is today highly valued by every dealer who handles it. It is a solidly constructed piano, possessing a good tone and touch and with an attractive appearance. It is well worth all that is asked for it, and the dealer who sells it can do so feeling confident that it will in every way prove satisfactory to the purchaser. Look into it.

THE Hazelton piano begins a new year with exceptionally bright prospects. Its representatives are loyally pushing it as a piano of high artistic merit. The prestige of the instrument has been increased the past year, and the demand increased, while in New York the business has for the past year been satisfying in every respect. The Hazeltons for 1896 will be finer than they ever were before, more attractive in every respect. They are the pianos that dealers in high-class pianos must take into consideration, either for the extension of their own business or as competitors.

M R. W. B. TREMAINE, of the Aeolian Company, has returned from a trip on which he made some new connections for the Aeolian and increased the enthusiasm of some of its representatives. He visited Montreal, where Mr. L. E. N. Pratte holds the Aeolian agency, and from there went to Toronto, where the leading house of A. & S. Nordheimer will hereafter represent that instrument. This will undoubtedly prove a valuable connection for the Aeolian, as the Nordheimer house is the most prominent in the Dominion of Canada, and handles the highest class of American made pianos.

M R. HARRY J. RAYMORE, of the Shaw Piano Company, who was in New York for a couple of days last week, is well pleased with the result for 1895 and the move forward the Shaw made in that year. Mr. Raymore says that his business was the only one from which a lump sum of money was drawn at the end of the year, and he is congratulating himself that such is the case. Certain it is that the Shaw business and Shaw piano made steady progress, both financially and artistically, in 1895, and there is an almost equal certainty that it will make a still greater advance the coming year.

THAT the Story & Clark piano was one of the past year's successes is undisputed, and that it will be a still more conspicuous success in 1896 is undisputed. Apart from the merits of the piano itself, which are sufficient to secure for it careful consideration in any quarter, as a competitor or otherwise, there is behind it a combination of capital, brains and energy that would place a less meritorious instrument in a prominent position before the public. We look for great things from the Story & Clark Piano Company and for the piano this year.

THE new "Packard" piano made by the Fort Wayne Organ Company is an instrument that the right class (and by right class we mean high class) dealers would do well to take into account. It possesses quality and appearance that will commend it to a particular class of trade, purchasers who are seeking merit in a piano, and know merit when they find it. Then, too, dealers should not overlook the fact that the name "Packard" has always been associated with high-class goods, and is widely known for such association. These are facts which the right kind of dealer can demonstrate to his own satisfaction.

THE new styles which Behr Brothers & Co. are getting ready for the trade are approaching completion as rapidly as possible. We have seen them and can assure the trade that they are the handsomest instruments ever put out by this enterprising house, and will be among the most striking productions of any house. These new Behr Brothers pianos will be as fine in quality as they are attractive in appearance, demonstrating better than any of their predecessors the progress Behr Brothers & Co. have made and are making in developing the artistic musical qualities of their pianos. As soon as practicable illustrations of these new styles will appear in this paper. They will be worth the careful consideration of high-class dealers.

WHEN the Vose & Sons Piano Company puts a new style piano on the market it usually means something of more importance than a mere change in case design; it means some further improvement in the interior parts. The trade knows that fact, and therefore the announcement of a new style Vose is always the occasion of eagerness and curiosity as to what further improvement is shown. There is a new style just out. The Vose & Sons Piano Company called attention to it in last week's issue of this paper. Like its predecessors, it contains improvements; in fact, it is a little ahead of its predecessors in many respects. Apropos, it may be said that the later Vose styles are but strengthening the position the house holds as one of the most progressive in the trade.

Vose and progress are synonymous, and many dealers claim the closest connection between Vose and prosperity. This, too, brings up how much the name Vose on a piano means, the honorable record of the house and its venerable and respected founder, the keen business judgment that has achieved commercial success, and the work in the field of piano manufacture that has brought such results in fame. Vose means a great deal.

SMITH & NIXON IN TOLEDO.

THE first significant or important move in the trade affecting the retail business was made on January 6, when Mr. J. Llewellyn Smith and Mr. C. L. Ament, representing Smith & Nixon, of Cincinnati, purchased the entire stock and good will of C. J. Woolley & Co., of 311 Superior street, Toledo, Ohio.

The business will be hereafter conducted under the name of Smith & Nixon, and the same line of pianos—that is the Steinway, Gildemeester & Kroeger, Smith & Nixon, Kurtzmann and Martin—will be handled, together with the Wilcox & White organs and the Wilcox & White Symphony, and the business will be extended and expanded with the usual energy that the Smith & Nixon concern display in all of their business transactions.

Mr. C. J. Woolley will remain with the new concern as salesman. Mr. C. A. Ament will have general charge of the concern and will be assisted by Mr. Heaton, formerly with C. H. Utley, of Buffalo, and Mr. M. M. Norton.

THE Decker Brothers piano will be used at the season's concerts of the St. Louis Quintet Club, of St. Louis, one of the leading musical organizations of the city, the concerts of which enlist the services of leading local artists. The business of Frank Meckel & Co., of Cleveland, representatives of the Decker Brothers pianos, has been incorporated (as announced it would be) under the title Meckel Brothers Company. The firm is one of the enterprising houses of the city and is doing good work for Decker Brothers. Among the visitors at the New York warerooms this week were Mr. I. N. Camp, of Estey & Camp, Chicago, and Wm. G. Fischer, of Philadelphia.

ONE of the few—very few—of the old line organs that not only holds its position but is so well grounded that it will be more than ever in evidence in 1896 is the "Packard," made by the Fort Wayne Organ Company. Throughout the many vicissitudes that the past few years have presented to reed organ makers the Fort Wayne Organ Company has ever kept the "Packard" in the foreground. The house has transacted its business with the one object in view—that of making the finest instrument that their works could turn out, and the result is seen at the opening of the present year, when, instead of retrenching, the company is preparing for a greater product than in 1895.

Perhaps no concern in the organ business has more carefully and conservatively watched the opportunities to place its agencies with solid and reputable dealers during the undeniable "slump" in the organ business, and the result is that a start was made this month with an assured trade built upon the good will earned by the intrinsic merits of the "Packard" among a list of representatives that not only swear by the Fort Wayne concern but back up allegiance with orders. In common with the rest of the music trade the Fort Wayne Organ Company suffered by the depression that injured all in 1895, but it took advantage of the dullness to lay plans for the future which promise to make the "Packard" one of the best selling organs on the market in the year 1896.

P. M. A. OF N. Y. AND V.

THE regular annual meeting of the Piano Manufacturers' Association of New York and Vicinity was held yesterday afternoon at the Union Square Hotel in pursuance of the call appended. The meeting was held at too late an hour for the verification of the election of officers for the ensuing year, but there is little doubt at the time of our going to press that the men whose names are mentioned by the nominating committee on the ticket given below were elected and that the Needham Piano and Organ Company was admitted to membership. The other matters of importance referred to in the circular cannot be touched upon until our next issue.

The Call.

PIANO MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
OF NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY,
NEW YORK, January 8, 1896.

To the Members:

Gentlemen—The regular meeting of this association will be held at the Union Square Hotel on Tuesday next, January 14, at 3 P. M.

At this meeting the election of officers and of the executive committee for the year 1896 will take place, the application of the Needham Piano and Organ Company for admission to membership will be voted upon, and other matters of importance will probably come up.

A full attendance is requested.

Respectfully, *Louis P. Bach,*
Secretary.

This Ticket May Go Through.

PIANO MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
OF NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY,
NEW YORK, January 8, 1896.

To the Members:

GENTLEMEN—The undersigned respectfully submit to your consideration and recommend for election at the annual meeting of this association, to be held on the 14th inst., the following ticket, viz.:
For President, A. H. Fischer.
For First Vice-President, Samuel Hazelton.
For Second Vice-President, N. Stetson.
For Secretary, Robert C. Kammerer.
For Treasurer, Robert F. Tilney.

FOR MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

William Steinway,
Amos C. James,
William E. Wheelock,
F. G. Smith, Sr.,
William F. Decker,
Louis P. Bach,
Robert Proddow,
Leopold Peck.

Yours truly,

N. STETSON,
JOHN EVANS,
AMOS C. JAMES,
F. G. SMITH, SR.,
SAMUEL HAZELTON

Nominating Committee.**LUDDEN & BATES—MATHUSHEK****The Facts Regarding the Combination.**

THE closer combination of interests of Ludden & Bates, the Great Southern Music House, and the Mathushek Piano Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, of which mention has already been made in these columns, and which has given rise to an erroneous impression regarding the exact relations of the two houses, is another step in the policy of the Southern firm to organize and conduct their business on modern business methods. For years the Ludden & Bates concern has handled the Mathushek pianos, created a market for them and disposed of large numbers of them. The pianos have always been highly appreciated by them, as are the other pianos they represent. But the house recognized that the day of the jobber pure and simple is rapidly passing, if indeed it has not already passed. The leading spirits of the house saw the changes in the conditions of the trade, and some time ago they resolved to place themselves on a manufacturing basis. They purchased a factory in New York and have been turning out Ludden & Bates pianos here and disposing of the entire product of their factory.

Still seeking to work on a broader basis they entered into negotiations with the Mathushek concern, with the result that they have purchased an interest in that business, thus establishing them more firmly than ever on a manufacturing basis. The impression that Ludden & Bates were simply to have some

pianos made for them and stencilled "Mathushek," an impression created by the published misinformation of some of the trade papers, is an erroneous one. Ludden & Bates will push the Mathushek pianos more vigorously than they ever have done and in the same legitimate manner.

Ludden & Bates wish it distinctly understood that they are firmly opposed to the stencil; so much opposed that they manufactured on their own account to escape any connection with illegitimate pianos.

The house in this latest move is demonstrating its modernity as regards the conduct of its business. Its plans are all laid for an extension, and becoming more closely connected with manufacturing interests is a step toward the realization of these plans. The house is now interested in two piano factories, has stores in eight branch houses in the South, besides the main house in Savannah; controls retail business houses in Mobile, Ala., and Brunswick, Ga., and has a large number of representatives at other Southern points.

The line of pianos heretofore handled will be continued with one possible exception, regarding which nothing can be said at present.

Henry Behr.

M R. HENRY BEHR, of Behr Brothers & Co., leaves New York on the 20th for an extended tour of the principal cities of the United States, undertaken primarily to renew his acquaintance in the trade and meet the agents acquired since his last trip.

Trade conditions and the demands of the dealers, the promise of the territory now covered by the agents of the



house, the infusion of new energy into the representation of the piano, and all points that tend to the success of the Behr Brothers pianos, will receive his careful attention, for Mr. Behr is one of the few men in the trade that understand that the old days are gone forever, when the piano maker could sit in his office and from there direct great affairs without ever once visiting his agents, studying their needs and acquainting himself with the general condition in the various cities or towns where his pianos were sold. To-day he realizes that the piano maker must know more than how to make a good piano; he must know how to sell it and how to secure the best results from the dealers.

On this coming trip Mr. Behr will visit about forty-five of the principal cities of the Union, and will probably make a trip to Mexico as well. It is 10 years since Mr. Behr made an extended trip. In that time the representatives of the house have greatly increased in number and with many of them he has no personal acquaintance, an omission that will be remedied shortly.

This time he goes with more than pleasurable anticipation, for he knows the Behr Brothers pianos have made great strides in public favor, and that they are accounted among the better class of dealers as with the finest pianos on the market. He will also be able to satisfy the many inquiries as to the new styles shortly to be put on the market. This plan of Mr. Behr's, to acquaint himself thoroughly with all the trade conditions, is but one of the many that have been put in operation, demonstrating the progressiveness of a firm that has always been pushing and aggressive. It is a step that every manufacturer desiring to get an intimate knowledge of the workings of the trade at large must take and know exactly what competition means to his representatives and an understanding of why his goods sell well here and badly there, a knowledge that cannot be secured at the desk.

Mr. Behr starts on the trip with health much improved, and there is no doubt that the tour will materially benefit him and the interests of the Behr Brothers pianos.

Hamilton S. Gordon.

In an interview with Hamilton S. Gordon regarding the results of 1895, he stated that the piano business, both wholesale and retail, also the renting of pianos, had been better than the year previous. The increase was not large, but considering the generally disturbed condition of trade in all lines there was little to complain of.

"At the beginning of the fall trade," said Mr. Gordon, "about the middle of August and through September, our wholesale business was splendid, and I am of the opinion that most dealers anticipated that the trade during October and the holiday month would be excellent, but it seems that they were somewhat disappointed and that people were not buying pianos as freely as was expected, and you will probably find a good many talking despondently over the past and for the future. But as far as I have any knowledge my sales of pianos and small musical instruments was enough ahead of 1894 to encourage me in believing that we are gradually drawing out of our business depression and beginning an era of old-time prosperity."

"Regarding the music publication business we are now taking an inventory and I cannot say just how the year came out. Our catalogue has been largely increased by many new publications."

Mr. Thomas and Mr. Behrend, the traveling representatives of this house, will leave next week for extended trips.

A Good Hardman Sale.

HARDMAN, PECK & CO. have just completed the sale of four fine Hardman pianos to the new and magnificent St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans under circumstances that made the deal a particularly gratifying one. It was effected only after sharp competition in which merit was the chief thing considered, and the Hardman pianos were selected and purchased for their many fine qualities.

The pianos were among the finest of Hardman, Peck & Co.'s stock, and included a baby grand and three uprights in Korea wood, Hungarian ash and rosewood. The letter accompanying the check of the managers of the hotel expressed their gratification with the handsome appearance of the instruments as well as their musical qualities.

Burglars in Brooklyn.

THERE was a daring burglary and safe breaking in Brooklyn, between late Saturday night and Monday morning, the scene of which was F. H. Chandler's music store, at 300 Fulton street, within a block of the Adams street police station and within a stone's throw of police headquarters.

At seven o'clock Monday morning, Pierre Henri, a piano mover, who opens the store, on entering was surprised to find the doors of the large safe open, and the knobs on the inner doors broken off. Several holes had been drilled in both doors. The locks of the three tin cash boxes had been filed off, but the burglars got nothing, as there was no money in this safe. The thieves then worked on a larger safe within twenty feet of the street door.

They knocked off both knobs and drilled under and over and all around the lock, but were not able to get the doors open.

They then drilled several holes in the side of this safe facing the rear of the store, and with an instrument which they left behind, that looked like a can opener, they cut a piece out of the safe which left an opening three inches square, in which one could put his hand and arm.

In a tin box in this safe was \$700, which one of the thieves had in his hand, but must have dropped before he could get it open. It was found out of its place inside the safe.

Entrance to the store was effected by cutting in the wall of the store next door a hole large enough to admit the body of a man.

From all the cutting in the walls and the smashing of the safes the police think the thieves were engaged about eight hours. And all the work met with no reward.

Harold A. Boothe Dead.

AT the hour of going to press information reaches us from this office that Harold A. Boothe, manager of Otto Wissner's branch warerooms in Jersey City, N. J., died suddenly in the Eagle Hotel, Brooklyn, yesterday. Apoplexy is given as the cause.

Mr. Boothe visited the Wissner headquarters in Brooklyn and went direct to the hotel, which is only one block from the Wissner warerooms. This is all the information obtainable up to now.

W. Boothe was with R. G. Mason, the dealer in Camden, N. J., prior to his connection with the Wissner house.

—E. K. Griggs, of Waterbury, Vt., has sold out to H. C. Whithill.

—Hayter & Thompson is the name of a new firm in Earville, Ohio.

—Mrs. O. P. Pancoast, Chester, Pa., is prepared to close out her business.

—Kohler & Chase, of San Francisco, have bought out the business of A. Alberti, Stockton, Cal.

TRADE AS WE FIND IT.

Newy Squibs, Personal, Pertinent and General, Picked Up by "The Musical Courier" Reporters.

THIS week this column might appropriately be headed (not beheaded) "Trade As We Don't Find It." That is about the condition of affairs. Stock taking and figuring are not concluded. There is still an anxious look, and a disposition to talk about the European war scare, the bond issue, third term rumors, or some other equally interesting subject not germane to the trade. There is some business afloat, but not a great deal in New York. That is the whole story.

One manufacturer says: "The greatest problem that confronts the trade in 1896 is how to make a profit. That was not widely solved the past year." Which is a libel, of course.

The manufacturers of and dealers in small musical instruments all say that 1895 was satisfactory, and each is looking for a marked increase the coming year. Publishing firms do not talk so glowingly of the past year.

The rumor that a vast number of bicycles, to be sold at very low figures, about \$25 and \$35, are to be put on the market as soon as the season opens is again afloat. Another problem for the music trade, if true, but not so serious a one as when bicycle prices were kept near the \$100 mark.

Fewer changes have been made in the working staffs of factories and warerooms this season than some anticipated. There are some transfers in prospect, and it is not to be doubted that a good man, especially a good salesman, could find an opening if he desired to make a change. There is a waiting air prevailing.

This from the Syracuse Courier:

The merchant who has first-class goods and knows how to advertise rarely has occasion to complain of dull times. The truth of this was strikingly illustrated in this city during the recent holidays, when one piano house sold in the neighborhood of fifty pianos, and on the day before Christmas impressed every piano moving truck into its service for the delivery of its goods.

The firm is the W. W. Kimball Company, which has built up an immense business through the excellence of its instruments and judicious advertising. The Kimball Company knows how to make high-class pianos, and Mr. Crane, its local manager, understands the science of advertising.

Word comes from the Weaver Organ and Piano Company, of York, Pa., that they manufactured and shipped in the year 1895 over 8,500 organs. This product found its way to all parts of the world. It is a great showing and leads to the conclusion that the organ trade holds rewards for one house at least. The Weaver firm is one of the most energetic in the trade and is securing excellent results from the skillful direction of those energies by increased business and prestige.

Mr. Charles T. Sisson, the veteran road man, now with the B. Shoninger Company, has forsaken the East to attend to matters personal and for his house in the West. His work has been very satisfactory to his firm, and they have testified their appreciation in a manner particularly gratifying to him.

Mr. Reinhard Kochman, who lately resigned his position as traveler for Hardman, Peck & Co., is lying so seriously ill at his Mount Vernon home that his physicians have forbidden even his intimate friends admittance to the sick room. Mr. Kochman has been a hard worker, though a man of strong physique, and the intermittent fever has undoubtedly been caused by his long and close attention to his duties. He has a host of friends that wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. J. A. Norris, the recently engaged traveler for the Lindeman & Sons Piano Company, will shortly start on his initial trip for the house. To avoid any confusion of names in this connection it must be understood that this Mr. J. A. Norris is not the Mr. John A. Norris traveling for the Mason & Hamlin Company. They will probably meet on the road somewhere and settle the question between them.

The agency for the Lindeman piano in San Francisco has recently been secured by J. F. Bowers, who was formerly one of its ardent admirers. A good shipment was made to him last week.

Mr. I. N. Camp, of Estey & Camp, Chicago, is one of the visitors to New York this week. He attended the annual meeting of the Estey Piano Company.

Mr. Charles H. MacDonald, of Chicago, vice-president and Western manager of the Pease Piano Company, reached New York last week, accompanied by his wife and talented

son, to attend the annual meeting of the company, which was held on Monday. The Western business of the house has made a most satisfactory showing under his management, and the retail business in Chicago has been conducted on lines that have brought results in excess of what was anticipated. A feature of his management has been the liberal and effective advertising he has done. The "Popular Pease Piano" has become one of the best known catch lines in that city.

Mr. MacDonald is not pessimistic over the future of the retail trade in Chicago, but he realizes, as do all the live men in the trade there, that extraordinary efforts will have to be put forth during the coming year. He is prepared to put forth such efforts. He intends to return to Chicago on Friday.

Mr. Gustav Behning, of the Behning Piano Company, has been visiting the trade in the New England cities, and will shortly start on an extended Western trip.

An inquest was held on Monday to inquire into the death of Henry J. Newton, one time a member of the firm of Light, Bradbury & Newton, who was killed December 22 in Broadway, near Twenty-third street, by a cable car. After testimony of eye witnesses was taken the jury brought in a verdict to the effect that death was caused by being accidentally struck by a moving car of the road and the company and its employés were exonerated from all blame.

The Emerson warerooms received some damage last week from water. An automatic pump on the floor above got out of order and as a consequence the water went through two floors and damaged several pianos. Repairs are now being made to walls and ceiling.

Mr. P. J. Gildemeester, of Gildemeester & Kroeger, has been on a business trip among the agencies of the house, and is doing his share toward continuing the factory rush that has been on for the past three months.

Mr. Byron Mausy, the well-known dealer of San Francisco and representative of the Sohmer piano there, was scheduled to arrive in the city to-day. He visited his old home in Indiana before proceeding farther East.

The Conover in Florida.

M R. DAVENPORT KERRISON'S favorite piano, the magnificent Conover upright, sent down especially for his recitals last fall, was heard for the last time in the city at the concert given in the music room of the Tampa Bay Hotel last Monday evening, this really beautiful instrument, so much admired by all who saw and heard it, having been sold by Mr. Colvin to General Law, of Bartow. Mr. Kerrison says he feels as though he had lost a true friend, and that the Conover is the only instrument in his tour of the State which has never failed to respond to his most exacting moods.—*Tampa Daily Times*, January 2.

In Town.

A MONG the visitors to New York and callers at the offices of THE MUSICAL COURIER the past week were:

Oliver Peck, Oswego, N. Y.
C. A. MacDonald, Pease Piano Company, Chicago.
De Volney Everett, Ivers & Pond, Boston.
Chas. T. Sisson, B. Shoninger Company.
H. J. Raymore, Shaw Piano Company, Erie, Pa.
Fred. Powers, Emerson Piano Company, Boston.
E. Herzberg, Philadelphia.
Mr. McKnight, McPhail Piano Company, Boston.
J. G. Ramsell, Philadelphia.
John Summers, Chase & Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.
I. N. Camp, Estey & Camp, Chicago.
G. A. Vossler, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
A. L. Bailey, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
J. H. White, Wilcox & White Organ Company, Meriden, Conn.
Edward White, Wilcox & White Organ Company, Meriden, Conn.
Wm. H. Keller, Easton, Pa.

Mason & Mercer, of Cambridge, Ohio, will shortly go out of business.

Mrs. L. P. Rains, of Danville, Pa., has made an assignment, with liabilities estimated at \$11,800.

Fire did some damage in the case factory of Goddard & Manning at Athol, Mass., last week.

E. F. Leitsinger will succeed S. M. Sherman as traveling tuner for the Estey Organ Company, Mr. Sherman going to Boston.

George F. Hedge, Son & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., have taken the agency of the Burdett pianos, made in Erie, Pa.

Taggart & Chamberlain, of Salt Lake City, have dissolved partnership, the business now being carried on by C. Y. Taggart & Sons.

The Lindeman & Sons Pianos.

THAT the trade, or at least a large portion of it, has satisfied itself that the Lindeman & Sons pianos have qualities that will make them widely popular with the public is shown no less by the steadily increasing business of the house than in the letters received from the representatives of the house. It is not often that there is such a unanimous chorus of congratulation as that which has followed the introduction of the new Lindeman & Sons styles. Letter after letter has been received, the tenor of which is enthusiasm for the qualities of the instruments and admiration for their handsome appearance. This appreciation of the trade is very gratifying to the company, which is endeavoring to make a piano the musical qualities of which will command the respect of the critical.

In this direction a marked advance has been made, as a comparison of the present day Lindeman pianos with those of earlier date will show. The same care that has been taken to improve the tone qualities has been expended upon the improvement of all the component parts and the selection of materials. The company can feel assured of the durability of the instruments from the character of the materials and the quality of the workmanship. The company emphasizes several points of its pianos which show the attention given to all the parts.

All the tuning pins are bushed flush with the outside of the iron frame; the house uses the Dolce blue felt hammers and dampers; the third pedal in the Lindeman & Sons piano is not a "dummy," but is a true tone sustainer as found in all first-class pianos; the soft stop for practicing is made of the best felt; capstan screws are used entirely; all moldings and trusses are made of solid wood, like the veneers used in the cases; the bridges are made of layers of veneers, making it impossible for them to split; both engraved and carved panels, and all pianos are packed with the patented nickel thimbles, thereby saving the back of the piano from those ugly screw holes that have always been such a torment to the purchaser. Style 2 has a full swing music desk the full width of the piano, and a sliding fallboard.

These are among the important things that make the pianos desirable. Add to them all the improvements that are known to modern piano making, the handsome case designs, the fine musical qualities and the approval of the trade is not surprising. These pianos are good pianos, instruments that have talking points, that are well made in every respect, handsome and durable. They have the elements that make pianos popular and valuable to the dealers. And the dealers not handling them now should look into their merits.

He Wants a Divorce.

TORONTO, January 11.

THE announcement to-day of an application to the Dominion Parliament by Mr. Albert Nordheimer, one of the wealthiest manufacturers here, for a divorce from his wife, created a sensation in society circles. The couple have been married ten years and have seven children, who are with their father, while the mother is in London, England. Mr. Nordheimer is a piano manufacturer. His wife was Miss Van Koughnet, a daughter of the late Colonel Van Koughnet, of Toronto, and she has a sister married to a son of the late Sir John Macdonald.

The family have moved in the highest society here, but Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer have not been living together for some time, owing to alleged misconduct.

The ground on which the application for divorce is based is adultery, but no co-respondent is named.

With the announcement of the divorce proceedings comes the news that Mrs. Nordheimer was married in London a few months ago. This marriage probably has much to do with the proceedings taken in Canada by the husband, as there has been some question about the legality of United States divorces in England and Canada, and when Mr. Nordheimer found that his wife had married again he probably concluded, as she had left him a year ago, that she had secured a divorce in the United States. He has therefore taken his present course to avoid complications. Mrs. Nordheimer is about thirty years old and has been regarded as one of the handsomest women in Toronto.—*New York Sun*, January 12.

—La Rue & Norris have opened warerooms in Paducah, Ky.

FOR SERVICE.

The Weaver Organs made for Service.

They are made for endurance; they are made to last a lifetime; they are made to keep in tune; they are made to cause the least trouble to dealers and customers of any Organ on the market. For prices, catalogues and information address

THE WEAVER ORGAN AND PIANO CO., YORK, PA.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
225 Dearborn Street, January 11, 1896.

THERE is nothing in the business situation that can be said to be contrary to general expectation. The trade is usually given to complaining of not having enough business, and this is common, even when an outsider, knowing that a certain amount of business is being done, is apt to consider the complaints as unwarranted by circumstances. As one dealer expressed it a few days since: "The trade did so much business in '93 and made so much money then that dealers and manufacturers alike are spoiled for anything like a normal trade."

How much truth there is in such a statement we are not prepared to say, but there is something in the idea, no doubt. This is proved by the fact that the houses in this city which were constantly bewailing their lack of trade during the year just past have found that the results were better than in '94 and that money had been made.

There may be a few concerns in this city that did not make much progress in any way during the year just ended, but such houses have only themselves to blame for their non-success, and there is good warrant for claiming that on the average money was made by both manufacturer and dealer in this neighborhood. It was not expected that any large amount of business would be done just after the holidays; such a state of affairs is always anticipated and almost always realized at this season of the year, and where the contrary occurs it is the exception and not the rule; the trade therefore should not be disappointed at the condition of affairs now any more than it was in years gone by.

The C. C. O. Co. and the Schubert Co.

Considerable discussion has been indulged in, principally by the trade press, regarding the continuance of the arrangements between the Chicago Cottage Organ Company and the Schubert Piano Company, all of which was useless and premature. The facts are very simple and easily told. There has been no important change in the former arrangements unless it be the fact that additional territory has been given to the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, and even this has a qualification attached to it. Of course the trade wants to know what is likely to occur and what has occurred, but Mr. Cable and Mr. Duffy have both proved, if their success can be considered a criterion, to be quite capable of looking after their own interests without any interference or suggestions from individuals who have never established a reputation for even a qualified success in their own business.

The Blakely Fire.

There is but little to add to the meagre information given last week in relation to the fire which destroyed the Blakely Printing Company's plant in this city last Saturday night. Mr. David Blakely came into town a day or two afterward, and immediately began to arrange for a better building in a better location. Preparations were made to take care of the *Indicator* for this week's issue, and the paper came out at the usual time. Naturally there was an additional amount of work devolving upon Mr. Fox and Mr. Armstrong, as the stereotype plates containing the advertisements were all destroyed, and other property, consisting of extra fonts of type and lists, &c., was also demolished. It is understood that Mr. Blakely had ample insurance, and that the loss is not quite as heavy as it was supposed to be at first, as the presses were saved. No location has up to the present time been definitely decided upon.

Olson & Comstock.

The Olson & Comstock Company has an encouraging story to tell in relation to its business for '95. The company says that the volume of business increased 80 per cent. over the year '94, a pretty good showing for what has been considered a dull year. The concern begins business in 1896 with a good lot of orders ahead, and while it does not anticipate any such ratio of increase as it had last year the present outlook is that the house will have all the business it can possibly handle unless it should greatly increase its facilities.

Not Permanently Located.

Meyer & Weber's lease of their old store is now legally ended, and the concern is free to choose where it will locate

for the future. The house may remain in its present quarters, which is a great improvement on the former one, being on the ground floor and a very good store and location, while the old premises were on the second floor and the wrong side of the street, at least on that particular block.

Robbed and Beaten.

Herman Sholtz's misfortunes come in carriages. First he lost his job in Smith & Nixon's piano factory, then Tuesday night two men in wagons robbed him near Chicago Heights of all his savings, some \$200.

Being out of work he drew his cash out of the bank of Chicago Heights. He started to walk back to Columbia Heights. A mile from home two carriages drove up behind him. A couple of men jumped out, and while one held the horses the other slugged Herman over the head. Then they removed his \$200.—*Chicago Journal*.

Cheap Goods in Demand.

The large majority of the dealers in this city are remarking on the tendency of the buyers to purchase low grade pianos. It is even said that the holiday trade, which would naturally be thought to incline to a higher class of instruments, was mostly confined to a low grade piano. The number of instruments sold was with some houses very much in excess of the previous year, but from the fact that so many low priced pianos were sold the amount of sales in dollars was not so very much greater.

The fact that so many were sold proves one thing at least, and that is that there is a largely increased demand for pianos, and that certain people are bound to have them even if they are obliged from stress of circumstances to buy what they have to if they cannot purchase what they wish to.

It comes to us from all sides that the Western farmers are still holding on to their produce, and purpose doing so until they can get more than 12 cents a bushel for oats, and other products at proportionate prices. It is quite consistent with this state of affairs to believe that the dealers will be obliged to content themselves with disposing of the cheaper grades, if they sell at all, until such time as the situation changes.

War Has Begun

right at our very doors (referring to Chicago doors). The *Musical Times* has sued the *Indicator* for libel, and it is presumed for exemplary damages in the lump sum of anywhere between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000, the latter in case the *Indicator* has damaged the credit of the *Musical Times* to that extent, but Mr. Harger is a man of resources and he has friends and partners in the business, and it is not at all likely that he and his friends would bring suit for any sum less than \$500,000. The outcome of this battle of the giants is awaited with considerable interest and for our disinterestedness, being friends with both the principals, we expect a cigar from one or a cocktail from the other, when the battle has ended.

But, and here is where the work comes in, Mr. Fox may not care to jeopardize his property in any such foolish way as feeing lawyers; of course it makes no difference with Mr. Harger and his friends, who are all millionaires, but Mr. Fox has no millionaire backers, and if he should compromise the matter by paying say one-half the penalty, which would only amount to \$250,000, the loss to the trade in enjoyment would be vast. A suggestion would be to prevent such a catastrophe that the trade contribute to each side say \$500,000, and let them fight it out on General Grant's famous line or a clothes line.

Newman Brothers Organ Company.

A very successful concern, and deservedly so, is the Newman Brothers Organ Company, of this city. There are good reasons for this, each member of the house is thorough in his knowledge of the business, and the employés are almost without exception as capable for their respective positions as the principals themselves. The brothers Newman are conservative in their business methods, but their conservatism is not so marked as to imperil their success, only sufficient to inspire confidence, as is proved by their rating in the commercial world.

Two of their traveling salesmen were in town this week, Mr. W. F. Kirtley, who is representing the house in Iowa and Missouri; and Mr. J. R. England, who occupies a like position for the State of Texas. Both Missouri and Texas are reported as having been excellent fields during the past year, while Iowa is represented as having been only fair. Both Mr. Kirtley and Mr. England are live men and may be depended on to secure trade wherever it is possible to be obtained.

Peloubet versus Lyon & Healy.

We have received the following communication from Mr. Jarvis Peloubet:

"JANUARY 9, 1896.

"If you will be at Justice Woods' court to-morrow at 3 p. m. you will probably get an answer to your two assertions in re Lyon & Healy and myself. You say I am probably mistaken, and that if not it can be easily proved. You made these assertions without having seen the contract or any of the papers, while the court after looking at the papers ordered the suit. My long connection with the music trade should make it easy for me to have justice done

by the trade papers, and my property, income and reputation are as valuable to me as to anyone.

"Yours respectfully,

(Signed)

"JARVIS PELOUBET."

It will be asked, in the first place, what an ordinary Chicago justice court has to do with an important suit, and what court would order a suit. It has always been supposed that a suit was brought by an aggrieved party against some other party, which the first party had reason to believe was not doing him justice. If Mr. Peloubet is entitled to any extra amount of justice because of his long association with the music trade, what is due to Lyon & Healy because of their long and honorable connection with the music trade?

It is quite true that this paper has not seen the contract or the papers, as Mr. Peloubet says, and there can be no objection to the last clause in his letter. Mr. P. J. Healy has been seen, however. He is indisputably one of the most honorable and truthful men in the trade, or out of it, for that matter, and he says that according to the terms of the contract Mr. Peloubet was notified that his company had ceased to use his patents and that they were ready at any time to reassign the patents to Mr. Peloubet whenever Mr. Peloubet was ready to comply with his part of the contract. That seems to be the only trouble.

One Good Example.

The majority of the piano salesmen of this city are young men, and those who are not look young, and to all intents and purposes are young. They are as fine a set as can be found anywhere in the world, and it cannot be denied that to their earnest exertions is due a considerable portion of the success of the concerns which employ them. One of the most successful of the very younger generation who has made his influence felt in the trade is Mr. J. B. Thiery, one of the leading salesmen for the W. W. Kimball Company.

It would not do to mention the amount of dollars which can be credited to his faithful work; suffice it to say that no one has a larger average than he, and the concern appreciate it and respect accordingly the young man who a few years since, knowing nothing about the piano business except what little could be gathered from a knowledge of the sheet music business, applied for a position as salesman with the house with which he is still connected. This paper has no intention of making a long story out of Mr. Thiery's success; it is due to his determined spirit as much as anything, though he is versatile and a constant worker.

They Are All in Town.

Nearly every one of the principal men in the trade are here. Mr. Kimball, Mr. Conway, Mr. Cone, Mr. Healy, Mr. Post, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Byrne, Mr. Bowers, Mr. Dederick, Mr. H. D. Cable, Mr. H. M. Cable, Mr. F. S. Cable, Mr. Potter, Mr. Sumny, Mr. Reardon, Mr. Mahan, Mr. Shoninger, Mr. Gill, Mr. Hawkhurst, Mr. Maynard, Mr. French, Mr. Strong, Mr. Rice, Mr. Steger, Mr. Twichell, Mr. Northrop, Mr. Schneider, Mr. Müller, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Church, Mr. Moaby, Mr. Reimann, Mr. Rintelman, Mr. Meyer, Mr. Weber, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Detmer, Mr. Dodge, Mr. Reed, &c. Can you pick them out? Mr. MacDonald, of the Pease Piano Company, is in New York, as is also Mr. I. N. Camp, and Mr. John W. Northrop goes to Boston next week. What shall be said about Mr. Wright; is he more of a New Yorker than a Chicagoan now?

Personals.

Mr. Harry M. Lay, formerly with Estey & Camp, and recently with the Pease Piano Company, has accepted a position with Mr. George P. Bent.

Mr. R. W. Stewart, of Springfield, Mo., was in town.

Mr. G. L. Stanton, of Mt. Carroll, Ill., was also here.

Mr. Leopold Peck, of Hardman, Peck & Co., of New York, spent a few days in the city.

—Mr. Frank Scribner has severed his connection with A. E. Benary and will open headquarters for himself at 419 Broadway corner of Canal street.

Five New Customers

in December finishes out a year of more than usual prosperity. We are holding our old trade. We are gaining new. Our Piano Actions are made from thoroughly seasoned lumber and the best of all material. Perfect satisfaction we guarantee.

The Staib Action Co.,

134th St. and Brook Ave.,
NEW YORK.

WARNING TO DEALERS.

DO not touch the present self-playing piano attachments or invest any money in them. The series of litigations pending among the various makers of these attachments may result in giving to one or two such advantages that you may be subject to their claims for any amounts assessed against you.

Before you buy attachments, or offer them for sale, or transact business with attachments, await the outcome of these suits. By sending money now to the makers of these attachments you enable them to go ahead and finally also bring you to terms in case they win. You are actually providing them with the ammunition they can subsequently use against you. Don't buy a single attachment until the suits are decided.

MR. LEOPOLD PECK, of Hardman, Peck & Co., returned the end of last week from Chicago, where he spent a few days in the company of friends. The visit was for pleasure, and reports of a Hardman change of agency in that city are unfounded.

Annual Meetings.

Port Wayne Organ Company.....	January 14
Hollenberg Music Company.....	January 21
(At 248 Wabash avenue, Chicago).	
Bollman Brothers Music Company.....	Last week in January
at Steinway Hall, New York.	
E. P. Carpenter Company.....	January 21
Prescott Piano Company.....	January 27
Stuyvesant Piano Company.....	First Wednesday in May
Estate Piano Company.....	January 10
Chase Brothers Piano Company.....	January 15
W. W. Kimball Company.....	January 18
Wegman Piano Company.....	January 11
S. Brainard's Sons Company.....	January 25

ON January 7 the regular annual meeting of the McCammon Piano Company was held at Oneonta, N. Y., on which occasion Geo. B. Baird, C. F. Sheland, R. D. Baird, D. F. Wilber and S. M. Baird were elected as directors. The directors then elected Geo. B. Baird president, R. D. Baird vice-president, and C. F. Sheland secretary and treasurer.

Hon. D. F. Wilber is a member of Congress from his district, is president of the Holstein-Friesian Association of the Western States, president of the Cheviot Sheep Growers' Association of the United States and Canada, and is interested in many other business enterprises. He is a man of wealth, and believes fully in the future of the McCammon Piano Company.

PEASE ELECTION.

The annual meeting of the Pease Piano Company was held Monday at the offices of the company. The reports of the past year's work were in every respect satisfactory, and the company is congratulating itself on the excellent business done and the bright prospects. The former officers—H. D. Pease, president; S. C. Pease, first vice-president; C. H. MacDonald, second vice-president; G. N. Taylor, secretary, and J. D. Pease, treasurer—were re-elected for the ensuing year.

The energy that has characterized Pease movements the past year will be more in evidence the coming year, and the further development of the business upon the present lines will be one of the chief objects of the year's work.

Important to Manufacturers and Dealers.

THE year just past, however much it may have fallen off from the trade expectations its advent aroused, was marked by important developments in many of the leading branches of industry in the country, and in the piano trade there have been evidences of as much progress, with some houses at least, as in the other lines of business. As has been pointed out in these columns again and again, some few of the manufacturing firms have shown in the development of their business, even in the face of generally depressed business, such brains, such business abilities, such a comprehension of trade conditions now rapidly changing, that they can be accounted equal to the leaders in other lines of commerce and industry. And among the men who have shown their ability to extend lines of operations none is better known than Mr. Freeborn G. Smith, with his wide-reaching interests, well organized and well developed business, and his various manufacturing plants equipped to the highest efficiency.

The upbuilding of this business—an up-to-date business and conducted with the energy and ability necessary to secure great and permanent success—has demonstrated that the head of the business has solved the intricate problems that face every man endeavoring to do great things in the piano trade, and it may be said that Mr. Smith has long since passed the point where his energies were bent on the small opportunities of business advancement. His experience, the success already achieved, and his capital have

been secured, but as a means to greater efforts, and he is now ready for the large enterprises for which their acquirement fits him. And it is this attitude in relation to an extension of the already great interest that is of importance to manufacturers and dealers. His is a house to which all dealers can be recommended, as we know the excellence of its productions and the broad spirit that pervades its dealings. Manufacturers, too, can have no hesitancy in placing themselves in close touch with Mr. Smith, both on account of what he has to offer them in the commercial sense and the ripe experience he has gained and the judgment he has displayed in the development of his own business. To dealers he can offer a complete line of pianos, instruments that have been made popular not only by their excellence but by the vigorous representation secured for them. To manufacturers he is a supply man with one of the largest and best appointed piano case factories in the world, in which the same variety in product, the abundance for choice, the quality that results from a combination of capital and facilities offer advantages that cannot be without their effect, as they insure satisfactory results.

The advantages offered by Mr. Smith in his various enterprises need not be elaborated upon. The trade, both manufacturing and selling, is becoming so well acquainted with the resources of Mr. Smith—with the many-sidedness of his business. He is prepared to-day to make a greater success, his plans are laid to that end; to that end will the energies of himself and his associates be directed, and he is prepared to make it more advantageous than ever before for manufacturers and dealers to hold closer business relations with him.

The Value of Violins.

LONDON *Piano Journal*: What is the value of a Stradivarius or a Nicolo Amati? Such instruments, of course, realize what are aptly described as fancy prices, fetching anything between £200 and £2,000. Quite recently two "Strads" have changed hands at high figures, one making roughly £2,000 and the other upward of £1,000. Many of these rare old instruments possess a history which would fill a volume or more. One of the most remarkable is the "Betts" Stradivarius, the market value of which rose from 1 guinea to 2,000 times that amount in the brief space of 60 years. Betts was a music seller in London some 60 years ago, and he actually bought this instrument over the counter from a stranger for 1 guinea! He soon found out its value, and nothing would induce him to part with it, though he was more than once offered £500 for it. Ultimately, some years after the death of Betts, Mr. George Hart purchased it for 800 guineas. It was now that Charles Reade went into raptures about the instrument. "Eight hundred guineas," he said, "seems a long price for a dealer to give, but, after all, here is a violin, a picture and a miracle all in one; and big diamonds increase in number, but these spoils of time are limited forever now." Mr. Hart sold that instrument in 1886, and quite recently it again changed hands at not much less than £2,000. The "Tuscan" Stradivarius is another notable example. Made in 1690, this instrument was sold to an Irish amateur in 1794 for £25. Eighty years later this gentleman's grandson sold it for £240 to M. Ricardo, who in turn parted with it to Messrs. Hill in 1880 for £1,000. Since then the "Tuscan" has again changed hands, and the present owner is said to have refused £2,000 for it. The Gillott Stradivarius, formerly in Mr. Fountain's possession, then in that of the pen maker from whom it takes its name, and now in the hands of a Leeds collector, is valued by experts at £1,000. When it was sold, however, at Christie's after Gillott's death, it was knocked down at the low price of £290. Another of the master's instruments, known as the "Ames," a remarkable violin in excellent condition, was sold two years ago at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's for £860, and this is one of the highest, if not the highest price secured in the salesroom. In an old number of *Galigrani's Messenger* we read that a Stradivarius violin, signed and dated 1709 was sold by auction at the Hôtel Drouot, Paris. It was put up at 10,000 francs, and finally bought for 22,100 francs.

During the sale, when the bidding had gone up to 18,000 francs, there was a great rush of the curious to get a sight of it. A small table, upon which three or four persons were standing, was upset, and they fell to the ground among the crowd. "Do not be alarmed, gentlemen," exclaimed the auctioneer, "the violin is safe." There are only a few Stradivarius cellos in existence. Signor Piatti possesses a magnificent specimen dated 1720, and known as the "red cello," because of the rich tint of its varnish, which is valued at £2,000; while Mr. Hill is the owner of the celebrated "Batta" cello, which he bought a few years ago at the astounding price of £3,200. The *Zeitschrift für Instrumentenbau* gives an interesting account of the Stradivarius cello recently acquired by Mr. R. von Mendelssohn, of Berlin. Mr. F. C. H. Edler, of Frankfort, reports that the cello had originally been bought about 1870 by the late cellist Krumbholz, of Stuttgart, who gave £350 for it. On his death a Frankfort art dealer, Kaiser by name, acquired it for the same sum. Later on Mr. C. G. Meier, of London, bought the instrument, and sold it again to the Councillor E. Ladenburg, of Frankfort, for £500, who sold it recently to R. von Mendelssohn for £2,000. The instrument is said to be of great beauty, especially the belly, to which the back and ribs are considered inferior. Thus the price of this cello has increased nearly sixfold within twenty years. It is said that in September, 1873, there was sold by auction in Dresden the famous violin of Count Trautmandorf, grand equerry to Emperor Charles VI., which he had purchased himself from the celebrated Jacob Steiner. He paid him down in cash 70 golden crowns, and undertook to provide the vendor, as long as he lived, with a good dinner every day, as well as 100 florins a month in cash, and every year a new coat with golden branderburghs, two casks of beer, lighting and fuel, and in case he should marry, as many hares as he should require, with twelve baskets of fruit annually and as many for his old nurse (housekeeper). As Steiner lived 16 years afterward, this violin must have cost the count not less than 20,000 florins. At the auction in question it was knocked down to a Russian gentleman for 2,500 thalers. This story, however, had better be taken cum grano salis—with as large a grano as possible, in fact. Unfortunately, these rare old instruments are sought after not only by virtuosi, but by collectors of curios and other bric-a-brac, who could not play a violin if their salvation depended upon their so doing. One of these collectors with a mania has, it is said, been able with the profits he has made in his business to obtain possession of what may be called a dozen of the best violins in the world, which he has carefully packed away in a seed store in Connecticut! It is a thousand pities for the musical world that these curio hunters do not confine their attention to china, coins, dusty books and the like. At the present time there are lying hidden away a vast number of imitable instruments which would charm the public with their marvelous tones, but which now lie mute and useless. As a writer in an American contemporary referring to this subject justly observes: "The value of a canary is in its song, and the value of a violin lies in the power and quality of its tone. If that tone is never heard the instrument is worthless. A Paulos or a Gemünder in a performer's hands is more important to the world than a Strad in a vault, and the silence of a fiddle at \$6 is as eloquent as that one worth \$6,000. A violin is only a means of obtaining music. There must be a performer. If a collector comes between the artist and his instrument the world is denied the happiness of listening to his music. Had some collector locked up all the fine brushes and colors obtainable in the sixteenth century the world would never have been delighted with the paintings of a Correggio, and what would the collection be worth?" From a musician's point of view it is nothing less than a crying shame that so many rare and venerable instruments should be relegated to the oblivion of collections in company with broken cups and defaced postage stamps.—*London Piano Journal*.

—D. F. Long, of Montpelier, Vt., has disposed of his business to George Ehlie.

—George A. Chapman, an organ builder of this city, has disappeared, leaving many debts.

SIEVEKING

writes as follows
regarding the
MASON & HAMLIN
PIANO:

Mason & Hamlin Co.

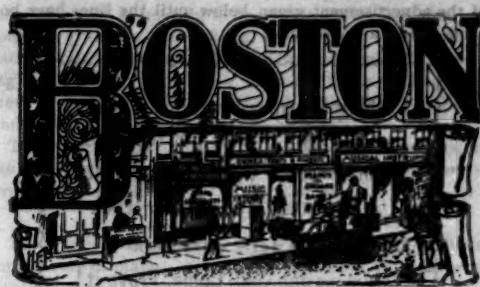
BOSTON,
NEW YORK,

MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

CHICAGO.

Gentlemen—I have never felt so confident while playing in concerts as since I have had the opportunity to have a Mason & Hamlin grand under my hands. Since first coming to America, and in all my European tours, I have never played upon a piano that responded so promptly to my wishes. The tone is liquid and carrying, the equality of sound is perfect, and any effort I ask this beautiful instrument, whether legato, staccato or delicacy of tone, it responds faithfully. I can assure you that I have never known any piano that could stand such severe test as playing in several concerts upon the same instrument and keep in tune, notwithstanding moving around and change in temperature. You have solved the problem that others have long tried in vain, and I call myself fortunate, at least, to have found the ideal piano.

Very truly yours,



BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
17 Beacon Street, January 11, 1896.

TALK about weather! We have had a week of it, beginning with last Sunday; when there was a high wind that blew clouds of dust through the streets; then on Monday a temperature of 10 degrees below zero made it impossible for any piano to be shipped that day. Tuesday not being much better at 2 below. Wednesday it began snowing in the afternoon and by Friday night there was a foot or more of snow—at least it seemed that deep—which amount in the narrow streets and on the narrow sidewalks of Boston means great discomfort to the public. To-day is bright, and all this accumulation of snow has begun to melt, so now the sidewalks are rivers of mud.

Still some of the retail warerooms have been more or less busy in spite of all this weather. Perhaps the large amount of local advertising that is being and has been done has something to do with it.

It is said—but this is not a verified statement—that the prices of advertising in the local papers are higher than in any other city in America. As everything else is dearer than in any other city it is reasonable to suppose the statement correct. It is quite interesting to read some of the advertisements and see how differently the appeal is worded when the *Transcript* readers are the ones to be influenced than if it is the *Journal, Herald* or some other paper.

Take, for instance, the advertisement that Chickering &

COMPARISON INVITED

We Unhesitatingly Assert that

CHICKERING PIANOS

As Now Constructed are Superior to all other Pianos manufactured, and absolutely

CONQUER ALL COMPETITION.

Sons have recently been using in the evening paper, and then the one in the morning paper. It is only neces-

Lasting Innovations!

Scientific Development!

Artistic Results!

Are Demonstrated in the Highest Degree in

CHICKERING PIANOS

Radical Improvements in Construction

Render the
MASON & HAMLIN

PIANOFORTES

Most Beautiful Instruments.

[Cut of a grand piano.]

Unquestionably the Most Durable Piano Made.

They do not require nearly as much tuning as any other piano made, thus reducing the expense of keeping and inconvenience to a minimum.

That for the Liszt organ will read:

THE

LISZT ORGAN

is the instrument par excellence for
Salon, Music Hall and Drawing Room.

Its artistic capabilities attract even the greatest musicians.
In combination with Pianoforte the effect is orchestral.

1895. GREAT PIANO SALE.

To make the amount of business for the year ending February 1st, '96, the largest ever done in the 57 years' existence of this house, we shall commence Monday, January 6th, the largest Piano Sale ever held in Boston, and shall sell every piano regardless of cost, for cash, or on small payments. Remember, we shall dispose of our entire stock, including Upright, Square and Grand Pianos, of our own and other makes; also piano stools, chairs, benches, scarfs, covers and music cabinets. Write for list of pianos and articles included in this sale. Money will be refunded on any piano or article that does not prove exactly as represented in every way.

Mr. E. N. Kimball, Jr., has charge of the advertising department and is constantly at work arranging new catchy headings that will attract people. For this sale all the goods in the store, from pianos down to scarfs, were marked in plain figures, and the result of the sale has been satisfactory in every way, they say.

Just before Christmas their advertisement was headed, "It Won't Go in a Stocking," and Mr. Kimball was constantly greeted by his friends with that taking phrase.

Next week their advertisement will be "Have You Attended the Great Hallet & Davis Piano Sale?" the line stretching right across the top of the papers in which it will be used.

The majority of the advertisements of the Estey Piano Company have been illustrated this season, a cut of a piano with palms, lamps, and other drawing room furniture, a lady at the piano, with a violinist at her side, being one of those most used. Now, the majority of the world likes a picture, a fact that has been taken advantage of by this firm. Then the advertisement proper follows:

IF YOU ARE MUSICAL

you want a fine piano. A poor instrument gives no satisfaction to a musician. Harsh ear-splitting sounds or tones that run into discords have no suggestion of music in them. The popularity of our piano is a recognition of its extraordinary merits. You can have nothing in your home that will give you greater satisfaction than one of our pianos, which we sell on the instalment plan at prices most advantageous to buyers.

Another advertisement that has been used in following out the scheme of advertising that was commenced last summer at the time of the Christian Endeavor Convention was used at the recent concert given by the Boston Chris-

CROWN PIANOS AND ORGANS

The Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier are found only in the "CROWN" Pianos.

The most beautiful and wonderful effects can be produced with this attachment.

It is most highly indorsed by the best musicians who have heard and tried it.

CALL FOR CATALOGUE. AGENTS WANTED IN ALL UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

MADE AND SOLD TO THE TRADE ONLY BY

GEO. P. BENT,

CHICAGO.

COR. WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
AND SANAMON STREET.

tian Endeavor Gospel Chorus, appearing in the program and also on the outside of an envelope in which the programs were handed to the audience.

YOU HEARD THE
ESTEY ORGANS
AND PIANOS

At the Christian Endeavor Convention last summer.
You have heard the ESTEY ORGANS and PIANOS at the rehearsals and concert of the Boston C. E. Gospel Chorus.
Are They Not Good Enough for Your Homes?

The Vose & Sons Piano Company does not advertise much in the local papers. The firm says it hasn't time to attend to it.

The house has just had a cut made of its new 60, 62 and 64—Special, printed on heavy paper, and it will be inserted as an extra leaf in the catalogue printed last year.

The Ivers & Pond Piano Company has had a number of clever advertisements in the morning and evening papers recently. The most striking one appears to be the following:

PIANO BARCAINS.

Fashion compels us to frequently change the design of our cases. We are just introducing an entirely new line of styles for 1896. We have a few of the discontinued styles that are to be closed out at sharp cuts in prices—beautiful, new, fresh pianos, but of 1894 and 1895 case designs. Now is the chance of a lifetime to buy a high grade and high priced piano at the price usually paid for medium grades.

A large assortment of pianos that have been rented a little. Real bargains among these. Easy payments.

One of the Emerson Piano Company's advertisements takes the shape of "The Home Almanac" with a colored picture on the outside. It is full of amusing things, liberally illustrated, and must prove entertaining reading to the thousands of people who receive them with the compliments of the retail department of the Emerson Piano Company.

An advertisement of the Briggs piano that is being used this week is

Briggs

Pianos....

Established 1803.

Indorsed by
Eminent
Musicians
for their.....

Tone,
Touch,
Design,
Durability.

The next advertisement, while not strictly that of any piano house, widely advertises the two firms mentioned for first and second prizes.

\$2,500.00 IN PRIZES.

1ST PRIZE.

Mason & Hamlin Organ . \$700.00

SECOND PRIZE:

Chickering Upright Piano . \$575.00

With Solid Mahogany Case.

And 96 other high-grade prizes will be given by the publishers of the latest and most popular "word and letter" game in

THE GREATEST
SPELLING MATCH
EVER KNOWN.

The New England Piano Company has used the heading

of the advertisement given below until the lines have become almost a trade mark:

Nothing Cheap ABOUT OUR PIANOS

AND ORGANS But the Price.

Nothing Small But the Payments

WE REQUIRE Come—Look!

None Better MADE THAN OUR

PIANOS and ORGANS. Come, Prove it!

We show the largest variety in the world at popular cash prices or easy payments.

To rent by the day, week, month or year.

Another one that appeared this week was:

Come and See the Stylish

New England Pianos.

They are like New England people—not all outside show. Their chief merits are within, and they must be thoroughly known to be appreciated. Our terms to buy or rent will suit you. We have the largest warerooms, most styles and greatest assortment in the world.

These are samples of some of the advertising used by the retail piano dealers of Boston. Naturally there are many other standing ads.

Just at present many of the retail wareroom windows are decorated with large white signs bearing legends that call attention to the fact that the pianos of half a dozen other houses, besides their own, are for sale within, at, of course, greatly reduced prices.

Mr. J. N. Merrill, who has just made a flying visit to a neighboring city, must have had a successful trip, for he was in the best of spirits this morning. Perhaps the fact that they have sold all the baby grands they manufactured

A Special Offer To Dealers.

AT A SPECIAL PRICE OF \$25 NET.

This cabinet is substantially made, finely finished in oak, an ornament to every store. (See illustration.) It has four drawers for the reception of the sundry articles, while the lower portion is divided into compartments for the music, thus solving at once the problem of how and where to conveniently keep the small yet necessary odds and ends pertaining to the Autoharp.



Illustration showing Case as it appears closed.

"Put on the Whole Armor."

when you are going to do battle is sound advice. See that every piece is perfect and that no part is open to attack

Why not extend this good sound sense to your Autoharp Equipment? Be sure that no one asks for Autoharp Fittings or Music that you cannot show him immediately.

We are interested in this; we want to assist you in being ready for everybody who wants Autoharps or their accessories; and in order that you may so equip yourself, and thereby find the Autoharp truly Easy to Sell as well as Easy to Buy and Easy to Play, we make the following special offer:

We will furnish to dealers

A HANDSOME AUTOHARP TRIMMING CABINET

containing a complete assortment of Autoharp music, strings, picks, tuning keys, hammers, &c., (see list below).

Contents of Music and Trimming Case:

94½ dos. Plain Autoharp Strings.	1 Set Labels, 2½.
9½ " Wound	1 Brush. No. 52.
1 " Tuning Pins, No. 38.	3 Brass Hammers.
1 " " " No. 32.	1 Nickel Plate Hammer.
1 " Buttons, No. 42.	1 Ounce Felt.
1 " Springs, No. 42.	1 Harmonette Instructor.
5 Picks, No. 35½.	1 Autoharp No. 1.
6 " No. 36.	1 " " " No. 2½.
6 " No. 37.	1 " " " No. 2½.
8 " No. 38.	1 " " " No. 3.
6 " No. 39.	1 " " " No. 4.
6 Tuning Keys, No. 30.	1 " " " No. 5.
3 " No. 31.	1 " " " No. 6.
9 Tuning Pipes, No. 34.	400 Sheets of Music.

Net wholesale price of above, including Case, \$25.00

Net wholesale price of Case if ordered separately, 12.00



Illustration showing Case as it appears open.

ALFRED DOLGE & SON,

General Wholesale Agents,

GRANVILLE HOTEL NEW YORK CITY.

110 & 112 East 13th Street, NEW YORK CITY.

may have had something to do with it. The last one was sold to a graduate of the Royal Academy of Musicians of London last week and Mr. Merrill is now anxiously awaiting a new stock. These new ones are to be an improvement upon those first made—if such a thing is possible—and they hope to have some in stock soon.

The Merrill Piano Company has done little advertising in the daily papers, but it has an advertisement in nearly every street car in Boston.

The Norris & Hyde catalogue contains some directions for the care of pianos that may be of benefit to those who have not already seen them.

DIRECTIONS FOR CARE OF PIANO.

The great enemies of a piano are dust, moths, dampness, heat and cold.

DUST gets into the action and clogs the working of it, and dirt, such as pins, cards, pencils, &c., gets lodged in strings and causes noise and jarring or rattling sounds. Keep piano closed and covered when sweeping or dusting.

MOTHS. To guard against moths put pieces of camphor rolled up in cloths into the piano where it will not interfere with the action of the keys.

DAMPNESS. To avoid dampness keep in a dry place, away from windows, outside brick walls and open doors, as dampness will cause the action to swell and keys to "stick," and the wires and metal parts to rust.

HEAT. Heat from the rays of the sun, radiators or stoves, if very intense, will cause the varnish to blister and come off.

COLD, if intense, will cause the varnish and veneers to become full of small cracks or "checks." Avoid violent changes of temperature.

Have a competent tuner tune the piano three or four times the first year, when new, and twice, or oftener, each year thereafter, if it is to be kept in good condition.

Do not keep the piano closed longer than a week or two at a time, as the ivory on the keys will turn yellow if not occasionally exposed to the light.

The Poole Piano Company has just heard through Babcock & Elmer, of Winona, Minn., that one of its pianos has been sold to a professor of music lately graduated from Stuttgart whose home is in Winona. He selected the piano from among the stock carried by Babcock & Elmer and expresses himself as delighted with the instrument.

Mr. Poole leaves next week on a Western trip.

Wm. Bourne & Son sold 40 per cent. more pianos in 1895 than in 1894. They report that business has been better since Christmas than before.

Mr. James W. Cheeney will move on February 6 to 657

Washington street, and announces a removal sale at his present location.

Mr. Eugene Tompkins has given orders that in future the Gildemeester & Kroeger piano shall be used exclusively at the Boston Theatre.

The Oliver Ditson Company gave a very large order for Autoharps to Mr. Rudolf Dolge, who was in town this week.

Apropos of the "passing of Sieveking," as there seems to be more or less misunderstanding of the matter, it may be well to say that Mason & Hamlin have a three years' contract with him which still holds good—a contract that is unmistakable in its provisions for his playing the Mason & Hamlin piano. There are many surmises as to the reason of his sudden departure, but the greater part of these surmises are mere hints and innuendoes. Of Mr. Sieveking's success there was not the slightest doubt, and a criticism from one of those who heard him play in Boston may be interesting reading, although this is not the musical department of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

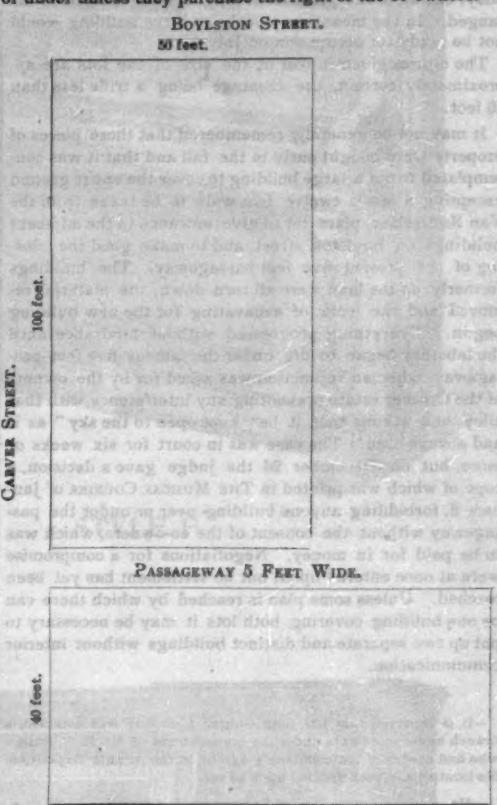
"At the Symphony concert December 7 another artist made his first bow to Boston audience, and this time it was Mr. Martinus Sieveking, a pianist from Holland. Nobody, so far as I could discover, had heard of Mr. Sieveking before he appeared here, no circulars were sent around announcing that Mr. Sieveking was the friend of queens, kings, and czars, and so we all naturally suppose that when an artist is modest to this extent he is deficient in talent as well as in egotism. We were happily mistaken, however, for from head to heart Mr. Sieveking is a rare artist, and without the slightest fear of being in error I毫不hesitatingly set down that in my judgment Mr. Sieveking is the finest pianist heard here since the time of King Rubinstein. As I am in the rare prophetic mood let me add that if Mr. Sieveking is not frozen into silence by cold indifference and neglect he will be the pianist of the near future, the golden-haired Paderewski to the contrary notwithstanding.

"There is no affectation in Sieveking's playing; it is sound, honest, dignified and artistic work from beginning to end. He has a beautifully clear touch that is equally sure throughout the entire gamut of expression; his style is marked by broadness as well as by fine finish, and in the matter of technic he has no superior. And then, delightful to relate, he sinks his individuality in the work of the composer he is interpreting, which on the occasion referred to was Saint-Saëns' concerto No. 2 for piano. Let me add that he is an interpreter as well as a player, and that if all his work is of the high quality of the specimen given he will add to popular favor the admiration of all those who see in music something higher than a medium for the display of mere technic."

The morning papers announce that "sketch plans are being drawn for a new Masonic temple to occupy the site of the present temple on the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets." This would appear to settle the question of

that site being bought by a syndicate which purposed building for the occupancy of a large piano house.

Affairs at the site of the new Steinert Building are still unsettled, and work progresses slowly in excavating. The subjoined diagram may help to elucidate the situation. It shows that the property consists of two separate and distinct lots divided by a passageway 5 feet wide, which a judge has decided they have no present right to build over or under unless they purchase the right of the co-owners.



VAN RENNSLAER PLACE.
As mentioned in last week's letter one plan under con-

EXAMINE THE SELLING POINTS OF THE OLD FAVORITE BRADBURY PIANOS.

"THERE IS A TIME FOR EVERYTHING."

THE BEGINNING OF 1896 IS THE TIME TO SECURE THIS IMPORTANT AGENCY.

Unoccupied Territory Open to Responsible, Active Dealers.

Our Patronage is the Evidence of the Bradbury's Popularity.

GOV. L. P. MORTON.

MAJ. GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

BRADBURY PATRONS.

GROVER CLEVELAND, President of the U. S.
GEN. U. S. GRANT, late President of the U. S.
BUTHERFORD B. HAYES, late Pres. of the U. S.
CHESTER A. ARTHUR, late President of the U. S.
BENJAMIN HARRISON, Ex-President of the U. S.
ADLAI STEVENSON, Vice-President of the U. S.
LEVI P. MORTON, Ex-Vice President of the U. S.
WALTER Q. GRESHAM, Ex-Secretary of State.
JOHN G. CARLISLE, Secretary of the Treasury.
WILLIAM WINDOM, late Sec. of the Treasury.
BENJAMIN F. TRACY, Ex-Secretary of the Navy.
JOHN W. NOBLE, Ex-Secretary of the Interior.
JOHN WANAMAKER, Ex-Postmaster of the U. S.
DAVID D. PORTER, late Admiral of the Navy.
MAJ. GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U. S. Army.
SEÑOR FELIX C. C. ZEGARRA, Minister from
Peru, S. A.

OUR REFERENCE.



COLUMBIAN STYLE.

FREEBORN G. SMITH,

Proprietor and Manufacturer.

Principal Offices: 774, 776, 778 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

NEW YORK WAREROOMS: 95 FIFTH AVENUE.

EX-PRES. AND THE LATE MRS. BENZ. HARRISON.

Illustrated Catalogues and Full Information Mailed Free to All Applicants.

BRADBURY PATRONS.

HON. H. A. P. CARTER, Hawaiian Island Legation.
HON. A. E. PIORKOWSKI, German Legation.
HON. L. DE BILDT, Swedish Legation.
HON. TSU SHAW FUNG, Chinese Legation.
LORD MONTAGUE, British Legation.
COUNT DE MORELLO, Spanish Legation.
HON. MANUEL PACHECO, Mexican Legation.
HON. A. M. SOTELDO, Venezuelan Legation.
HON. N. DE S. LAMAIX, French Legation.
BARON D. EVINOS, Russian Legation.
SEÑOR RAMON MAYORGA, Secretary Nicaragua

Legation.

HON. GEORGE LEVI, Secretary Italian Legation.
HON. MICHAEL H. HERBERT, First Sec. British Legation.
COUNT CRENNEVILLE, Austrian Legation.
HON. JAMES McMILLAN, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania.
HON. THOMAS B. REED, Speaker House of Representatives.

OUR REFERENCE.



sideration is to bridge over the passageway at a height of ten feet above the ground, which would enable them to connect the two buildings above the first floor; another plan is to take twelve feet off the end of the Van Rensselaer place lot to make a new entrance to the alleyway that runs behind the buildings on Boylston street, and then close the present way as far as the lot fronting on Boylston street extends, that is about 50 feet. Some of the tenants of the adjoining buildings would be glad to have the wider alley, but up to the present writing nothing has been arranged. In the meantime it looks as if the building would not be ready for occupation on July 1.

The figures given in feet of the size of the lots are approximately correct, the frontage being a trifle less than 50 feet.

It may not be generally remembered that these pieces of property were bought early in the fall and that it was contemplated to put a large building to cover the entire ground excepting a space twelve feet wide to be taken from the Van Rensselaer place lot to give entrance to the adjacent buildings on Boylston street, and to make good the closing of the present five feet passageway. The buildings formerly on the land were all torn down, the material removed and the work of excavating for the new building begun. Everything progressed without hindrance until the laborers began to dig under the famous five feet passageway, when an injunction was asked for by the owners of the Crocker estate preventing any interference with that alley, and asking that it be "kept open to the sky" as it had always been. The case was in court for six weeks or more, but on December 26 the judge gave a decision, a copy of which was printed in THE MUSICAL COURIER of January 8, forbidding anyone building over or under the passageway without the consent of the co-owners, which was to be paid for in money. Negotiations for a compromise were at once entered upon, but no settlement has yet been reached. Unless some plan is reached by which there can be one building covering both lots it may be necessary to put up two separate and distinct buildings without interior communication.

—It is reported that the John Church Company will establish a branch house in Atlanta under the management of Mr. R. T. Butler, who had charge of the company's exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition. No location has been decided upon as yet.

—Mr. George Schroeder, of Langsteen & Schroeder, Columbus, Ohio, was married recently to Miss Grace Ileta Megahan, daughter of a prominent business man of that city. Smith & Nixon, whose representative in Columbus the firm is, presented the happy couple with a handsome Smith & Nixon piano, the choice of the stock.

OBITUARY.

Albert Schindler.

ALBERT SCHINDLER, father of Mr. Alfred Schindler, traveler for the Marshall & Wendell Piano Manufacturing Company, Limited, died at his residence in Chicago recently, aged fifty-eight. Mr. Schindler, who came to this country from Germany some five years ago, was a student all his life and a man of extended learning. The greater portion of his years had been spent in scientific and philosophic research, and he was esteemed by all who knew him as a man with a vast fund of information on generally little understood subjects and of charming personality. He leaves a widow and five children.

J. W. Gilbert.

J. W. Gilbert, for many years connected with Smith & Nixon and other music houses, died in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 8th inst.

W. S. Winters.

W. S. Winters, an old-time dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., is dead. He had been in business in that city upward of twenty years.

Geo. W. Getchell.

Geo. W. Getchell died recently at Jamaica Plains, Mass., aged fifty-two. He was for many years a valued employee of the Hallett & Davis Piano Company, and later entered the business on his own account.

New Brooklyn House.

MRS. FRED MAYERS, who has for the past seven years held a responsible position in the ware-rooms of Otto Wissner, Brooklyn, severed his relations with that house on January 4, to associate himself with the firm of Charles & Mayers, who are about to engage in the retail piano business. The wareroom selected is at 541 Fulton street, Brooklyn, opposite Loeser's. The line of pianos and organs which will be handled is yet under advisement.

Mr. Mayers will have entire charge of the business, and he will be furnished with ample requirements for doing an extensive trade, which his experience and ability fully enable him to conduct in a conservative and profitable manner.

The Sohmer in Chicago.

AS has been already stated in these columns, the Sohmer agency in Chicago was transferred from the Thompson Music Company to Henry Detmer when the latter purchased the business of the former. It is a fact well understood by those conversant with trade affairs in that city that the representation of the Sohmer piano had much to do with the consummation of the deal, and was one of the objects for which negotiations were first opened. On that consummation we believe Sohmer & Co. and Mr. Detmer are to be congratulated.

The Thompson Music Company always held the Sohmer piano well up to the place which has been made for it, and the prestige of the piano lost nothing at the firm's hands. In Mr. Detmer the Sohmer has as faithful and energetic a representative as it has ever had. Mr. Detmer's social affiliations, his long experience in the piano business, and his undoubted strength in the musical societies of that city, will make him a particularly valuable man for the Sohmer, as that piano has made its record in Chicago largely in the circles with which Mr. Detmer is identified.

On the other hand, Mr. Detmer has a piano, the success of which in New York has been nearly duplicated in Chicago. For years the Sohmer has been one of the most popular pianos there; it has always had vigorous and legitimate representation, and has never received any of the "black eyes" that are occasionally received when agencies are transferred. The qualities of the Sohmer are such that Mr. Detmer can cater to that class of trade that marks the high standing of the dealer. He has a piano on which he can rely as being satisfactory, and one that he can push with the full confidence that all he says about it will be substantiated by the piano itself.

—A violin factory is projected for Montvale, N. J.

—The National Automatic Banjo Company has been organized at Portland, Me.; \$30,000 stock; \$50 paid in.

—The William Koch Importing Company has been incorporated at Baltimore to conduct a musical merchandise business.

—Herman Sonntag, musical importer, will shortly remove to new quarters at 58 White street, where he will secure a wareroom on the first floor.

—The Baumeister Company will shortly remove its piano factory to the two upper floors of Nos. 534, 536 and 538 West Fifty-eighth street.

—Henry A. Rothrock has resigned from the Lawrence Organ Company, of Easton, Pa., and has been succeeded in charge of the factory by L. E. Bixler.

—The Wolfram Guitar Company, of Columbus, Ohio, is plaintiff in a suit for damages against the street railway company of that city for the demolition of a piano on a truck by a street car.

FOR POPULAR NEW DESIGNS, FOR LEADING EASY SELLERS

Correspond with and Secure the Agency for

THE FAVORITE

WEBSTER PIANOS.

ACTIVE, RESPONSIBLE AGENTS WANTED

IN ALL UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE

774 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A.

SEE OUR.....

NEW DESIGNS.

TEST OUR.....

IMPROVED
NEW SCALES.



STYLE C.

TRY OUR NEW FAULTLESS ACTIONS.

CATALOGUES AND FULL INFORMATION MAILED FREE.



STYLE G.

WEBSTER PIANO CO.,

No. 241 Willoughby Street,

BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. A.



STYLE B.



STYLE F.



STYLE L.



STYLE M.

Pease Piano Co.,

316-322 West 43d Street,
New York.

248 Wabash Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

M. STEINERT & SONS CO., New England Representatives.

Frank Stratton & Co.

MR. FRANK STRATTON, who two years ago decided upon conducting an exclusive commission business, representing several foreign houses, manufacturers of small musical instruments, in this country, pronounces that the business has been satisfactory.

It was somewhat of an experiment with Mr. Stratton, and the question was, could the large jobbers and dealers be induced to place their orders far enough ahead to insure their delivery in this country in time for the seasonable trade.

Mr. Stratton has demonstrated that they will and are very agreeable to transacting business through the channel of a middleman. February 1 will find the representatives of Frank Stratton & Co. on the road with samples, and a good year's business is anticipated.

Weser Brothers.

THREE is no rest for the ambitious is not exactly the quotation, but it covers the ground in this case and applies to Weser Brothers, manufacturers of pianos at 534 to 538 West Forty-third street, this city.

There is something always in hand with these people in the shape of an addition to a piano. Some among manufacturers hardly like to admit that these additions are always an improvement, but they all admit that the most of them are excellent talking points, and that is what the dealer wants.

Take a piano that is in a handsome case and finished like a piece of satin and has other desirable features, recognized as belonging to a reliable instrument, and in addition a system of interlocking pedals which no other make of piano has, and the dealer has a point in his favor in selling the piano.

This illustrates just what the Weser Brothers are continually striving after, something which belongs exclusively to them, and which can be transferred to their agents in the Weser pianos, to aid in making their goods easy sellers.

They control a number of patents which are useful and valuable and are continually bringing out others. The mandolin attachment is the last, and it is meeting with an enthusiastic reception among music lovers.

Mr. Grass Travels.

MR. GEORGE N. GRASS, representing George Steck & Co., took a three days' flying trip last week, visiting Philadelphia, Lancaster and Harrisburg. Their agents in Philadelphia, C. J. Heppe & Son, were closing up their year's business and reported that as far as they had any knowledge the results were satisfactory. The trade in Steck pianos proved up to the usual standard.

While at Lancaster Mr. Grass took occasion to inquire into the affairs of Kirk, Johnson & Co., and among the citizens the prospects seemed hopeless that a settlement would ever be arrived at. Mr. Johnson is badly involved and his condition seems beyond explanation, as a large amount of indebtedness (more than the liabilities of his piano business)

must be taken into consideration. Mr. Johnson was, as far as is known, an exemplary man in his social conduct and an energetic worker in the church. There is in consequence much of a mystery in his present condition. As legal proceedings will probably be commenced, light will be thrown on the scene and much that is mystifying will be cleared up.

At Harrisburg Mr. Grass found that the old friend and agent of the Steck pianos, J. H. Kurtzenkabe, had given up his store on the square and will now confine his business to the Third street place. Mr. Kurtzenkabe has a large and pleasant wareroom and carries a well assorted stock of goods, including small musical instruments and sheet music.

Lively Piano Trading.

SARAH DU BOIS, of Long Hill, Conn., caused the arrest of Alfred Fox on a charge of abusive language a few days ago, says the Bridgeport, Conn., *Farmer*, but soon after his arrest Fox was released on a cash bond of \$12 for his appearance before the city court.

Fox is a piano man, and some time ago sold one to the Du Bois woman, taking from her in part payment a second-hand one. The new piano did not prove satisfactory and it was returned, but when the Du Bois woman received the old one she claimed that it was damaged, and demanded that Mr. Fox pay a sum sufficient to cover the damage. This Fox refused to do, and after frequent demands lost his temper, and yesterday when the Du Bois woman called on him she was invited to go to a place where they cut no ice, and also to do things that good people ought not to do. Then she caused Fox's arrest.

When Fox was brought in he was indignant at the "outrage" he had been subjected to and began to express his opinion of Prosecuting Attorney Giddings for signing a warrant for his arrest before thoroughly investigating the charges made. He was informed by Superintendent Birmingham that it was no part of Mr. Giddings' duty to go out and investigate. Mr. Fox then wanted to know if it would not be just as well if he did not appear in court to-day, but send one of his clerks in his place. Mr. Fox decided that he would appear.

In the City Court Fox was charged by Mrs. Du Bois with using abusive language toward her. When the complainant took the witness stand Judge Carroll requested that she be seated. She refused, saying that she was a free woman and had a right to stand. Assistant Prosecutor Bartlett tried to persuade her to sit down, as did Superintendent Birmingham and Court Officer Benham. She would not do so, however, and left the stand saying her testimony was all in. She was very boisterous, and even the threats of the court to fine her for contempt did not seem to awe her. She said she came there to have her say, and she intended to have it, in spite of anybody present; she knew the law and knew that so long as she conducted herself like a lady she was all right.

While Mr. Fox was testifying she openly accused him of not telling the truth and said, loud enough for all to hear, that she would not listen to such lies. She accused a man

named Frank Beach, who she claimed was one of her witnesses, of being worthless because he did not know how to use his tongue. Mr. Beach seemed to think that Mrs. Du Bois had enough tongue for both and was not at all moderate in using it. She was only suppressed when the superintendent told her he would lock her up. Fox was acquitted.

Braumuller News.

THE new year's business started in briskly enough with the Braumuller Company, and there are indications that it will continue brisk for some time to come. Mr. O. C. Klock, the traveler for the house, will start on a trip through New York State, Pennsylvania and Ohio next week, and will endeavor to duplicate the success of his last trip.

There are some points about the present Braumuller pianos, talking points and strong ones, that cannot fail to commend the instruments to wideawake dealers. In the first place they have a quality of tone that is eminently pleasing, a full tone that has a noticeable vigor about it, a touch that is light and responsive and that is undoubtedly one of the features of the pianos. In materials used there is everything to recommend them. Plate, sounding board, keys and all are of excellent quality—as good goods as can be purchased. The action in the Wessell, Nickel & Gross. The cases are very handsome in design and the finish is to be recommended, for it is admirable in every respect. That great care is expended in the construction of the piano is evident.

Now these things are self evident; any dealer can satisfy himself regarding them. Good tone, good touch, good material, good workmanship are all necessary to make a piano a popular success, both for the manufacturer and the dealer. The Braumuller piano has them all.

These Braumuller pianos, if handled intelligently by the dealers, are as profitable instruments to represent as any on the market. The well-known representatives find them so. We say now, as we have said before, that dealers consulting their best interests should look into the merits of these pianos. They will more than back up what is said for them. They are remarkable pianos for the money asked for them.

Modjeska to New England.

BOSTON, Mass., January 7, 1890.

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The case and tone are beautiful, and in every respect I find the New England piano first class.

(Signed) Sincerely yours,
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An Action Tip.

IN making piano actions there are two features which must be in combination, and from this union superiority is the result. Of experience and factory facilities, the efficacy of either would be practically so limited, one without the other, as to preclude a possibility of high grade work, but in conjunction success is assured.

Experience comes first, for it is a well-known fact that an expert mechanic will often turn out creditable work with inferior tools.

With the best of machinery an inexperienced workman produces only ordinary results, therefore if you can give an expert mechanic the most modern and approved machinery you give him every advantage. His work is substantially put together and beautifully finished.

You will find this condition of affairs at the Roth & Engelhardt piano action factory at St. Johnsville, N. Y. Mr. Engelhardt is the man of experience.

The machinery is all new and modern, and the actions turned out speak for themselves, or rather, those who are using them speak in their favor, and strongly too.

ing to her perfect brunette coloring. She carried a bunch of bride roses and ferns.

The groom is the only son of the late John W. Martin, of Rochester, to whose business he succeeds.

After the ceremony a supper was served to the guests, who included only the members of the family and a few near friends.

The house and tables were handsomely decorated, and, though the wedding was quiet and simple, owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the effect of all was exquisite.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin left on the 8 o'clock train for a short Eastern trip, after which they will be at home in the new home, 23 Rutger street, Rochester, which Mr. Martin has prepared.

The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Weeks and son, of Arlington, N. J.; Mrs. Hosea Martin, C. D. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Fish, of Rochester; J. D. Martin and Miss Grace C. Martin, of Honeoye Falls.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.*

a plan more liberal in beauty of design, finish and tonal qualities. This they did, and a few months past brought out a complete line of new scales and new designs in cases. The dealers were pleased, and their traveling men received substantial encouragement from them, and the demand necessitated greater activity at the factory than had ever been experienced before.

There was no special boom, simply a natural outcome of business enterprise and business acumen. And so ended the year. This year started slightly disastrous. A tornado damaged the factory and caused annoyance and some loss; and that is why a quotation commences this reference to the Lester Piano Company. But little accidents of this nature have no important bearing on the results of the year's business, and that is just why the Lester Piano Company will have a good ending. The progress made in '95 cannot be blocked by minor interferences.

The substantial following which belongs to them—because they have won it on the merits of their goods and business dealings—will continue, and the enterprise of the members of the house will bring additional followers, and the end of the year will be full of satisfaction and profit.

The Lester.

"**A** POOR beginning makes a good ending," so the old saying goes. The Lester Piano Company, of Philadelphia, closed the year just past with a royal good acknowledgment of the musical and artistic qualities of the Lester piano. Miss Bebbie Taylor, of Altoona, Pa., a most charming young lady of that city, defeated a score of competitors and won the *Altoona Gazette* prize of a grand piano. After mature deliberation a Lester was selected and the same was delivered to Miss Taylor on Christmas morning.

This incident fittingly ended what has been a very good year for the Lester people, and the quotation at the beginning of this article does not pertain to 1895.

During the year past the Lester Piano Company—which, by the way, has one of the best appointed and most desirably located piano factories in the trade—had made a decided advancement both in the quality of its goods and in its hold upon the trade. The house has realized more than ever before that in order to interest the dealer specific exertions are necessary, as, for instance, judicious advertising, attractive printed material and competent traveling salesmen. All this has been attended to with enterprise and judgment, and, as a result, there has been an increase in business quite beyond expectation.

The house was not blind to the fact that other manufacturers were striving for trade and were placing before the dealers handsome instruments of musical worth and reliability, and the Lesters reasoned wisely that to acquire new territory and retain that which already belonged to them by right of conquest they must construct their instruments on

Promise of a Large Factory.

THREE would be nothing surprising if the entire building situated at the corner of Lincoln avenue and Southern Boulevard was made into one immense piano factory and, at no distant day. The Spies Piano Company, manufacturing the "Majestic" piano, and Augustus Bass & Co., making instruments bearing that name, are already occupying a portion of the building and both of these concerns intend increasing their capacity, which will, they anticipate, take up about the entire floor space. The building is admirably situated for piano constructing. It is convenient for shipping and within easy distance from the centre of the city.

The personnel of the Spies Piano Company is an assurance that a large business will be transacted in time. Already the "Majestic," although comparatively a new make, is finding its way into the warerooms of some of the principal dealers and is well liked. This concern will be heard from later, and not in a small way either.

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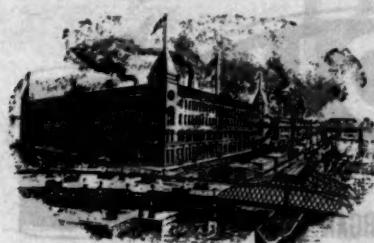
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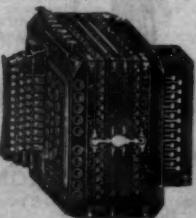
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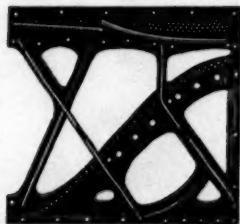
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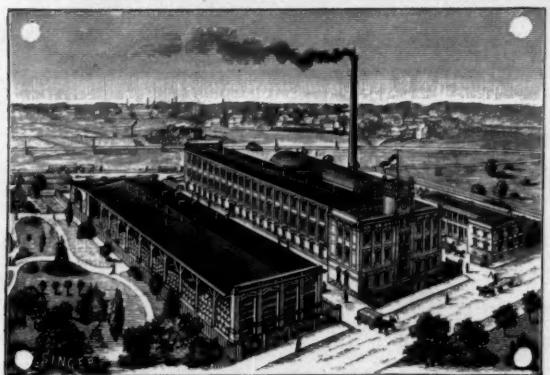


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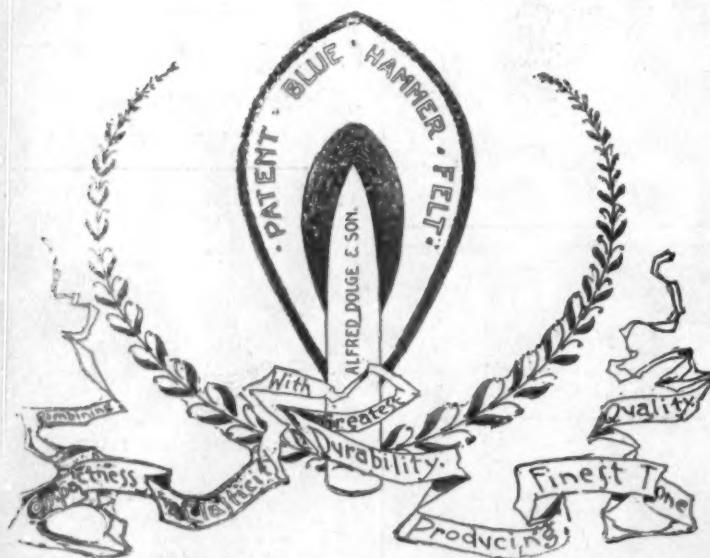
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